

THE SIGN



A • NATIONAL • CATHOLIC • MAGAZINE

THE VOID

BY HILAIRE BELLOC



WOMAN TO WOMAN

BY KATHERINE BURTON

THE RETURN OF CAESAR

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

EUROPE'S NEW PERSPECTIVE

BY DENIS GWYNN

A WOMAN OF THE DREXELS

BY HELEN GRACE SMITH

IRELAND SINGS IN ITS TOMBS

BY DANIEL A. LORD

UNBLUSHING BIRTH CONTROL

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

RECOVERING the DIVINE VISION

BY ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN

THE EAGLE AND THE SPARROW

BY GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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IN THIS ISSUE

IN many instances valuable official pronouncements, such as the American Bishops' Manifesto, receive only passing notice and are not given an adequate measure of the consideration they justly deserve. In "Current Fact and Comment" we have printed four excerpts from the Manifesto in the hope that many of our readers will want to study the entire text. It may be procured from the National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C. The price is nominal.

DENIS GWYNN continues to furnish us with a monthly paper on some outstanding event or personality in Europe which has a special interest from American Catholics. All too frequently we are apt to get distorted views of foreign affairs from scrappy and often conflicting news items in our local Press. In "Europe's New Perspective," we have an authentic presentation of things as they are since the collapse of the World Economic Conference, special attention being given to the activities of the Hitler Government in relation to German Catholic societies and the Holy See.

FRANK H. SPEARMAN (Unblushing Birth Control) takes occasion from the Scientific-Limitation-of-Family Resolution passed by the Conference of the California Methodist Church to write some very plain words about abominable sex perversions in married life. "Solemn preachers in solemn Conference now publicly recommend that their ordained brethren avail themselves of information on the subject to direct helpfully those who come to them for counsel on the subject"—meaning that those who are still ignorant of this nasty sin against nature should be enlightened in order to practise it."

"A WOMAN of the Drexels," presents a survey, altogether too brief, of the great work inaugurated, and carried to magnificent proportions by Mother Katherine. May we not hope that this article will inspire some of our girls to ally themselves with the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament to further missionary work among our Indians and Negroes. The writer, Helen Grace Smith, is the author of "A Knight of the Cross" (Father Maurice Smith, C. P.) and collaborated with her brother, Walter George Smith, in writing "Fidelis of the Cross."

THE fact that Protestantism as an organized religion has broken down and is rapidly disappearing does not mean that Catholicism has taken its place. Between the declining Protestant type and the permanent Catholic type there is a third which may properly be called "The Void." The old Christian institutions of society are denied by this third type and the number of those who are joining this third type is rapidly increasing. In the eleventh of his series of twelve articles on the break-up of Protestantism as the last organized opponent of Catholicism, Hilaire Belloc describes the nature and significance of "The Void."

G. K. CHESTERTON is with us again, this time describing in his own unique way "The Return of Caesar," through the reestablishment of the Totalitarian State in which God holds His authority from Caesar, instead of Caesar holding his authority from God.

"For the State has returned with all its ancient terrors out of antiquity; with the Gods of the City thundering from the sky and, marching with the pageant in iron panoply, the ghosts of a hundred tyrants; and we have begun to understand in what wide fields and playgrounds of liberty, the Faith that made us free has allowed us so long to wander and play."

STORIES of conversion to the Faith are usually not so interesting as showing the ways that leads into the "City of a Thousand Gates," as Enid Dinnis so beautifully and dramatically describes the Church, but also, because of their apologetic value, revealing as they do the various ways in which God appeals to the individual soul. Recently we have published such stories by Ida Mary Smalley, Alice Russell, John Moody and Charles Willis Thompson. In the forthcoming issues we shall publish other stories of this nature. In this number we have the exceptionally fine story (Recovering the Divine Vision) of his coming into the Church by Dr. Ross J. S. Hoffman, Professor of History in New York University.

DOCTOR HOFFMAN was born in Harrisburg, Pa. February 2, 1902. He was graduated from Lafayette College in 1923, and pursued graduate study in modern history at the University of Pennsylvania, receiving the degree of Master of Arts in 1926 and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1932. For the past seven years he has been a member of the History Faculty of the Washington Square College of New York University. He is the author of *An Outline of Medieval History* (Longmans, Green, 1933), and *Great Britain and the German Trade Rivalry* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1933). He has contributed to the *Commonweal* and other reviews. He was received into the Catholic Church on December 6, 1931.

REV. DR. BLUNT continues his series on the Way of the Cross (The Fourth Station); the Editor of *The Queen's Work*, Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., makes a meditation in a country churchyard (Ireland Songs in Its Tombs); John Gilland Brunini describes his favorite Saint (Goat of the Ferry); Katherine Burton, Associate Editor of the *Red Book*, keeps up the high standard of "Woman to Woman"; an anonymous writer reveals her own soul in a series of letters to a dead priest (Until Eternity); Gerhard Hirschfeld, professional economist and American correspondent of German papers gives his reactions to NRA (The Eagle and the Sparrow); Winifred Feely, a quondam resident of China and now living in France, sends us "Some Bits of Broken China." Our poets are Helen Walker Homan, whose books, "By Post to the Apostles," is having such a great success; Atun M. Evneb, pen-name of a cloistered Dominican nun of Oxford, England; Matthew Richardson, her compatriot; and Sister Mary Eulalia of Misericordia College, Dallas, Pa. "The Passionists in China," is filled with actual experiences of our foreign missionaries; and "The Sign-Post" is up to its usual interesting and instructive standard.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S personal and direct initiative to relieve the millions of unemployed and to lift the country out of the Depression has evoked for him a generous measure of praise not only from his own people but also from the whole world. He states that the only way out is by the "coöperation which comes from conscience

American Bishops' Social Manifesto

and opinion." He "cannot guarantee the success" of his nationwide plan, and he has "no faith in cure-alls." But he insists that conscience plus public opinion can largely influence economic forces. "I've no sympathy," he says, "with the professional economists who insist that things must run their course and human agencies can have no influence on economic life."

In effect the President is repeating the teaching of the Pope Pius XI—the teaching that was summarized in the recent manifesto by the Bishops' Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The manifesto is a document of permanent value which deserves serious study. It was published shortly before the Administration produced the NRA plan.

The Communist Menace

THE Bishops' pronouncement is a document of great length, covering the entire ground of the recent Papal Encyclicals and applying them in detailed fashion to present conditions in the United States. Space does not permit our reprinting the document in its entirety, and we must confine ourselves to three outstanding points. The first is the Communist Menace:

"It is a strange paradox that many who condemn strongly the propaganda of the 'Red' and the communist are significantly silent when learned but misguided writers tell us there is no God; when scoffing university professors destroy in the youth of our land belief in God and in the supernatural; when they tell us that man is the plaything of preordained causes; that conscience and sin are myths; that the brotherhood of men, and consequently of nations, is a baseless dream; that morality does not rest upon the immutable and eternal law of God, but is merely a convention of man subject to the changing conditions of society; that a man's obligations to his fellow man are such only as he is forced to accept by the taxing or police power of the State—in a word, that they are silent when all these destructive forces are preparing the future leaders of Communism in America.

"If under the plea of liberalism, encouragement or even tolerance be given to the many radical doctrines proposed by teachers, writers and agitators; if no attempt be made to drag out into the open the secret propaganda that is being carried on; if no consideration be given to the evil consequences that must necessarily follow the divorce of education and economics from morality and religion, what can be

expected but that the very foundations upon which our whole social structure rests should be undermined?"

The Educational Problem

THE Bishops are convinced that there is a most intimate relationship between the educational problem and the general social problem, and that a proper understanding of the nature of a genuine education is imperative:

"Our whole educational system deserves the most serious consideration of the Government and of all thinking and informed men who have at heart the best interests of their country. Great evils are to be corrected. There can be a simplifying of all our educational work without depriving students of essentials and without preventing gifted students from acquiring the education to which native ability entitles them. Approval cannot be given to the spending of so much time in acquiring factual knowledge which should be devoted to training the students to think rightly. The falsity of the principle that education should be made as expensive as possible, which has been accepted by an unsuspecting public, should be everywhere exposed; likewise, the wrong assumption that tax-paid education is the best education, and that big educational units give the best results.

"No group in America is making such sacrifices for education as is the Catholic group. No institution in the world has so consistently encouraged sane education as has the Catholic Church, and no institution in the world will as unfailingly support the State in the discharge of its duty to see, in the Holy Father's words, 'that all citizens have the necessary knowledge of their civic and political duties, and a certain degree of physical, intellectual and moral culture, which, considering the conditions of our times, is really necessary for the common good.'"

Independent Ownership

A MATTER worthy of special consideration is the "Back to the Land" movement which has for its main purpose the reinstating of citizens as independent home owners in rural communities without depriving them of the benefits of industrial progress:

"For long years the pivotal importance of restoring the purchasing power of those immediately engaged in agriculture, and of developing the farm as the source of the nation's supply of food and clothing, has not been recognized. We have failed to acknowledge that six million farms have provided the widest diffusion of privately owned productive property in the United States, as well as the widest diffusion of self-employed families, in contrast to the regimented employment of men in factories and in urban industries generally. Because of our unsound agricultural policy there has been a movement of our rural population to the great industrial

centers that is revolutionary in character; there has been serious interference with the economic independent and self-employment of our people, and hundreds of thousands of farm families have been driven from the position of owners and independent tillers of the soil to that of tenants and day laborers on industrialized farms. As a consequence, there has been a serious disturbance of the balance of population between our cities and our rural districts. While during the depression there has been a movement back to the land, there is no assurance of its permanency.

"One hope for relief in the universal misery of the present lies in the reversal of the policy which produced the factory and the factory system. This reversal, without depriving men of the benefits of industrial progress, would reinstate them as independent home owners in rural communities. Such a change in the living conditions of millions of people would be a revolution, but some radical adjustment in restoring the balance between rural and urban population is imperative if our country is to survive and if our civilization is not to disappear.

"A necessary preliminary or condition to such a comprehensive change in the living conditions of millions of people would be a revision of the ideas and standards which make country life appear less desirable than city life. This must be accomplished through religion. The Catholic Church has demonstrated, times without number, that it can place rural civilization on an attractive and permanent basis. In rural Catholic communities the people found the source and center of their activities in their parish church, and, under the guidance of their pastors, and through the tender ministrations of the religious orders of men and women, they were immune to the soul-destroying teachings of radicals, atheists, socialists and communists. The Reconstruction of Rural Civilization is not merely a means to protect millions against the poverty, the excitement and the corruption of cities, not merely an escape from the grinding economic inequalities imposed by the machine age, it is an imperative duty to see that our people shall have homes if the moral and spiritual values of life are to be conserved and if the race is to be saved from extinction.

"Already many millions of people have felt the logic of the situation and have returned to the land, not as refugees but as pioneers of a new and healthier civilization. This movement should be fostered and encouraged. Its possibilities are illimitable. If carried to a successful issue it would work a transformation in our entire civilization, but it is a movement that demands careful planning and sustained effort. It would require the best thought and the concerted labor of Federal and State agencies, the good will of industrial leaders, and the coöperation of the Church. It is one scheme that will indubitably make a rich return for whatever outlay of effort or money it may entail in the happiness and security it will bestow on millions who are now homeless and destitute."

Christ's Rightful Place

THESE extracts will be sufficient to indicate the whole tenor of the manifesto. It has been issued in pamphlet form and should prove a valuable contribution to the literature of social science. With its concluding paragraph all Christians will be in heartiest agreement:

"We have insisted that Christ be given His rightful place in the nation and in the hearts of individuals. This must be done through prayer. Our hearts and minds must be lifted up to God to acknowledge His sovereignty over the universe, His Divine plan for all His creatures, the eternal destiny of man and his dependence upon Divine Providence. The mystery of God's government of men and of nations must be proclaimed. We must pour forth our hearts in humble supplication for our personal needs, for the needs of the Church and for the needs of our country, our State and our community. The virtue of patriotism should make us pray daily for our country and for all who govern it."

THE Concordat between the Holy See and the new German Government represents a compromise on the activities of certain Catholic organizations but safeguards those principles which insure the rights of the Church. The Reich guarantees the liberty of profession and of public exercise of the Catholic religion. It recognizes the right of the Catholic Church, within the limits of the law, to regulate and to administrate freely her own affairs and to issue within the field of her own competency laws and orders binding her members. The Concordats concluded with Bavaria, Prussia, and Baden remain in force.

Of the 34 individual clauses Article 3 may be mentioned because it, in conjunction with the Protocol, establishes diplomatic relations through an Apostolic Nuncio in Berlin, who will be the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, and an Ambassador of the Reich to the Holy See.

Article 14 stipulates that among the qualifications for the ecclesiastical ministry are German citizenship and a prescribed standard of education in German schools or in a Pontifical school in Rome. The same article enjoins that the nomination of Archbishops, Bishops, and certain other dignitaries be submitted to the Government to ensure that there be no objections of a general political character. A final Protocol states that, if no objection be produced within 20 days, the Holy See may proceed to the nomination. It is also declared that this disposition is not equivalent to the right of veto by the State.

Article 16 establishes the oath of fidelity to the Reich and State, which is to be sworn by the Bishops to the Civil authorities before taking possession of their Sees.

Articles 19 and 25 are regarded in the Vatican as particularly important as they establish on a very large basis the statutes of religious teaching through which the Church acquires a considerable gain on the previous situation. The Faculties of Catholic Theology in the Universities of the State are maintained in conformity with the respective Concordats and canonical prescriptions. The Church has the right to set up seminaries exclusively depending on her for the training of clergy.

Article 21 states that "The teaching of the Catholic religion in elementary, professional, secondary and high schools is an ordinary subject of teaching, and will be imparted in conformity with the principles of the Catholic Church."

Article 32 lays down that "in view of the present special circumstances of Germany and in consideration of the guarantee, given by the dispositions of the present Concordat, for legislation which safeguards the rights and liberty of the Catholic Church in the Reich and in its States, the Holy See will adopt dispositions excluding ecclesiastical and religious persons from belonging to political parties and activities in this field."



ACCORDING to a wireless in *The New York Times*, Cardinal Innitzer, Archbishop of Vienna, made a world-wide appeal on August 19, on behalf of the Russian famine victims

Cardinal Innitzer and the Russian Famine

who, he declared, were likely to be numbered once more by the million. The appeal was primarily addressed to the International Red Cross and to all those who are at present negotiating for the enlargement of economic relations with Soviet Russia in order to make those negotiations dependent on a comprehension of the necessity for help in the stricken districts of that country. He invited representatives of various religions to establish at Vienna a committee to direct relief work.

"In an hour whose deep seriousness must awaken a sense of responsibility in all mankind," said the Cardinal, "we feel

the necessity of calling on public opinion throughout the world for help. Famine in Russia threatens members of all religions and all races equally.

"It is already established that catastrophe still obtains, even at the time of the new harvest. It will in four months reach a new peak. Once again millions of lives will be lost.

"Merely to look on such a situation would be to increase the responsibility of the whole civilized world for mass deaths in Russia. It would mean to bear the guilt of the fact that, at a time when whole sections of the world are almost choked with a surplus of wheat and food, men are starving in Russia.

"Famine conditions there are accompanied by such cruel phenomena of mass starvation as infanticide and cannibalism. In the interest of the eternal laws of humanity and charity, the undersigned raises his voice and appeals to all those organizations and centers in the world which work in serving humanity and justice in order that they can undertake, before it is too late, a general plan of rescue on a basis above nationality and above religious affiliation for those who are threatened with starvation in Russia."

Cardinal Innitzer concluded with this appeal, "rouse yourselves for a common brotherly gesture before it is too late. It is God's will." He grounds his appeal on the fact, whose truth he declares no denial has impugned, that already hundreds of thousands have perished from hunger during a few months in Russia.

"Hundreds of touching letters from the famine-stricken North Caucasus report this," he says. "Eyewitnesses about whose competence there can be no doubt have described shocking details of the crisis. I refer to the appeal of the Metropolitan of Galicia, Andreas Scheptycky, in which the frightful suffering of the people of the Ukraine districts of the Soviet Union are gripingly reported.

"The general secretary of the Nationalities Congress, Dr. Ewald Ammende, reports in a memorandum that, besides the Ukrainians and Russians, members of all other races in the Soviet Union are being frightfully involved in hunger from scarcity."

As was to be expected the Soviet Government denied the charges made by the Cardinal. A member of the Foreign Office said: "There is no cannibalism and, I may say, there is no Cardinal in Soviet Russia." He termed the Cardinal's report of starvation and "accompanying horrors of infanticide and cannibalism" as "pure fiction." A blanket denial of all charges levelled at conditions in Russia is the usual tactic of the Soviet Government. "It is generally known, however," says the Associated Press, "that there has been some suffering in Russia, even to the extent of malnutrition in many cases, because of last year's poor harvest."



ONE Sunday a few weeks ago in Sioux City, Iowa, a statement from Bishop Heelan denouncing a certain picture at a local theater as immoral and advising Catholics to refrain

Bishop Heelan Sets the Example

from attendance, was read in all the churches of that diocese. Such forthright condemnation and fearless crusading for decency on the part of one in authority are welcome and hopeful signs worthy of universal imitation.

Something must be done about the movies. Very shortly, along with the other major industries of the nation, the moving picture companies will be regulated by code. They should be doubly regulated in order that they pay moral as well as monetary dividends. The famous "code" which was drawn up and signed with much ostentation and publicity in 1930, has proved to be merely a scrap of paper. Moreover, events have shown that the salary of Will (Deacon) Hays, reputed to be thrice that of our President, is paid, in the words

of Prof. Fred Eastman, "for the purpose of protecting and increasing the profits of the producers," rather than for the business of censoring pictures, elevating their moral tone, and cleaning things up in general. Most of us are a bit weary of the propaganda and watery promises that periodically emanate from the Hays office. During the past eleven years of his régime pictures have grown more and more harmful, daring and indecent.

As long as we remain silent and raise no voice in protest, just so long will Hollywood continue to pour forth its stream of animated immorality. But if we Catholics would bring pressure and, above all, if we would unite and bring pressure to bear upon neighborhood exhibitors, these in turn would be forced to appeal from their empty theaters and dissatisfied customers to the gang of illiterate ex-pants pressers from the East Side who dominate the moving picture industry. This would be speaking in the only idiom understandable to their gross and stunted intellects—that of dollars and cents. It is high time that we had some concerted action in this regard. Many parents, it is feared, will wake up only when it is too late. A grave duty and a bounden obligation are theirs. The souls of 28,000,000 youthful Americans are soiled and jeopardized each week throughout the nation by the movies. The danger must be met. The mothers and fathers of these millions of little ones must be apprised of conditions and spurred to action. Nothing matters to the actors but that they get paid and enjoy a bit of brief applause. Nothing matters to the producers except that they make more money. Nothing matters to the Hays organization but that it appease the producers and "kid" the public. But, mothers and fathers of America ask yourselves: Does it matter to your children? Will it make a difference in the kind of men and women they turn out to be 10 or 20 years from now?



TO the Servite Fathers on the Seven Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of their Order. †To His Excellency the Most Rev. Charles H. LeBlond, former Director of Catholic Charities in Cleveland Diocese, on his appointment as Bishop of St. Joseph, Missouri. †To Melville Cuba, lifeguard of Queens County, N. Y., who

Toasts Within the Month

heroically rescued and carried to shore four children at one time during the disastrous outing of the orphans from Pride of Judea Home. †To the Daughters of Isabella on establishing a fund of \$100,000 for use by the National Catholic School of Social Science at Washington, D. C. The fund was voted as "a living monument in preference to erecting a monument in bronze or marble to honor Queen Isabella" as had originally been planned. †To the Most Rev. Vladimir Alexandrof, former Archbishop-elect of the Pacific Coast Jurisdiction of the Russian Greek Catholic Church on his being received into the Household of the Faith. †To the Rev. Edward Lodge Curran, Ph.D., President of the International Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, on the appearance of the society's new monthly magazine, *Light*, of which he is the editor. †To the Rev. James Sweeney, M.M., who, after twelve years of missionary work in Korea, is about to open a leper colony in south China to be in charge of the Maryknoll Fathers. †To Bishop Guilleme, Superior of the White Fathers, Mombesa, Africa, on the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood. During the years of his sacred ministry he rescued over fifteen hundred slaves. †To the Rev. Matthew Smith, for twenty years Editor of the *Denver Catholic Register*, on being made a Domestic Prelate to Pope Pius XI. †To the Catholic Students Mission Crusade on their convention held in Cincinnati—the largest and most successful thus far conducted. †To the Most Rev. Gerald Shaughnessy, S.M., on his being named Bishop of Helena, Montana.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

Grace Noll Crowell in "Good Housekeeping"

GOD make me brave for Life—
O, braver than this!
Let me straighten after pain
As a tree straightens after the rain
Shining and lovely again.
God make me brave for Life—
Much braver than this!
As the blown grass lifts, let me rise
From sorrow with quiet eyes,
Knowing Thy way is wise.
God make me brave—Life brings
Such blinding things.
Help me to keep my sight,
Help me to see aright
That out of the dark—comes Light.

THE TRAPPISTS OF WESTMALLE

THE Trappist ideal must be amazingly popular in Japan when the pagans want to be Trappists before they want to be Catholics. Father K. Casey, S. J., writes in "The Rock" of Hongkong:

A motor road leads from Antwerp through interminable flat fields, grey and green and brown, intersected by ditches full of water, with here and there a clump of trees feebly trying to vary the monotony of the view. We travel on a bus for a few miles till we spied a long brick wall rising out of the watery waste. The conductor told us we were at Westmalle. There was a lane up to the wall, and then a door with an inscription carved over it: "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." It summed up the whole spirit of the place.

We rang a bell and the door was opened by an old man with a long beard. Then came our first surprise. The old man did not speak a word. To our queries his only answer was a smile of welcome, a genuine hearty human smile, but still only a smile. Perhaps he does not understand French. We will try a word of Flemish. Still no reply. However he is bringing us in and leading us somewhere so we do not much mind the absence of words.

Our friend the doorkeeper leaves us in the parlour, and goes to find the guest-master. The guest-master is not dumb, not by any means. He is as pleased to see us and has as much to tell us as if we were long-lost friends. During the whole of our visit he entertains us loyally, and shows us everything from the chapel to the piggery.

There is an air of asceticism about the whole place. The very chapel is severe. The refectory is dismal. An ordinary man would lose his appetite before dining there, and the menu would hardly tempt him: black bread and vegetables; no milk nor eggs. The sleeping quarters must be a severe test on men accustomed to their own comfort before coming in. All the monks sleep in one dormitory. The cubicles are narrow and the Fr. Abbot has a cubicle no bigger or better than his subjects'. The beds are not very soft, I need hardly say; it makes rising at 2 a.m. all the easier (as our guest-master explains). On to the washing-place, where all the monks wash together. A series of troughs and taps, and that is all. The library is a small place with hard wooden seats. Anyone who has time comes here and works on some definite subject. And it dawns on us that not one of these monks has a room to himself, nor a moment of time to himself.

Our guide brings us out to the farm, and there we meet a silent monk. He is silent and yet he greets us in passing, greets us without a word. Only a magical smile, a smile such as could only come from a man intensely happy, deep down in his heart. And all the monks are very happy.

They are living nailed to a cross. But it is on account of love and their own free choice, and God has rewarded them with peace which the world cannot give.

From the farm they get enough to support themselves. And then they have a brewery—yes, of all things in the world a brewery—and it is renowned over Belgium. They make three grades of beer, the guest-master told us, and the last and poorest draught is for consumption in the monastery.

The last place we came to was the cemetery. "We do not dig a bit of our graves every day, as the man in the street believes," said our guide. But there is some truth in the fable all the same. This cemetery could not be more quiet and peaceful than the monastery beside it. And it is not a big change for the monks to come here for their last rest. They are already living in Heaven.

We came away awed by that terrible austerity. "We could never have the courage," we were saying to ourselves. And yet class-fellows of ours enter the Trappists every year. Business men, soldiers, men who have led a fast life, all are to be found within these walls, drawn by the imperious call of penance. "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish."

Out in the East the Trappist ideal is amazingly popular. The monasteries in Indo-China are crowded. The pagans in Japan want to be Trappists before they want to be Catholics.

There could be nothing more opposed to the modern spirit than the Trappist spirit. There is nothing so out of keeping with the "ideas" of the "young men of today." But the Trappist ideal of penance and prayer is very much a thing of the present all the same and that not only in old Catholic lands but among new converts, even among Pagans.

THE BEST AND THE WORST

FROM "The Arches of the Years," by the distinguished convert and Defender of the Faith, Dr. Halliday Sutherland. The publisher is Morrow of New York:

After the War I went on holiday in Lewis, the most northern island of the Outer Hebrides. The north end of the island is known as Lewis, and the south as Harris. My companion was "young George," or rather George Herbert Rae Gibson, D.S.O., M.D., F.R.C.P. (Edin.). In the Great War he had risen from captain to be D.A.D.M.S. of the Canadian Corps in France, and was now Deputy Commissioner of the Board of Control in Scotland.

On reaching Stornoway, the seaport, we were on an island about fifty miles long and twenty-five miles broad, where three of the greatest controversies in the world could be studied on a small scale. These were religion, alcohol, and big business.

The only Catholic church on the island was in Stornoway, and all the windows were smashed. During the previous year a handful of Catholics had attempted to hold a service in the church and a crowd had pelted the building with stones. In the main, the people of the island are Calvinists and regular churchgoers. Dressed in the deepest black, they go to church on Sabbaths and sometimes on weekdays. Whenever I saw these little groups coming along the roads on their way to worship, the thought always came to me; where is the corpse? For the youth of the island, dancing, music or gay dresses

were taboo. These things were sinful. Many of the old women would sit in their chairs groaning aloud for hours. That was sanctity. Apart altogether from dogma, this attitude towards life is the antithesis of Catholicism. The Catholic Church knows and has named every sin that the human heart can commit, and there is one sin defined as "Accidia"—taking a delight in being miserable. In South Uist, one of the islands of the Outer Hebrides, are people of the same race, but there the girls wear colored dresses, and there is dancing, singing and bagpipes. South Uist is Catholic, and I do not think that the extraordinary difference between the people of these two islands can be explained otherwise than as a difference in their faith. At its worst Catholicism is human; at its best Calvinism is inhuman.

"PAPPY LEM" AND "VERMAN"

IN a corner of a department with the caption, "It Takes All Kinds" in the August issue of "The American Magazine," the following refreshing little human interest story was found:

In these days of international conferences we nominate as our personal delegate Lemon Lee Sing, Chinese laundryman in Jersey City. Lemon first popped up in the news awhile ago when he appeared in court to ask advice on redeeming a \$10 bond of the Irish Republic, which he bought in 1920 because he "hear llish have touble." When we checked up on him we found that he is the adoptive father of a little Negro boy. The pickaninny was left on a neighbor's doorstep eight years ago. Nobody else would have him, so old Lemon (he's over seventy now) adopted him. The boy's name is Ferman. Lemon calls him "Verman," and the youngster calls Lemon "Pappy Lem."

Lemon goes to a Roman Catholic church; his customers are mostly Italians and Germans. At a Rotarian Boys' Field Day recently, little Ferman won the gold medal with a marvelously beautiful kite. We suspect that Pappy Lem had a hand in making that kite. After all, we're afraid Lemon Lee would never find time for international conferences. He's too busy seeing that Ferman keeps up his marks at school.

CAMPFOR BALL EPICURES

From the "Holyoke Transcript"

THE moths have most expensive tastes,
They dine on furs and velvet waists
And gnaw our evening trousers;
Though cotton does not please them much,
They dote on woollens—they are such
Extravagant carousers.
By choice they make their cosy nests
In moth-proof drawers and cedar chests,
They thrive on naphtha vapor;
They lay their eggs in Paisley shawls,
They play croquet with camphor balls
On sheets of tarry paper.
If anything that flies can beat
A moth in finding just the meat
It wants I haven't met it;
So if "the moth desires the star"
They'd better wrap the star in tar
And then the moth will get it.

ALONG THE GREAT WHITE WAY

FROM "In Your Hat"—the final "lowdown" on Broadway—by Renee Carroll, we extract these examples of petty racketeering:

Then there is Angelo, the little Newsie, who swears he is a vendor of newspapers. But Angelo's profession is really that of a tearjerker.

Angelo's trick is to cull sympathy from women subway riders. At the beginning of an evening, that time being selected because 7-year-olds are supposed to be in bed by then,

little Angelo buys himself a dozen newspapers, wholesale. Then he enters the subway at Times Square and "opens up his office" for business.

He spots a likely looking lady and walks in front of her.

"Paper, lady?" he asks.

The lady usually refuses.

"No paper, lady?"

"No, little boy."

"It's my last one, lady."

"But I don't want a paper."

Then Angelo goes into his act. The Coogans never performed with such abandon of the emotions, for Angelo thrusts his under-lip out and pouts like children will when they are about to cry. Then he looks piteously up at the lady and slowly but surely large, genuine, salty tears well up in his eyes and roll down his cheeks, the first to be followed by a stream that leaves a rut in the dirt.

Naturally, the lady is taken aback. If she isn't there is usually someone near by who is, and little Angelo sells a paper. But when he gets a nickel or a quarter to be changed he reaches down into a pocket where he knows there is no change and brings to light an empty lining with that same timorous expression on his face working overtime. Of course the lady says "Keep the change," and that's that.

But "that isn't that" because Angelo, strange as it may read, doesn't stop at the ordinary. If there's another likely lady sitting next to the one he just worked, he goes into the same stunt all over again, in spite of the amazement of his previous client. And if there are ten women sitting in a row, he cries for each of them.

Angelo's is probably the pettiest of the rackets but deserves mention because it is deliberate and an act. Even at that it isn't so petty when a 7-year-old ragamuffin can knock down from three to six dollars a night.

It's needless to mention the fur and perfume rackets; there are so many people cheated by those eggs who want to sell you allegedly stolen stuff. These men dress as delivery clerks, ride around town in trucks and intercept you in the street, calling from their truck cabin, and demanding to know if you would be interested in some "goods."

If you stop they pull up alongside and *sotto voce* describe their activities of the day, including the fact that they have been delivering goods for their firm and due to a mistake in checking they find themselves with a bolt of cloth that hasn't been accounted for and which they would be glad to sell you at one-fifth or one-third the regular price.

After you've bought you discover that they were overcharging for the goods and realize the whole thing is a frame-up to make you think you're getting something for nothing.

The same racket holds good for the disposal of fur pieces and the disposition of perfume, usually "Nuit de Noel" which "I just smuggled off a boat on which I am a sailor, lady." Later you discover the perfume is usually "Nuit de" something else and the whiff he let you take of the contents was the whiff of another bottle.

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Compiled by "The Literary Digest"

Molto Bello!—The scene was a brilliant one—Shediac gaily decked out for the occasion with flags and strings of fluttering peanuts, red, white and green, the Italian colors.—*St. John (N. B.) paper.*

Superman on the Job.—A terrific right hand uppercut to the chin which almost decapitated Sharkey brought Carnera the title. . . . The blow dropped Sharkey in his tracks and stunned some 40,000 men and women.—*New York paper.*

Any Pitchforks?—In order to take care of foreign visitors several special hotels have been opened. Such is for instance

the up-to-date Grand Hotel in K——, which is situated at the foot of the mountains, and renowned because of its very effective mineral waters (natural hot carbolic acid springs).—*Paris edition of an American paper.*

Anxious Moment.—Russian air officials routed him through Kazan, Sverdlovsk, Omsk and Novokhabarovsk.

An airport doctor intervened to feel Mattern's purse.—*Brooklyn paper.*

Same Old Treadmill.—Mayor Bass will spend the Fourth of July "just like any other day," he said yesterday. He will be in his office part of the day but will not attempt to transact any business.—*Chattanooga paper.*

Believe It or Not.—Englewood W.C.T.U. will hold Institute in Eng. Y.M.C.A. to-morrow, 10:30. Mrs. Bracer, Mrs. Booze, and others will speak. Cafeteria luncheon. Good attendance desired.—*New Jersey church program.*

They Deserve It All.—Mr. and Mrs. Alvin L—— will celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding at their home. They have nine children and twenty-seven grandchildren, who will take part in a basket dinner.—*Lafayette (Ind.) paper.*

New Rip Van Winkle.—Accident Kills Hunting Companion for 16 years.—*Massachusetts paper.*

Might Have Been the Devouring Element.—Union City Conflagration Believed Caused by Combustion.—*Erie paper.*

Doing Her Bit.—Mrs. Margaret S——, West Boston Ave., Philadelphia, was winner of the first prize of four children.—*Arlington (Mass.) paper.*

Remote Control.—The limb of a tree fell on Walden Street to-day, just missing the car driven by Everett E. Pierce, who was not in the car at the time.—*Concord paper.*

Hot Party.—Q. How much silver does one put on card tables when serving a four-course luncheon?

A. Since card tables are relatively small it is advisable to place cursions upon the territories occupied by the white races—followed by massacres.—*Lincoln (Neb.) paper.*

SOME CHINESE PROVERBS

ACCORDING to Carolyn Wells in "The World's Best Humor" these proverbs are generally attributed to the Chinese, some of them being taken from the wisdom of Confucius:

An avaricious man, who can never get enough, is like a snake trying to swallow an elephant.

To draw the picture of a tiger, and make a dog out of it, is to imitate a masterpiece and spoil it.

Human pleasures are like the flittings of sparrows.

A narrow-minded man resembles a frog in a well.

Do not pull up your stockings in a melon-patch, or straighten your hat in a peach orchard; any one seeing you may think you are stealing.

To talk much and arrive nowhere is the same as climbing a tree to catch a fish.

One thread does not make a rope.

The tiger does not walk with the hind.

You can neither buy wood in the forest nor fish by the lake.

No maker of idols worships the gods; he knows their composition too well.

A man with a purple nose may be very temperate in drink, only no one will believe it.

Money makes the blind men see many things.

If you are afraid of being found out, leave it alone.

Bend your neck if the eaves are low.

It's not the wine that makes a man drunk; it's the man himself.

A whisper on earth sounds like thunder in heaven.

To get a favor granted is harder than to kill a tiger.

Sweep the snow from your own door.

If there were no errors there could be no truth.

A needle never pricks with both ends.

Don't put two saddles on one horse.

Trust nature rather than a bad doctor.

A DIETETIC TRAGEDY

YEARS ago Katherine Burton, who is now numbered among our regular contributors, wrote this for the "Philosophy of Health," a small magazine which has since, we think, expired:

"I simply must diet," said Minta McGinn;

"I'm getting too fat, and I want to be thin;

And when I stoop over, my head goes around,

And my heart stops a minute, and then starts to pound."

She decided to cut out potatoes and bread,

According to magazine cures she had read.

But her very best friend gave a dinner that night,

And how silly she'd feel if she ate just a bite.

"So I'll wait till tomorrow and then I'll start out;

I'll get lively and thin, and not wheezy and stout."

But the next day a friend came to take her to tea

At a darling new place called the Old Willow Tree,

And their waffles and chicken touched Minta's soft heart.

"But tomorrow," she promised herself, "I will start."

But the next day, alas! brought the McGinns a new cook;

Second helpings of everything poor Minta took,

From the thick mushroom soup to the pineapple ice—

The gods against Minta are stacking the dice.

"In a few days her cooking won't tantalize me;

And if I didn't eat, how insulted she'd be!"

So rationalized Minta, as she started to sneeze:

"Well, it's nice, though, to know I can stop when I please."

On Monday her heart began jumping a beat,

And Minta was sure it was caused by the heat;

So she had a peach Melba to help cool her off,

And some little sweet troches to ward off her cough;

And the very next morning she cut out all bread.

"For here starts my diet in earnest," she said.

But—would you believe it?—that very same day,

When she went without lunch to her pet matinee,

She met two old friends, and they stopped off for tea,

And her friends ordered crumpets and coffee for three,

And a new whipped-cream cake, and they urged her to try it,

And she ate it before she remembered her diet.

But tomorrow she would be a Spartan and stop—

Of starch not an atom, of coffee no drop!

But, alas! every day brought a luncheon or dinner,

And the diet got no chance to make Minta slimmer.

But still her resolves grew in number each day.

"Tomorrow I'll do it," she blithely would say.

Sometimes, when her head or her stomach would ache,

She managed to cut down to just one piece of cake;

But the cook was so good, and her friends were so kind,

No loophole for diet the poor girl could find.

But one day her heart thumped, her stomach rebelled,

Her liver went dark, and her poor nerves just yelled.

They called the M.D., and he shook his wise head.

"I'll know better tomorrow her ailment," he said.

She was murmuring weakly on her bed where she lay.

And they bent to hear what she was trying to say.

"Well, this illness shows me I surely must try it,

And tomorrow I'll really begin on my diet."

An egg-nog she drank, for she did feel so tired;

And the next day she sweetly and neatly expired.

She is probably sitting in heaven by now,

As ample a shade as the place will allow.

The food there is strange, but it's rather good stuff,

Though she thinks that the nectar is not sweet enough.

And she murmurs, as once in this valley of sorrow:

"I must cut out ambrosia—beginning tomorrow."

Europe's New Perspective

By Denis Gwynn

AFTER many months of turmoil on both sides of the Atlantic, it is possible this month to discern some sort of perspective as a result of happenings during recent weeks. The collapse of the World Economic Conference in London has removed one of the chief causes of confusion. There were very few indeed, at the time when the Conference assembled, who believed that it could achieve any substantial agreement among so many nations with conflicting interests. Even the imperative necessity of shaking off the dead weight of trade depression could not reconcile conflicting policies which in different countries were dictated by different conditions.

Every Country for Itself

FOR months past there have been three chief causes of anxiety and confusion. The World Conference, although it was convened in the hope of providing remedies, has been a source of increased confusion while it lasted. Practically everyone with experience of similar conferences was convinced, at the time it opened, that it could achieve very little in the direction of general agreement; but, so long as it was sitting, no country which really was prepared to make sacrifices in order to reach such agreement, could frame any definite policy of its own. To that extent it produced paralysis while it continued, rather than any recovery of vigorous action, and it gave rise to constant fears and suspicions that too many sacrifices would be either demanded or made in the hope of achieving some uncertain benefit by international effort.

Apart from the atmosphere of uncertainty and suspense which arose out of the World Conference, there have been two other direct causes of anxiety which have retarded the work of reconstruction in Europe. One has been the new situation in the United States; the other, the new situation in Germany. And in these directions also the past month has cleared the air considerably.

Scarcely anybody believes that the World Conference, now that it has dispersed, will resume its sittings in earnest. Some really valuable results have been accomplished as side issues, but the main scope of the Conference was too large to be practicable. The delegations from each country have returned to report that general agreement has not been reached, and is never likely to be reached. Henceforward each country may be expected to try and work out its own salvation by cultivating its own resources and its own natural affinities.

So far as Europe is concerned, the breakdown of the Conference has produced a much deeper gulf than before between Europe and the United States. The United States has receded to a remoteness which would have seemed incredible a few years ago. She appears to us to be too completely occupied with her own affairs to contribute anything of real importance to international conferences, for some years to come at least. At the same time, the violent fluctuations in the exchange value of the dollar, and President Roosevelt's apparent determination to force up prices by deliberate inflation, make it impossible to plan for developing regular trade with the United States. The gold standard countries and the sterling standard countries alike are obliged to look elsewhere for a revival of their export trade. America indeed counts for less in the new perspective in Europe than at any time since the beginning of the Great War.

Thus compelled to rely much more upon its own resources, Europe can fortunately discern a marked slackening of intensity in the crisis produced by Hitler's advent to power in Germany. There was real fear for several months, earlier this year, that the new régime in Germany would almost inevitably lead to war. Hitler's program was a deliberate and undisguised challenge to all his neighbors. He demanded the return of Alsace and Lorraine from France. He demanded the abolition of the Polish corridor, and the restoration of large areas which are now incorporated in Poland. In regard to Austria he made no secret of his intentions of annexation. Everyone of these demands—to say nothing of the demand for restoration of Germany's overseas colonies—involved a direct threat to one or other of Germany's neighbors. And the many interlocking treaties and agreements among nations in different parts of Europe involved many countries in any threat to any one country.

German Transformations

THE chief menace was the rapidity with which Hitler put his program into action from the first days of assuming office as Chancellor. Transformations which had always been regarded as impossible, and which Bismarck himself had never been able even to attempt, were accomplished with lightning rapidity. Bavaria was subdued almost without resistance. The Parliament House in Berlin was burned down. The Communist Party was annihilated. The Socialist Party, which had brought down the Hohenzollern dynasty, was ignominiously suppressed. The jeal-

ously guarded rights of the separate States were swept aside. The trade unions were abolished and made illegal. There seemed to be no limit to what might happen next.

The Four-Power Pact

ESPECIALLY alarming was the deliberate and systematic militarization of the new régime, the open glorification of the military spirit, and the drastic suppression of all pacifist sympathies. A German Air Force, thinly disguised as an auxiliary service to the police, was brought into being in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles. Before long Austria—which Hitler (himself an Austrian by birth) has always claimed to be an inseparable part of Germany—was being subjected to an intensive campaign for amalgamation. The Austrian Nazis within, and German pressure from without, combined to attack a precariously constituted dictatorship in Vienna. Even the remarkable demonstrations of sympathy with the Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss, when he was in London for the opening of the World Conference, were no guarantee that he would be able to retain his hold for long.

A few months ago, indeed, the prospects of avoiding war in Europe were very far from promising. But for the time being the fear of war has definitely receded. The Four-Power Pact, whether it be worth much or little, has actually been signed this month; and Italy, France, Germany and England have pledged themselves to consult on all questions affecting each other for some years ahead. It began with Ramsay MacDonald's urgent visit to Rome, after his supreme appeal at Geneva, which led Mussolini to propose a Four-Power Pact among the chief nations of Europe. Mussolini boldly proclaimed that the prevailing fears of war had shown the urgent necessity of revising the Peace Treaties. The League of Nations and the Treaty of Versailles had both made provision for such revision when need should arise; and Mussolini went far towards allaying German discontent by insisting that the time for revision had already arrived.

But the mere mention of Treaty revision aroused the opposition and the fears of all those countries which felt themselves threatened by Hitler's new régime. France denounced the suggestion as an open incitement to discontent. All the countries surrounding Germany—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania and others—which had gained territory through the War, supported France and announced that they would defend them-

selves against any attempt by the Great Powers to decide the future allocation of European territories. So the original Pact was watered down to allay the fears which it had caused. The Pact which has been signed is now virtually a guarantee that revision of the Peace Treaties will not be attempted, although it was originally a proposal that revision must take place in the near future!

As it stands, it is little more than another of those vague pledges which have already been accepted in the Covenant of the League of Nations and in the Kellogg Pact for the prevention of war. Nevertheless the proposals did gain time and did help to cool the inflamed atmosphere which arose after Hitler's first weeks of power.

Hitler's Leadership

MUCH more definite is the recent improvement in the internal position in Germany. In this the Catholic Church has played an extremely important part. In several of these articles I have expressed the hope that, once Hitler had to assume his serious responsibilities, he would be obliged to seek an understanding with the Catholic forces which have held the balance of power in Germany for many years. To a large extent that hope has already been fulfilled. But it would be foolish to regard the situation in Germany as having reached stability yet. The most uncertain factor of all is Hitler himself.

Every student of foreign politics has been watching curiously to see whether he will display the constructive powers which Mussolini soon revealed, or whether he can even retain his leadership of the movement which he created. Up to the present there has been practically no evidence that he possesses any capacity except for imposing his personality on the masses, and for overcoming his opponents by political organization in order to concentrate all power and authority in his Party. What he will do with that power, now that he has got it, remains almost as obscure as it was in the beginning.

Uncertainty as to Hitler's leadership arises chiefly in regard to his colleagues in the Nazi party. Captain Goering has been much more in the limelight than Hitler for some time past; but that may mean little. Goering, as a famous airman during the War, has been a national hero ever since, and he combines a number of offices at present which bring him constantly into prominence. He is president of the Reichstag as well as Prime Minister and Minister for Home Affairs in Prussia, and he is also Director of Aviation. He loves spectacular effects just as much as Hitler, and for several months he has had unlimited scope for displaying his talents.

But there are other Nazi leaders, especially Goebbels and Frick, who may yet become formidable rivals to Hitler himself. No one has even suggested that the main outlines of the Nazi program, apart from the organization of the party and its propa-

ganda, are Hitler's work. There are formidable men in the background who may yet displace Hitler if he is, in fact, no more than a magnificent demagogue.

A test is perhaps approaching already, now that Hitler has proclaimed sternly that the revolution is at an end and that no further cases of individual action by Nazi leaders or sections are to be allowed. It is impossible to estimate what forces are at work, and how they are likely to result, because the Press in Germany is so severely censored. All that is clear is that the Nazi Party (whether Hitler is indispensable to its leadership or not) has swept all before it. The Socialists and the Communists have been disfranchised and broken up; and even the Nationalists, who thought they could use Hitler as their tool, have been forced out of the picture. The one exception to the general avalanche which overwhelmed all Parties has been the much more delicate treatment given to the Catholic Centre Party. It, too, has been forced to disband, but on terms arrived at after elaborate negotiation between the Centre Party leaders and the new régime.

That fact is of immense significance. When Hitler was made Chancellor, after both von Papen and General Schleicher had failed during the winter months, old President von Hindenburg insisted that he must share power with von Papen as Vice-Chancellor and the great capitalist Hugenberg as Economic Dictator. It was an amazing triumvirate. Hugenberg, as the greatest capitalist in Germany, had financed and organized the diehard Nationalists who had treated Hitler with disdain until his Party grew so large that they thought they could gain their objects more quickly by alliance with it. Hitler, on the other hand, had won his following largely among the unemployed, and above all in the young generation which has grown up since the War. Von Papen had never been considered as even a prominent politician until Hindenburg had made him Chancellor as a man who enjoyed his special confidence. When the triumvirate took office, von Papen was apparently of very little consequence except as Hindenburg's personal nominee and because he was believed to have the confidence of the German Catholics.

Agreement with the Centre

RECENT events have worked a strange transformation in the relations between the group. Hugenberg was sent to the World Conference in London, and there put forward what was taken to be the official German statement until it was at once repudiated, and Hugenberg was recalled. Within a few weeks he had been forced into resignation, and Hitler had compelled the Nationalists to amalgamate with the Nazis. In the meantime von Papen had been chiefly occupied in diplomatic missions to Rome, where he was engaged partly in negotiating with Mussolini and partly with the Holy See. It became known that a

Concordat with the Holy See was in preparation; and while those negotiations were pending, the Centre Party was requested, with a degree of consideration which even the Nationalists were not shown, to arrange for its own extinction.

The other great political parties had been suppressed by force, but with the Centre Party Hitler negotiated for days the terms on which they were to disappear. Finally an agreement was reached, and most definite pledges were given that there was to be no victimization of the Centre Party leaders. It even became apparent that there was a real mutual respect between Hitler and the Centre Party's leader, Herr Brüning.

Terms of the Concordat

THAT a Concordat with the Holy See should have been reached was an undoubted success for the new régime. It gave official recognition to the work of unification which Hitler had already accomplished. The existing Concordats with Bavaria and Saxony and Baden were to be carried on, but there was a general Concordat for the whole of united Germany, and the Pope agreed to appoint a Nuncio to Berlin. His Nuncio was, moreover, to rank as *doyen*, or leader, of the diplomatic corps in Berlin, which in itself was a remarkable concession on Hitler's side.

The terms of the Concordat follow the usual lines, and particularly the lines of the recent settlement of the controversy over Catholic Action in Italy. The Holy See has agreed to allow the principle that bishops shall be selected from a list of names which have been approved by the German authorities. It has also forbidden all members of the clergy to belong to any political organization in Germany. But the first step in that direction had been taken already when Msgr. Kaas resigned the chairmanship of the Centre Party in favor of ex-Chancellor Brüning; and from the Church's point of view there is far more gain than loss in the separation of the clergy from active politics for some time to come.

In return for these concessions, the German Government guarantees freedom for Catholic teaching in the schools and it also guarantees freedom to non-political Catholic organizations. Broadly speaking, the settlement is on the same lines as the recent settlement in Italy. It gives fairly free scope to the organization of Catholic Action in a country where the State claims supervision and control over societies of every kind. It remains to be seen how far the Concordat can work smoothly in practice.

Just before the Concordat was signed, the Nazis broke up the congress of Catholic trade unions in Bavaria and many priests were subjected to violent assaults. The spirit which provoked that conflict is by no means dead. Much of the spirit of the whole Nazi movement is directly opposed to Catholic teaching and principles, and

it will be surprising indeed if fresh trouble does not arise. But the main point is that Hitler himself has brought about the Concordat, working in close collaboration with von Papen. In so doing he has quite definitely committed himself to a policy of coöperation with the Catholics; and the honorable terms of agreement reached with the Centre Party suggest that he will in fact rely on their support in the future.

It is now openly admitted, moreover, that when he made, at the opening of the Reichstag, that remarkable speech which suggested a desire for peace when everyone had expected him to make a militarist declaration, he adopted almost exactly the notes which had been prepared some time before by Brüning when he was

Chancellor. He may have to rely very much before long on the support of his Catholic associates. The program of the National Socialist Party has not even yet been clearly unfolded. So long as Hugenberg was Economic Dictator, it was inconceivable that the doctrines which Hitler himself had preached could be put into practice. Now that Hugenberg is gone, it remains to be seen whether the Nazis aim at a proletarian revolution. The speeches of some of his chief lieutenants suggest that they will not rest until something of the kind has been accomplished. If a compromise has to be effected it may well be that the program which Brüning was successfully working out, until Hindenburg threw him out of office for being too

democratic in his economic reforms, will be taken over and carried on by the new régime.

At least there has been a consolidation of the new régime; and the new generation which craves for greater national unity in Germany has achieved its desire. A month ago it was as likely as not that the Catholic Church in Germany would be the next target for attack. But the new Concordat with the Holy See at least gives hope that there will be no open conflict during the next months of transition. And the fact that Hitler has enlisted the coöperation of the Centre Party and is determined to protect them from victimization gives much more promise of stability to the new régime than existed hitherto.

Unblushing Birth Control

By Frank H. Spearman

STOCKTON, Calif., June 17, 1933 (AP). The annual conference of the California Methodist Church approved "scientific limitation of family" as "Christian and necessary" in a resolution adopted here last night.

The resolution declared that the home depended upon "enlightened parenthood" and called upon ministers "to avail themselves of information on the subject to direct helpfully those who come to them for counsel on the subject."

Thus far an Associated Press despatch

PREACHER by preacher, Synod by Synod, Conference by Conference, Convocation by Convocation, the false prophets of the blind Christian sects fall into line both in practising and commending to their followers that form of "scientific" Sodomy euphemistically termed "Birth Control." Solemn preachers in solemn Conference now publicly recommend that their ordained brethren "avail themselves of information on the subject, to direct helpfully those who come to them for counsel on the subject"—meaning that those who are still ignorant of this nasty sin against nature should be enlightened in order to practise it.

Repeated pronouncements of this sort—and the public Press is filled with them—suggest a new field of activity for enterprising makers of the various poisons now offered to pure-minded wives to bring them, through conjugal malpractice, down to the level of harlots and the mistresses of married men.

These two kind-hearted but somewhat careless classes of females have, at least until within a generation past, been looked

down on by decent wives; they can with consistency no longer be shunned by those who practise "Scientific Birth Control." This is no more and no less than harlots and concubines have been practising right along. And are not the sex relations of such wives and the concubines managed in precisely the same way? Give place then, good woman, for your once "fallen" sister. You have made her morally your equal, and you need not move over in your pew to avoid contact with her, should she choose to attend "Divine worship" and enjoy the vaudeville of the evening platform. Do not be grossly hypocritical as well as grossly sinful.

TO return to the enterprising manufacturer. He need now circularize only the minister, concerning his pessaries and poison powders. If he gets the business of the dominie, he gets the business of the congregation.

Then, too, many of the mistresses and concubines are seeking sidelines of endeavor today. These newly qualified church members need, occasionally, more

pin money. As seasoned votaries of the "Christian and scientific limitation of families"—such is the language of the recent conference of the California Methodist preachers—they can now be employed in house to house canvass to spread the glad tidings to neophyte sisters in the congregation. "Look at us," they may properly urge. "Consider our tried and proven hygienic remedies. By adopting them you need not have a baby in a thousand years. Reference, by permission, to ecclesiastical authorities." In matter of fact, contraceptives are, today, peddled by women from door to door.

Devoted wives, with some remnant of modesty still feebly struggling within them, may prefer to consult a reformed concubine, met at Divine worship, rather than a bright-eyed, cheerful preacher to learn the latest methods of sex perversion. If there be such a thing as laughter in Hell, how the devils must roar after having attended a Conference, a Synod, or Convocation, and succeeded in "putting over" a huge "birth-control" joke on the Creator of Heaven and Earth!

A second competent source of information on this highly commended subject of "scientific limitation of families" that would help out the preachers might come from our high schools.

This shocking statement may surprise our backward parents; but will not surprise our doctors. The "scientific limitation of families," is rather strictly enforced in high schools. My own family physician, when asked about prevalent methods of "birth control," threw up his hands. "These boys and girls in high school," he declared, "know a lot more about birth control than I do!"

Birth control is not taught in high schools—not yet; it is only learned there. Shall we see a time when certificates and degrees are conferred on studious youth for proficiency in the "scientific limitation of families?"

The actual abhorrent truth concerning this youthful corruption becomes first-page Press news only when a smouldering fire bursts into a blaze of scandal at some particular high school. Then, the preachers, with the rest of us, are properly shocked. But since the preachers are now freely advised to become teachers of this neo-Sodomy—declared by their leaders to be "Christian and necessary"—as well as "preachers of the Word," they might call for assistance in this new branch on high-school members of their Bible classes.

THE whole subject with its implications, is so revolting as to seem incredible to professing Christians. But it emphasizes anew the truth that the acid test of the claims of any sect professing the doctrine of Christianity, lies in its teaching concerning the moral relation of the sexes. Here is where the shoe of unregenerate human nature pinches hardest on Christian decencies; here is where the first breach is made in the walls of Christian morality. Nearly all heresies show the scars of such conflict; the revolt of the Sixteenth Century against Christianity and Christian decency was particularly encouraged by bad priests and weak nuns. Luther, of a nature and disposition too gross to maintain continency, proclaimed, in effect, that since he could not preserve it, no one else could. A withering answer to his sensual assertion has been ringing down four centuries, in the chaste lives of millions upon millions of Catholic priests and Religious.

So, the foresworn German monk trampled on his vows and those of a nun. It was afterward easy for him to wink at polygamy. But it took the ingenuity of his logical followers to achieve unlimited polygamy through the institution of divorce. Polygamy has thus changed its name, but not its nature. It prevails among the Reformed who profess Christianity. And, not content with its license, the spiritual descendants of the "sturdy" Sixteenth Century Reformers now add, and publicly advocate, the basest of conjugal

sins in this neo-Sodomy, softly termed birth control.

The saddest part of the blazoned propaganda, is that it has slain, and daily slays, tens of thousands of Catholics. In our milieu of greed, pinched incomes and extravagant charges it is admittedly hard to bear children, and men always have rebelled and always will rebel against conjugal self-control. It is a terrible fight for any organization to make, even the great Church of Christ, against these domineering impulses.

YET in the old paganism it met and mastered them. It will do so again. But facing the modern abomination of sex perversion, now so well-nigh universal, contemptible Christianity in Conference and Synod and Convocation throws up

its hand and embraces the monster! "Let us make it our own," our Sixteenth Century progeny urge. "Dress it up in fine words. Nothing more than becoming words is needed to make a virtue out of a vice! And, since we ourselves have long practised this abomination in our own bed chambers let us now smile blandly and widely proclaim it a "scientific and Christian necessity."

And let the false prophet who privately practises and publicly urges such abominable doctrines, unveil himself and like the hideous Mokanna, exclaim:

"Here—judge if Hell, with all its power to damn,

Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"

Indeed, *can* Hell, with all its ingenuity, drag pseudo-Christianity any lower?

The Praying Tree

By Atun M. Evneb

NEAR by the window of my cell
(That sill of Heaven where God leans over,
As kind and homely as a lover)
I heard the rustling poplar tell
Its beads in silver sibilance,
Till little laughing winds a-dance

At hide-and-seek among its hair
By noon grew weary of their riot;
The grey leaves thrilled, but else were quiet,
As though a nun, so stilled in prayer,
Should sit with up-turned hands, nor stir,
But feel God's peace enfolding her.

Once, on the eve of Trinity
Coming from Vespers—bending lowly
Above the shrine of the Most Holy
(The chapel roof) I heard the tree,
Swayed like a censor swung at Mass,
Cry, O *beata Trinitas!*
And, O *beata Trinitas!*

Frost-bearers from a northern sky,
Harsh winds, a black-hearted, came thereafter,
Mocking with diabolic laughter
The writhing poplar's prisoned cry.
Reft of their shimmering, song-filled leaves,
Its wild arms beat the chapel eaves.

The heavenly lover comes again,
(His golden kiss on all things lingers),
And baby winds with lightest fingers;
But lo! the poplar felled and slain.
Birds wonder, flying to and fro,
At nesting places brought so low.

So may God's birds, the angels, see,
When I lie dead, His play-house broken,
Of prayer the temple and the token
Wherein His voice was wont to be,
In wind of pentecostal runes
And warmth of spiritual Junes.

A WOMAN *of the* DREXELS

By Helen Grace Smith

THE attention of the public has been recently called to a work for the Indian and Negro population of this country which has been going on quietly for nearly half a century.

It would be difficult to exaggerate its importance or to overestimate the nobility of its Foundress, or the excellence of its administration at her hands.

To write a biographical sketch during the lifetime of its subject may be considered of questionable taste, and is in every sense difficult, but the work of Mother Katharine Drexel should be known not only here in America, but throughout the world, that missionary helpers may flock to her standard.

To this end something of her life, and the beginning of her endeavor should be told; something of her inspiration, and its resulting influence on Catholic missionary zeal should be shown.

Mother Katharine herself tells how her interest turned to the Indians in her childhood when she read a primer account of the discovery of America, and realized that it was the design of a merciful Providence that the Spanish discoverers should bring Christianity to the savages. As she grew older she understood that the Christian ideal had been lost and forgotten in the white man's dealings with the Indians. Her sense of justice was outraged, and she resolved to help this vanishing race, driven to its destiny of annihilation by the conquerors of the land.

She had been taught always that the giving of her possessions, spiritual and material, for the benefit of others was the first of her duties, and would bring her compensation in time and eternity. It was her mother's influence, unselfish and divinely charitable, which turned the childish mind to God, and then to the fulfilling of His law in absolute love for the neighbor.

If appropriate surroundings, a home where Christian ideals, and deepest family affection are the natural atmosphere of sanctity, then it would seem that Katharine Drexel was specially blessed by God for the work she has accomplished in His Church.

ST. MICHAEL, the country estate of her parents at Torresdale, a suburb of Philadelphia, was much loved by the family. The interesting Victorian house stands in a park with stately trees of many varieties. Her father, Francis A. Drexel, the head of the banking houses which bear his name, had directed the planting of the park, and knew every tree. There is an old time garden, where many flowers flourish within box grown borders. Mrs. Drexel shared her husband's interest in nature, and made a careful study of botany.

Mrs. Drexel was Emma Bouvier, a woman of rare distinction of character. Her fine and delicately formed features were almost severely classic in outline, but a radiant smile made them singularly appealing. Her lofty and holy character

impressed itself on her daughters. She was a perfect example of a Christian wife and mother, and her household a model of every virtue.

WHEN she married Mr. Drexel, Elizabeth and Katharine, his two young daughters, became her own and when their sister Louise was born she was placed by her mother in the arms of the little Elizabeth who became her second mother, and the sisters were united by a bond of intimate affection.

No home is secure without the combined sacrifice of the parents, and the father and mother of Katharine Drexel and her sisters were true to the loftiest conception of this ideal, seeking the good of their fellow men, sharing of their abundance, bearing suffering with patience, and spending laborious days.

Mrs. Drexel's earnest spirit was one of boundless charity which became in a short space almost a passionate desire to relieve the poor and distressed. Her influence was felt throughout the city of Philadelphia, and especially in the surrounding country near her home, where no case of want or poverty, spiritual or physical, escaped her maternal eye; her hand was stretched out to the needy at all times. Her charity was administered with justice, with methodical patience and care, and her daughters learned from her how to give with unostentatious solicitude and with intelligent benevolence.

NORMAL SCHOOL,
SISTERS OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT,
CORNWELL HEIGHTS,
PA.





TEACHERS AND STUDENTS WITH RETREAT MASTER, XAVIER COLLEGE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Mrs. Drexel was called early to her reward, followed to her rest by a sorrowing throng of the poor she had helped, and she left an indelible impress on the minds and hearts of her children.

They were taught all the duties of the household by their mother, who was also mindful of their spiritual needs, and her discipline was exact in proportion to the depth of her affection, as she gave for their example a standard of perfection, which had she lived, she would have seen amply realized.

Their father, who had given bountifully to every institute of charity in Philadelphia, made it possible by his wisdom, for his daughter Katharine to see and know the needs of the Indian. She travelled with him and her two sisters to the West, a journey to be repeated, year after year, from ocean to ocean, through the long vista of years from her happy girlhood until the maturity of her religious life.

THE keynote of Katharine Drexel's character is direct simplicity. If there is stress to be laid on inherited traits it may be said that this was also her father's distinctive characteristic, and in her association with him, the love of nature, the dislike of form or artifice, the seeking of direct freedom from artificial methods of thought and living became second nature.

There was a cordial intimacy between the father and daughters. They walked together, or rode on horseback, or drove through the country following all the interest of the farm and garden. Mr. Drexel had a special affection for animals. He was often seen feeding the birds in the city parks, and the dogs watched eagerly for his coming to the country.

Having seen the needs of the missions on the Indian reservations, when she made the journey to Tacoma with her father,

Katharine Drexel began fully to realize that here was scope for intelligent enterprise and action. Full of youthful enthusiasm, and with open mind, she commenced to help the missions.

Very shortly after their travels, Mr. Drexel died, and his daughters, left without paternal guidance, felt deeply the weight of responsibility.

Once more they travelled together to the West, through the vast diocese of Omaha guided and directed by its Bishop, James O'Connor, who had been pastor of their parish church, and had known them from childhood.

The first church built for the Indians by Katharine Drexel in the Indian territory was destroyed by cyclone, but she built a second church, more substantial, and later boarding schools at Santa Fé, in Montana, at Tacoma, in California, and among the Osage Indians.

At this time she had not yet thought of working for the Negro, but evidently the inspiration of devoting her life to the service of God in religion had come to her, when Bishop O'Connor called her attention to the great need of the abandoned Negro race. She has herself told of her wish to enter a contemplative Order, but as she planned to send missionaries, priests, and nuns to the desolate western regions where there were so many souls in need of Christian teaching, the thought of personal devotion came to her. Why should she not give herself to this service of the savage and neglected races, why send others to do the work she might herself accomplish? What a great impulse, and to what great results has it given birth!

FEARLESS in the face of fearful realities (for the Custer massacre was fresh in her mind), courageous and untiring, though she knew the privations, the wide and

seemingly endless spaces to be travelled, the terrors of the climate, the extremes of heat and cold, valiant of soul, she cheerfully, wisely, delightedly, accepted the call of God.

IT was hard for her and for her sisters to give up their companionship, so sweet and congenial, but the youngest, Louise, in the Providence of God was to be closely associated with her sister Katharine in her missionary work. Louise had married Edward Morrell, a lawyer, and a man of great personal distinction and charm, who later became a member of Congress and General of Militia, and who was of constant service to her in all of her own and her sister's interests and charities.

Elizabeth, the older sister, faced the loss of Katharine with a grief of heart that only such a devoted nature could feel. She afterwards married Walter George Smith, a member of the Philadelphia Bar, and in a short time was called to God leaving him to mourn her loss through many years. She was matchless in dignity, intelligence and spirituality. She was self-effacing, upright and sincere, and her cultivated intellect delighted in all things beautiful in nature and art.

Her voice was low and musical, her manner gracious, and she shared with her sisters a keen and delightful sense of humor. Her temperament was happy, and her girlhood singularly free from care, but the death of her parents left her with a heavy responsibility which she bore with singular patience. The special work of her short life was the founding and endowing of St. Francis Industrial School for boys, in which her sister Louise shared. This institution was the first of its kind in Philadelphia, and has prepared generations of youth for their life work.

Katharine Drexel, a young woman,

slight and delicately made, brought up in secluded ease, accustomed to the luxury of modern living, with the outlook of an untrammelled spirit, realized fully the needs of an abandoned people and she resolved to give youth and joy and freedom and fortune to their cause.

IT is almost incredible, but she has given her experience in her own straightforward words.

In the humble conviction that she must follow the advice of her spiritual director and found an Order for the evangelization of the Indian and Negro races, she chose the Sisters of Mercy to form her and instruct her in the ways of religious life, and this choice was made because their rule is adaptable to works of all kinds, since they have schools, hospitals, missions and asylums, and establishments for higher education.

She passed two years of novitiate with them at their convent in Pittsburgh, studying their rule, and founding upon it that of the future Order of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, who add to the three-fold vows of religion, a fourth by which they consecrate their lives to the missions for Indians and Negroes.

Sixteen young girls joined her, and soon a little community began the arduous work of teaching and caring for Negro children at St. Michael, the country house of her parents. It is appropriate that a work which has grown to such proportions should have had a simple and humble beginning.

In the small chapel, which was formerly the reception room and hall of the quiet residence where her girlhood was passed, her first companions made their religious vows.

The spirit of cheerful simplicity, which is God's gift to the Foundress, has been imparted to her companions and followers. It is their special mark. They are unobtrusive, efficient, smiling, hospitable, capable and enduring.

No work is too great for their zeal.

A young Passionist missionary, Father Maurice, brother of Walter George Smith, who had married Elizabeth Drexel, preached at the ceremony of the religious vows of the first Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. The scene was beautiful, and full of Divine promise, for all the participants were young and eager, and gladly gave all they possessed of youth and courage and zeal to the work so appealing in its lowliness and poverty.

At the present time, this former home of the Foundress, and cradle of the Order, has become a sacred shrine. A beautiful church, Italian Romanesque in style, lifts its graceful tower above the trees and, here enshrined, a relic of the True Cross is venerated by pilgrims who come in numbers from all directions to follow the Blessed Sacrament in procession through the garden and park where of old the three sisters passed their happy childhood.

Here is preached the love of the Cross, the necessity of following our Savior in His Passion, if we would be glorified in His Resurrection, and here the afflicted and sorrowing come for consolation and care.

IT was not far from this holy shrine that Mother Katharine built her Mother House and Novitiate in the California Mission style, with tiled roof and towers, and round arched cloisters, on a tract of farm land, situated at Cornwells, in Bucks County, with easy access of Philadelphia. From this center, which was soon sur-

rounded by a varied and well-planted park, and where many additional buildings were erected, as need required, there have gone forth missionaries not only to the Indian pueblos, to the reservations of the West and North West, but to the crowded Negro quarters of the immense cities, and to the rural districts of the South.

THE Novitiate is the preparatory school of a tremendous undertaking, and to it have come many young women of many nationalities, who are here educated in all branches of learning under modern methods by the best equipped teachers.

Here is a wonderful training for religious life, and its highest ideal is found in this monastic solitude, where the long professed kneel with white-veiled novices before the Lord of Hosts daily exposed for their adoration on the altar. Here they draw strength for the conflict before them.

On Profession days when the Foundress leads them to the sanctuary, after they have lain prostrate in self-immolation, and they have seen her smile, and have felt the strength of her guiding hand, they know from whence her ruling power has come. They feel with her the spirit of Divine Wisdom enlightening all their undertakings, making plain the path before them. Then they are fearless in face of all eventuality.

Whether obedience lead them to the Indian in the Southwestern desert, or the ice-bound Northern reservation, where they must share his privations and extremes of climate; or whether they go to the Negro of the South in the isolated country districts, or to the city slums to teach or to visit the sick, to instruct, to enlighten to comfort, to encourage, they are ready.



ON A HIKE—NAVAJO BOYS, ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL, ARIZONA

Mother Katharine began her missionary work when the condition of Indian and Negro affairs was far worse than at present. There has been an immense advance in ideals and, following her lead, a spirit of zeal and charity is awakened among Catholics, as knowledge of the need for coöperation is spread abroad. The future of the Negro depends on the Catholic missionary, and the Catholic heart must be stirred, the Catholic mind must be enlightened, the Catholic conscience awakened to the magnitude and the importance to the American people of the work begun by Mother Katharine Drexel so quietly and obscurely and brought to such outstanding dignity of proportion.

The willing hands of the Foundress should be upheld by the willing and enthusiastic support not only of the hierarchy and clergy, but of the whole body of Catholic laity.

IT is a long advance since the passing of laws which forbade the teaching of Negroes in the South. The first Catholic Negro College in this country is the outcome of the work of education in Louisiana begun simply by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

Growth is always silent. The world hardly knew of the planting of this seed in sublime charity which should flower and produce fruit in such abundance.

There are in these United States almost 12,000,000 of Negroes, of whom but 250,000 are Catholic, but it is not to the Catholic Negro population alone that Mother Katharine's work of education and evangelization is extended. She makes no distinction of creed in her magnanimous endeavor.

We consider the Negro problem, those of us who consider it all, as already solved to a great extent. We acquiesce in the laws that were made at so great cost of life and treasure when slavery with its attendant abominations was abolished.

We, of the North, see the Colored people about us—the porters and cooks in the Pullman cars, on the trains, the children in the crowded playgrounds of public schools. We are not surprised if a black man or woman sits beside us in waiting room or train, but of the individual needs, the spiritual life of these, we have little knowledge.

We do not, as a rule, recognize the civil rights of the Negro, and it surprises us greatly if our superficial knowledge of his needs is questioned, and if we are told his economic condition is inferior and unfair.

The problem pressing on the South for solution is more vital for there the Negro population is much larger. The laws of segregation so strictly enforced have made the Negro a nation apart, dwelling in our midst, and yet unknown to us. Their aspiration for social refinement, their patiently acquired skill in art and science, and literature, are looked upon with a sort

of wondering contempt. We hardly realize the immense progress of this people in all the ways of civilization since they were brought in slave ships to work in the cotton and rice fields of the South, where to this day a state of peonage exists in fact worse perhaps than slavery.

All of these things were carefully considered and weighed in the clear, well-balanced mind of the young Foundress. She and her advisers, and her willing companions, knew that they must work for the Negro, not for his sake only, but also because his education and enlightenment mean the welfare of the American nation.

The Negro can not be ignored, he will not be ignored. His own sense of values is making for him a standard far higher than his white owners ever conceived possible, and that he may be an asset rather than a menace to the nation his Christian education, as the greatest factor in his development, should be maintained.

Schools to this end in Georgia, in Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, are taught efficiently by the devoted and self-denying Sisters, whose center of activity is the Mother House of St. Elizabeth at Cornwells.

The rural districts of the South as well as the cities know the beneficent missions, and from East to West many of the Northern cities with their teeming Negro population witness troops of eager children crowding to the Sisters' schools.

Thirty or more mission schools and churches show the growth and far-reaching influence of this movement of evangelization.

In South Dakota the Sioux Indians are

cared for, in Arizona the Navajo child, the strange wild creature of the woods and prairie is fed and clothed and taught, is many times saved from disease and blindness and starvation.

In Santa Fé the Pueblo Indians have been taught Christian truths in St. Katharine's School, have been sheltered, fed and clothed since the work of the mission began. Their tribal customs respected, they dance and pray for rain, and for full harvest, but their spirits are shown celestial truth, and they are prepared for its acceptance, and its reward in Heaven and on earth. The Winnebagoes are taught in Nebraska.

Mission Fields at Home is the appropriate title of a valuable magazine published at Cornwells by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, keeping records of their work that are of constantly increasing importance to the historian, and sources of information to the general public. Its illustrations are unusually fine, and on its cover there is a map of the country showing the far extended missionary labors of Mother Katharine and the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament from East to West, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Far North.

THE record of accomplishment is miraculous. The great Saint Theresa of Avila journeyed through the length and breadth of Spain, making her foundations of reform, and she is the prototype of the apostolic labors of the latest American Foundress, who has traversed the continent through fair ways and foul, through toil and weariness, through stress of disappointment and failure, until at last the fair structure of her mission rises in glorious proportion.

As Her Husband Dies

By Helen Walker Homan

SHADOWS in that sad room massing,
Where her lover long has lain—
Dear Lord Jesus, ease his passing;
Sweet Lord Jesus, soothe her pain.

Only Thou canst gauge her heart-ache,
As the darkness shrouds his day—
Dear Lord Jesus, heal her heart-break;
Sweet Lord Jesus, light his way.

Lamp of love they watched intently,
Shielded from the ruthless years—
Dear Lord Jesus, hold him gently;
Sweet Lord Jesus, dry her tears.

Only Thou wilt reck their number,
When her lover's breath shall cease—
Dear Lord Jesus, guard his slumber;
Sweet Lord Jesus, bring her peace.

THE VOID

By Hilaire Belloc

The Eleventh in a Series of Twelve Articles on the Break-up of Protestantism as the Last Organized Opponent of the Catholic Church

THE destruction of the Protestant hegemony among the white races, among the peoples of Christendom and their development overseas, has not only, nor in the main, reestablished a converse hegemony of Catholicism.

It would have done so if Protestantism had broken down soon after its first great victories; it would have done so, for instance, if the then mainly Catholic France of Louis XIV, and the Catholic Austrian Empire, which was his life-long opponent, had entered into combination and had defeated the Protestant powers in the field. But those powers were still, two and a half centuries ago, numerically small and weak; the North German Protestant States were petty principalities, there was no Prussia to speak of, and England was still divided against herself in a political and partly religious revolution which had not come to its end. So Catholic France and Catholic Austria were locked in a mortal duel of which, in the long run, the small but growing Protestant powers took advantage, and meanwhile the new scepticism rose to unexpected strength, and achieved victory after victory among the nations of the Catholic culture, and particularly the French.

Three Different Types

THEREFORE, when the Protestant superiority began to decline after the middle of the nineteenth century, when its decline was at last apparent in our own day, there appeared no converse or corresponding counter-rise of Catholicism, but a triple division. There stood side by side, no longer divided in the main geographically (though the division was in part geographical), rather dividing one man from another than region from region, three different types. The declining Protestant type; the permanent Catholic type, and a third which may properly be called "The Void."

Now it is this last to which I would like to draw particular attention. Not because it is a phenomenon important through its chance of long life; on the contrary, it must in the nature of things be short-lived: but because this Void, this mere negation, both of what is given by the full Catholic doctrine and morals and what is given by the warped and partial Protestant doctrine

and morals, will necessarily call for something to fill the gap. The mere presence of the Void will demand an occupation of the empty space by some positive force. By Protestantism it cannot be occupied, for Protestantism has lost its driving power and is failing. Will it be occupied by Catholicism, so that we shall have at last one United Catholic world, as we had in the past?

A New Enemy

I DOUBT it, and I shall give my reasons for doubting it in my next and last article; for it seems to me, as I shall then maintain, more probable that in this Void there will arise a new form of enmity to the Catholic Church. But for the moment what I desire to do is to describe the Void itself; to set forth that mode of negation of Catholic truths, including those preserved by the Protestant heresies.

It has often been called, and I myself have called it, "The New Paganism"; but for the purpose of what I have here to say it would be confusing to give it so positive a name, and we shall understand it better in this connection under that title, "The Void."

Consider the world about us now. It is loosely called, "The Post-War World." The beginnings of that world could already be clearly seen long before the European War broke out; but the War hastened and matured its development. In this "Post-War World" you find, side by side with those who still maintain the main moral doctrines of our civilization, a growing negative.

What were those older moral doctrines?

We know them by the institutions derived from them. They were the doctrines which belonged to natural religion, and therefore to the better and nobler part of the old Paganism of two thousand years ago: the sanctity of the family and the fundamental character of that institution in the State; the right to property, and a vague but omnipresent appeal to unseen and supernatural powers as the avengers or guardians of natural morals upon earth. To these few and insufficiently defined doctrines the Catholic Church came to add that which in its fullness formed a complete, satisfactory

and stable civilization, under which the human soul could live its full life. There was the active recognition and worship of one All-Mighty personal God, the Creator of all men and all things and One to Whom all men were morally responsible. There were His rewards and punishments; the sanctions of the Christian moral code reflected in the codes of justice upon this earth, but having their final effect in Hell and Heaven. There was the profound conviction that man was a fallen being; that is, that while his nature was essentially designed for and could only be complete in supernatural peace and joy, he had in his mundane condition a universal tendency to evil which destroyed even his temporal pleasure and peace. Christian society was vividly conscious also of its unity; conscious that by unity alone could it live, for as the philosopher has said, "a thing only is because it is one"; and through its unity, bound up with it and essential to the Christian life, went a mass of institutions and ideas, the chief institutions being well distributed property, the home and family, indissoluble marriage, and a system of law the ideal of which was "Justice Before Order."

Justice: Order: Law

HERE I must digress a moment to emphasize two vitally important points—points which are at the very heart of the Christian social attitude. The first is the Christian attitude towards justice and order, the second the allied Christian attitude towards the nature of law.

Order is necessary for human society; and the preservation of order is the immediate and necessary duty of the civil power. Without order there can be no justice; without the punishment of evil there can be no establishment of good; and without permanent vigilance for the restraint of evil there can be no continuance of order. The courts of justice in civil society and the force at their back exist for the preservation of order. Yes, but all that machinery also exists for the maintenance of justice. Now in practice it will always be found that in temporal matters, man being a fallen creature, justice and order are not exactly compatible one with the other. No ruler who has

attempted to rule any community however small and simple, for however short a time, but has come across the following dilemma: "Will you sacrifice justice to order, or will you sacrifice order to justice?" One of the two must nearly always be sacrificed in some degree, and there are cases in which it is necessary to sacrifice one or the other wholly; but the essential difference between the Christian social philosophy and the non-Christian is that in the Christian justice is preferred to order, not order to justice. Society has to stand upon those two legs, but a man leans for his stance upon one leg or the other, and it makes all the difference whether the State leans toward Order or towards Justice.

Consider the allied proposition: the nature of law. Aristotle has put it finally and completely; no one can add to his famous contrast. Laws, he said, are made either to allow the rich to live among the poor or to allow the good to live among the wicked. A system or law must necessarily tend towards one ideal or the other; it cannot include both for the simple reason that the rich are not the good nor the poor the wicked. If the rich were the good and the poor the wicked, as some of the more fatuous of the richer classes seem to think, there would, of course, be no problem at all. Now in a Christian society laws are in the main designed to permit the good to live among the wicked, and if your laws are principally designed to enable the rich to live among the poor, then they have taken on the anti-Christian note.

Christian Institutions Denied

HAVING digressed upon these two points, let me continue my analysis of what I have called "The Modern Void." The old Christian institutions of society are denied by that type which takes part in the modern Void. The process began, of course, the moment men quarrelled with the Catholic Church; but they retained so much of Catholic doctrine even after the great catastrophe of the Reformation that there was more left to be undone than had already been undone.

Take, for instance, the case of marriage. It was attacked by heresy; but the success of that attack was slow. Marriage was indissoluble even in Protestant England for a century after William Cecil had broken forever with the Catholic Communion. It remains to this day in Protestant England (though it will not remain so long) in great part indissoluble by law, for divorce is obtainable only in practice and as a rule by the well-to-do.

But the ideal of the modern Void will have none of marriage. On the understanding that there are to be no children, the marriage tie need simply not exist. There shall be no social inhibition, even of opinion, against the sexes living together without so much as a form of union: and if there are to be children, then special regulations may be made whereby the children shall have provision of security

and livelihood, but always with the understanding that the arrangements necessary for this shall trammel as little as possible the choice of the man and woman in the taking of a mate or the leaving of a mate. The institution of marriage and the family are not diminished by the adherent of the modern Void, but morally eliminated.

Reason Ruled Out

THE same is true in the philosophy of property. In practice greed and fear will make the adherent of the modern Void cling desperately to whatever goods the social organization allows him to grasp, but everything makes for the insecurity of such property; the philosophy of the modern Void renders property, even where it is accepted in theory, fluid and volatile; and no doctrinal definition of the right to property as a right survives. Property is a good thing for the owner, a thing to be fought for by him, retained, if he can, against other people who are fighting for it, but it is not based upon justice; not recognized as proceeding from right.

All that is in man or round about man is eliminated in the mind of the modern Void, save what is subject to sensual experiment. All the unseen is taken for an illusion, with God as most plainly an illusion; all motives are referred to certain bodily driving forces of which (partly because it is so strong, but more because it still has about it a flavor of something forbidden) sex is absurdly emphasized; the unconscious is made master of the conscious, and reason is no longer appealed to as final. There is not one duty nor one standard left remaining for those who have joined this standard in the modern world.

Now the numbers of those who have joined the Void, who come under the category of the Void, is increasing very rapidly indeed. You can see the increase of this mere negation not only in the actual practice of those—and they are already numerous—who put the old regulations to defiance, but much more unconsciously, I think, in the type of argument put forward in defense or condemnation of this or that by men and women, especially young men and women now occupied in judging the world. Decision for or against an action is referred to a material and sensual criterion without question; decisions on motive referred to the unconscious or at the best the animal part of our nature; and as to decisions based upon reason, they are denied outright. The instrument of reason is put out of court. And in the same degree the ethical principle, that this or that should or should not be done as the rational consequence of deduction from this or that moral doctrine is a process abandoned. This sense of "ought" is a sense abandoned; it makes no appeal.

There is here a profound difference which it behooves us all to recognize between the so-called agnostic of the last generation and those adherents to "The Void" in this. The men of the last generation who most

derided the supernatural and most loudly proclaimed themselves unable to accept the postulate of a God and of the ethic that flows from that postulate, yet maintained such an ethic, all of them in practice, many of them actually in theory.

No one, for instance, could be louder in his protestations of the beauty of seeking truth and when you had found it proclaiming it than that typical agnostic of the older generation, Huxley. No one spoke more continually of the great abstract virtues, especially of justice than the French nineteenth-century atheists; and they were quite sincere, and their English agnostic contemporaries were quite sincere. They were sincere, that is, in their affection for a system of morals which they had inherited, though they were as yet too muddle-headed to see that it could not stand without the sanction of a personal God, nor in detail without the sanction of the Christian religion—the only true and full name for which is the Catholic Faith. For if all the supernatural and in particular Almighty God be an illusion, how can there be any "duty" in telling the truth? How can the sense of "ought" have any meaning? You may say, it pleases me to seek the truth and to proclaim it when I find it, but your neighbor is just as free to reply that it pleases him to do the opposite. And there is none to judge between you. And as of truth, so of any other part of morals—there is no obscenity, no decency, no treason and no loyalty, no real hate or love. All has fallen into "The Void."

Foundations Questioned

FOR the new generation time and experience have clarified thought. The muddle-headedness of the old agnostics and atheists of the nineteenth century, whether in the Protestant or the Catholic culture (and as the Holy Father has so well pointed out in his recent Encyclical, they formed a small number of Christendom) maintained in good faith—though most unreasonably—the great bulk of Catholic moral practice while denying the only possible basis for that practice. The muddle-headedness is now cleared away. The younger generation of today quite rightly says that when the base is dissolved the superstructure can no longer stand, and in abandoning God they abandon all idea of right and wrong.

Therefore it is that we have, in the place of the old rebels and of what thought itself the rational denial of Divine truths, this new thing—The Void.

Now I have said that the Void will not last. It cannot of its nature last. Man in society lives by concrete systems, defined laws, traditions of habit and conduct. The future presents us with a contrast in which stands the Catholic Church on the one hand, and The Void on the other. What will come to fill that Void? My next and last article shall be an attempt to answer that question.

THE RETURN *of* CAESAR

By G. K. Chesterton

WHETHER or no it be an example of first and second childhood, I sometimes have a whimsical fancy that I shall end as I began, trying to make some sense out of what is called Liberalism in politics.

There is a Fleet Street story about me, which may be a fact, though I have entirely forgotten it, that when I was asked if I was a Liberal, I answered, "I am the only Liberal."

It will be agreed that, in these days, I should be very nearly the only Liberal. But I hope nobody will accuse me of wanting to be a Liberal leader. The Liberal Party now consists entirely of leaders—or rather misleaders. And all they want, all they have left to pray for, is one single simple solitary human being who is willing to be misled.

On second thoughts, I rather doubt whether I will offer myself even to fulfil this humble office; whatever may be my qualifications for filling all the seats at a public meeting, and constituting the whole audience, while my five leaders address me from the platform, urging me to five urgent but incompatible courses of action.

No, the sense in which I have again become conscious of the existence of purely political Liberalism is not so much due to what remains of it, as to what has vanished from it; not to what the Liberals say as to what they do not say.

In the face of fashionable Fascism, and the toppling simplifications of the Totalitarian State, there really is a great deal that ought to be said for Liberalism; or, in clearer language, for Liberty.

Many things return; and thank God we live now in a time when we can talk once more about Church and State; though nowadays it generally means the Catholic Church and the Totalitarian State. But at least we have abolished the most illiberal of the illiberal limitations of Liberalism. We can recognize religion in history at the back of European ideas, including modern ideas; and in this connection the story of Church and State is very strange indeed.

OF course, the one thing that has really confused the story of Church and State is the thing called the State Church. But that is a mere illogical interlude; in which God holds His authority from Cæsar; instead of Cæsar holding it from God.

The normal relation between Church and State, through most of the varied phases of history, has not been exactly an Establishment, but something more like

IT will be noted that the Church generally had a Concordat with her enemies rather than her friends. There was a dispute with Napoleon and a Concordat with Napoleon; a dispute with Mussolini and a Concordat with Mussolini; a dispute with Hitler and a Concordat with Hitler. And, though the word would not perhaps have been used, and would not perhaps have been correct, something of the same paradox broods like a suspended storm over the State and Church in their relations in even earlier times. It marks the Church in her relation with the Roman Emperors; in her relation with the Greek Emperors; in her relation with the German Emperors. There was always some sort of Concordat, and there was never any complete concord.

IT is the State that changes; it is the State that destroys; it is nearly always the State that persecutes. The Totalitarian State is now making a clean sweep of all our old notions of liberty, even more than the French Revolution made a clean sweep of all the old ideas of loyalty. It is the Church that excommunicates; but, in that very word, implies that a communion stands open for a restored communicant. It is the State that exterminates; it is the State that abolishes absolutely and altogether; whether it is the American State abolishing beer, or the Fascist State abolishing parties, or the Hitlerite State abolishing almost everything but itself.

what we have just seen reappear in Germany. When there was not a conflict, there was a Concordat.

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IT needs nearly a lifetime to trace the curve or orbit of the Church, and the rhythm of things returning. But to one growing up as a Liberal, and in many ways still a Liberal, the chief interest of the last days is in this. The Church, roughly speaking, almost always remains at about the same distance from the State and its experiments.

There are exceptions, of course; when an Emperor persecutes the Church or the Church excommunicates an Emperor. The Church could hardly be expected to concord very much, even in the coldest manner, with Nero or the No-God Movement in Moscow. But it is most often found at about the same distance from the State as it is now from the Totalitarian State.

Leo XIII stood at about that distance from the French Republican State. Few Catholics need originally have stood at any much greater distance even from the French Revolution. But the very names will serve to remind us of the vital point at issue.

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Now suppose, for the sake of argument, that I did become again merely an ordinary Liberal, as the term was understood when I was active in Liberal politics. Suppose I thought the time had come to remind men that there really is an intellectual advantage in hearing all sides; a help to order in a measure of liberty; a healthy

irritation in government by debate. Suppose I said (as I do say) that every government ought to be checked by an opposition; suppose I said (as I do not say) that free international change is demonstrably better than all this economic nationalism. Suppose I said that recognized majority rule is better than random minority rule; suppose I said that Democracy as a failure is better than Dictatorship as a success.

I COULD say all this, and much more, and remain a quite ordinary and orthodox member of the ancient Church. But I could not say it, over a great part of the modern world, without being punished by the modern State.

Rome with its religious authority would not silence me. But Fascism with its

secular authority would silence me. Bolshevism with its secular authority would silence me. Hitlerism with its secular authority would silence me.

When I began to live and (alas!) to write, all the other Liberals had inherited a huge legend that all persecution had come from the Church. Some of them still mumble old memories about the Spanish Inquisition (a thing started strictly by the State); with the fact staring them in the face that the actual persecution now going on in Spain is the spoliation of Spaniards, simply because they are Catholic priests and schoolmasters. But, anyhow, it was supposed that what was called superstition was somehow the mother of persecution.

I appeal to all my fellow-Liberals to

admit that the facts have flatly contradicted this idea, even in the last few weeks. Every Catholic enjoys much more freedom in Catholicism than any Liberal does under Bolshevism or Fascism. I might have been a Liberal and belonged to the Centrum in Germany or the *Partito Popolare* in Italy; it is not the Church but the State that would stop me.

FOR the State has returned with all its ancient terrors out of antiquity; with the Gods of the City thundering from the sky and, marching with the pageant in iron panoply, the ghosts of a hundred tyrants; and we have begun to understand in what wide fields and playgrounds of liberty, the Faith that made us free has so long allowed us to wander and to play.

SOME BITS *of* BROKEN CHINA

By Winifred Feely

Festival of the Dead

RAGGED beggars stand beside the Temple gateway shaking their boxes and rusty tin cans under the noses of those who enter the sacred precincts. It is the Festival of the Dead, when paper money is burned, incense-sticks lighted, and bowls of rich foods placed on the graves of the departed. The Ancestral Tablets are solemnly worshipped by the male members of every family.

Within the temple it is dark and the atmosphere heavy with the odor of incense. There are spirals of smoke curling upwards wraithlike, until lost in the dark rafters above.

Pushing past the giant incense-burners, where a yellow-robed priest stands to take the offerings, new worshippers make their way. An old woman unties a colored handkerchief and scatters her silver paper money into the vast bronze urn. The flames lick up the offering and the shaven-headed priest mutters an incantation as he stirs the fire with a long bamboo. Next the old woman makes her way, not without difficulty through the dense crowd, to a shrine where she ceremoniously places three incense sticks before a smoke-blackened, hideous, and sardonically-leering idol. Then she kneels down, prostrating herself until her forehead touches the ground. Three times she makes this obeisance, uttering prayers in a singsong mumble.

Babies are there, carried in the arms of their parents. Young girls make their offerings and *kao-tao* (bow down). School-

boys push their way about wide-eyed, awe-stricken but completely forgetting to worship.

Attendants in small booths hand out paper money, the fragile incense sticks and the red candles stuck on slender bamboo spikes. Carefully they count the coppers and cash handed over in payment. There is often an altercation, acrimonious and heated, over these transactions. The gods are then called upon to witness the prohibitive cost of all offerings; the hard-heartedness of the vendors who hold out for the highest price; the excessive meanness of the purchasers, and the bargaining and haggling become a clamorous din.

There is much coughing and clearing of throats, old men spitting with a dexterity of aim that proclaims long practice. Noses are wiped on fingers, and fingers in turn are wiped on the posts of carved woodwork, or on whatever woodwork that is handy! No one is in the least disturbed by this.

Hundreds of candles now spill their wax on the rusted iron spikes and racks which, from time immemorial, have held these flickering and smoky offerings. Feet shuffle on the stone flags and there is a constant murmur of supplicating voices which rise and fall in a ceaseless and monotonous cadence.

Priests are here cold-eyed and indifferent, beating, at certain intervals, large prayer-gongs. This hollow, mournful sound clashes through the temple, a solemn bidding to the faithful to appease the restless ghosts of those who have returned to visit, this one day of the year, the haunts of the living.

Christmas Morn

AS the officiating Catholic priest lifts the Consecrated Host above his head, Peter Zee, waiting in the porch of the Church, sets a match to the streaming length of crackers attached to a long bamboo pole. Then, as the church bell clanged out its Christmas peal the crackers contributed their cracklings and bursting explosions.

Within the building the voices of the faithful chanted the Consecration prayers. Was not the Great White God with them? Had He not come obedient to the call of the *Shien Foo* (priest)? *Ai*, let the bells peal their loudest, the firecrackers explode deafeningly, the voices shrill higher and louder, that the Lord of Heaven and Earth, mightier than all pagan deities ever dreamed of or worshipped before, be praised and magnified this holy morn!

The little church away in the interior of China, a modest structure of drab gray brick with a corrugated iron roof, is packed today. From far and near the Christians have come, defying all the taunts and threats of persecution; shutting their ears to the alarming cry of "*da-deo-yang-kueitze*" (down with the foreign devil) which is shouted at them now that they are the followers of the white Sisters and Priests. It takes courage for these simple folk to defy the pagans who surround and outnumber them. They are in fact a mere handful when compared to the others. Then, too, they are so fearful of the dreaded society known as "The Bloody Group for Extermination of Traitors"

which lately has been formed to deal with political offenders, but which puts under the heading of Traitors all those who embrace or condone the Christian Faith.

They have come all the same, full of faith and trust, that He Who was born in a humble stable so that the lowly may not fear to approach Him, may today be honored with all the pomp and ceremony that their hearts can offer.

Communion is over. There is a hush, a prayerful silence. Three hundred souls are now making their Thanksgiving.

At last the Sister in charge of the orphan girls gives the signal. These children begin to sing. With touching fervor they loudly proclaim—unmusically it must be admitted . . . and with a certain disregard for *tempo*—*Wor shir jao yu* (I am a Christian). The entire congregation joins in the refrain and the rafters of the little building seem to shake at the impact of sound, that reiterated cry of Faith.

We are somewhat deafened by the noise, this roar of Chinese voices . . . there are tears in our eyes!

Away in the manger, in a far corner of the church, gay with artificial flowers stiffly arranged in fanciful vases, where flickering candles illumine the offerings of oranges, dates, and sugar animals of queer shape, the Christ Child listens to that music and smiles up at His Blessed Mother.

The Dragon Boat Festival

TODAY in Changsha, Hunan, the banks of the river are thronged with a seething, shouting mass of excited humanity. It is the Festival of the *T'ien-chung-chieh*, the Mid-Heaven Festival known to the foreigners as the Dragon Boat Festival, and the occasion—a symbolic one—on which boat races are held in various parts of China.

This feast is said to commemorate the famous statesman and poet Chu Yuan who lived in the fourth century B.C. and who, as a final protest against the abuses of his country's rulers, threw himself into the Tung Ting Lake and was, according to the legend, swallowed by an enormous river dragon. Fishermen sought for his body which was never recovered, and now these races commemorate this search.

There are shouts and cries as the canoes, gaily decorated with a dragon's head and waving tail, come sweeping round the bend. These boats are manned by young men drunk with excitement and generous draughts of *samshu*.

Suddenly there is a shriek—a shriek different in quality from the raucous shouts of joy that acclaim the racing boats. A sudden hush falls upon the crowd lining the western bank. A little boy has fallen into the river! His mother with a terrified cry attempts to throw herself into the water and save her child. Strong hands pull her back. Urgent voices implore her to remember that the dreaded river dragon will not permit his lawful prey to be

wrested from him! The woman struggles wildly, but in vain, for the detaining hands will not release her.

It is only a matter of seconds and the fierce current carries the little fellow away from the slippery bank. Above the swirling waters a head appears and little hands beat the air. This is repeated twice and then the child is seen no more. Deep-rooted superstition has willed that he should drown!

The races continue amid the clamor of the populace. A dishevelled and distracted mother writhes upon the bank, tearing her hair and wailing for her son. Few, if any, take heed of her anguish. Perhaps a curious glance or so, then attention is turned to the more exciting races. After all, has not the river god been appeased by this human offering? Now the races may proceed in peace and security!

Tonight little paper lanterns, lighted, will be set floating upon the dark bosom of the river. Like fire-flies they will pin-prick the darkness with their twinkling lights sailing hither and thither. The spirit of a little boy will play with these fairy boats, and he, being consoled, will cease wailing for his mother.

Cholera

CHOLERA is on its deadly march. It came creeping up the river claiming city after city, taking a terrible toll of human life on its steady progress, and finally, at the end of July reached Chengtu.

Each day sees hundreds of fresh victims, for this year the epidemic is of a particularly virulent type. Two or three hours of vomiting and excretion, then a fearful weakness comes over the stricken one. Bodily functions cease, followed by the final collapse.

The inhabitants of the town are frantic. Hospitals and dispensaries are thronged with terror-stricken people. Nothing seems able to stay the march of this dreaded disease. *Peh-ni-pah*, the white clay medicine which the Chinese employ to stop vomiting, seems to have lost its efficacy.

Day and night the temples are thronged with worshippers. Offerings are poured into the hands of the priests. Never has devotion been so fervent. But the gods seem deaf and unheeding! Family altars are dusted and freshly decorated. Food is placed before the shrines. Everything that is possible is done to placate the angry demons whose thirst for lives seems unslakeable.

And then one day, in the blazing sun of noon, a mad old man demented by the loss of his entire family, rushes madly through the streets crying aloud that he is the spirit of cholera come to warn the people that only with the New Year will the dreaded plague cease.

That is why the city is now bedecked with bunting. Red and blue lanterns ornamented with gold-painted characters hang before the doorways or are suspended

from poles emerging from the upper windows. Embroidered banners flap lazily in the sultry air; firecrackers make a joyful clamor and splutter; drums and gongs, frenziedly beaten, add to the general din.

The inhabitants, terror lurking in their haunted eyes, smile fixedly as they make a pretense of rejoicing. Chengtu is celebrating the New Year in the month of August! Thus it is hoped that the gods will be deceived into believing that the New Year has arrived and, according to the prophecy of the old man, the city will be delivered from the cholera scourge.

The Soldier

HE lays in a little hollow of the ground that dips away from the bank of the sluggish Yangtze. His head is bowed, the upper part of his body stiffly supported on his arms in an effort to keep his face away from the blood-sodden ground.

He wears a drab gray cotton uniform the front of which is stained with scarlet, for he has been shot through the breast.

Only a common Chinese soldier, a country-fellow, young and ungainly, he is probably too stupid to be able to explain, if you asked him, how he came to join the ranks.

Suddenly his arms bend jerkily and his head sags to the ground . . . and so he dies. The wintry day draws to a close and the last pale rays of light rest on his black head now sunk in that bloodied mire.

There is no one to do anything for him, no one seems to care. He dies as he had lived, unquestioning, mute, inarticulate.

In some far-off Province when his mother learns of his end, she will wail for him in the streets of the village according to the custom.

The Bride

WHILE the bridegroom mingles with the wedding guests, drinks numerous cups of rice wine or brandy, and exchanges flowery greetings, the young bride with downcast eyes and head sits in an inner chamber.

She is never long alone. There are always women, relatives and guests, in the room with her. They chat and laugh and crack melon seeds between their teeth, spitting the husks upon the floor. Occasionally they stop chattering to taunt the bride or give her a sly pinch. This is permitted by Chinese custom and is, indeed, a kind of test. The bride must suffer this with undisturbed serenity, with patience and in silence.

The wedding garments of rich red satin, lavishly embroidered, seem almost too heavy for these frail young shoulders. Like an image this fifteen-year-old bride sits with folded hands in the high carved chair. Her face is veiled by strings of pearls and a red silken fringe falling from the elaborate coronet of jewels, enamelled kingfisher

feathers and flowers that crown her sleek, jet black head. Not a sign of interest does she manifest. She is expected to look sad. To appear otherwise would have marked her as a bold and forward creature unfitted for the honor that lies before her.

To her right is the marriage bed, draped at the back and the sides with embroidered satin curtains. The coverlet, too, is of satin, a magnificent piece of work ornamented with flowers in colored silks, and dragons in heavy gold thread. There are oblong wooden pillows gay with red lacquer, and a *pu-kao* (wadded quilt). In the centre of the bed reposes a pair of large satin shoes with stitched soles. These belong to her bridegroom. Within them are tucked a pair of her embroidered shoes. Small and dainty they nestle within the more capacious footwear of her Lord and Master. This is to indicate that in the future her life and actions are to have no scope outside of his will and approval. Scattered upon the bed are dates, fruits and little heaps of uncooked rice. These are symbolical of marriage felicity.

THERE is the sound of beaten gongs, the shrill wailing and screeching of one-stringed fiddles played by blind musicians hired for the occasion; the clatter of bowls and plates; bursts of laughter; the sound of hurrying feet. All this the bride can hear in that inner room, and for a moment her narrow chest heaves with pride and a faint smile touches her carmined lips at the thought of the magnificent marriage feast taking place without. And then again a little furrow of anxiety mars her smooth young brow. Her bridegroom, now her Lord and Master since they have partaken of the ceremonial wine and made obeisance to his thrice-honored parents, what is he like?

She has not seen him, not even so much as glanced at him—such shamelessness would have brought down the just wrath of the gods and, maybe, cursed her with barrenness for such incredible forwardness! Was he young and handsome? Had he a good heart and silver speech? Or would he be old and dreadful like the husband chosen for Se-Foh-Wong (Happy Little Hail Before the Snow) whose end was so tragic? Would she have many sons to worship the ancestral tablets and insure her an honored old age? *Ai*, that the goddess of Mercy grant that her husband be young, and that he smile kindly upon her when, after leading her across the threshold of her new home, he lifts the veil of pearls from her face which he sees for the first time!

Would he find her comely? Surely her mirror had not deceived her! She knew the others considered her fair, but would he? Oh, that the Heavenly Deities grant her the boon to find favor in his sight! What would she do if her bridegroom, who had paid many silver dollars for her, prove to be hoary with age and dreadful like the husband given to Se-Foh-Wong. Se-foh

had jumped down a well and drowned herself two days after she had been carried to her husband's home. She had not been able to stand the horror of her marriage to an old man. *Ai-yah! Ai-yah!* Why should she be haunted by such dreadful thoughts on her wedding day? Was it an omen, an evil augury?

And so round and round went the questions in the head of the little bride—thoughts that were like caged white mice turning in an endless and vertiginous circle.

At last the door swung open with a loud clatter and the bride gave a nervous jump. Had they come, at long last, to take her away? Was she to be put into that red, satin-covered sedan chair and

carried to her husband's home? But no! It was only a diminutive slave girl bringing fresh tea and melon seeds and little rice cakes spiced with ginger and nuts. Outside the sounds of merriment and feasting increased. No one noticed or cared that the little bride wept behind her veil of pearls and silken fringe. The correct thing for a Chinese maiden on such an occasion is to weep and lament when the time of her going away draws near. This is a sign of modesty, a reluctance to abandon the parental roof. But this little bride wept, not for custom nor effect, but because she knew that she would lack the courage to jump down a well like Se-Foh-Wong, should her bridegroom prove to be old and wicked!

Christ On the Cross

By Matthew Richardson

OUR Lord is dying. All the breath that fails
He summons, and with one shudder and one cry,
Bows His Body's weight upon the nails,
And through the silent dark we feel Him die.
The spear has drawn the crimson, heart's-own flood;
Now to all winds His Body hangs unfurled,
The streaming flag of Heaven red with blood
Forever nailed to the topmast of our World.

THEY who but came for a thrill and a sight,
Let them depart, their show is over:
Consummated, wrong or right;
Housetop theme for a summer night;
Fading in time from the heart, till the lips
Mention it only as circumstantial,
Helping to date, when memory slips,
Passover, tremors of earth, and eclipse.

Evening is here, and the vultures flown
Back by the way of blood to Jerusalem:
Night, and the family here alone,
Silent, and He at last her own;
Mary's again, now all is done;
Hers as the helpless Babe of Bethlehem;
Hers, by His dying whisper to John:
Son, thy Mother: Mother, thy Son.

Mary faithful in life and death,
Mary eternally our Mother,
Mother by Jesus' parting breath
Witnessing still thy love and faith:
Mary, be still that soul's recourse,
Through whose penitent tears the memory
Of his dead forever pours
Irremediable remorse.

BLESSED be Jesus dead,
Blessed be Jesus' death,
Blessed be Jesus from each dying bed
And hailed by every dying breath.

Eternal blessing be
To our Redeemer slain,
To soul and body offered on the Tree
And from the Altar given to men.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

F. F.—It is surprising that parents are found who see no wrong in kissing games indulged in by youths of different sexes. Such pastimes should not be tolerated. Youths all too soon are tempted to sensuality. It is deplorable that some parents are so lax as to approve of them. They forget that youth is soft as wax, and that they ought to be molded into habits of restraint from the very beginning. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." (1 Cor. 6:8.) Pope Pius' Encyclical on the "Christian Education of Youth" reveals the attitude of the Church on this subject.

M. P. O.—The first thing to do is find out about his marriage. If his marriage is declared null, he is free to marry; if valid and binding till death, you must not keep company with him. His pastor will look into the matter, if he is asked. If the so-called marriage was performed before a magistrate, it could be declared invalid.

M. O'C.—The Saint to whom your friend refers is St. Theresa of Avila in Spain. She was a contemporary of Martin Luther. His heretical teachings were abhorred by her with all her soul. She was born at Avila in 1515 A. D., and died at Alba de Tormes in 1582 A. D. Luther was born November 10, 1483 and died February 18, 1546. The great work of St. Theresa was the reform of the Carmelite Order. She herself founded thirty-two convents. She is one of the most extraordinary Saints in the Church's calendar. Perhaps one of the many remarkable features of her character was her common sense. Her life can be obtained in Catholic book stores.

D. M. H.—Albert is a Teutonic name meaning "nobly bright." Paul is a Latin name meaning "small, little."

G. H.—Your conscience is troubled for very good reasons, and your salvation consists in following it. The Bible says that he who loves the danger shall perish in it, and he that contemneth small things shall fall little by little.

M. Z.—(1) The acts you mention are lawful, even though done on Sundays. At least they are performed by good people and custom legalizes them. (2) The book is not to be recommended. The author lacks the qualities expected of one telling others how to live. (3) Such promises, if seriously made, bind by virtue of fidelity. Any reasonable cause will excuse from them. If there is no cause for omitting them, and the person wishes to continue bound by them, he is unfaithful to his promises if he omits to fulfill them. But he can, if he wishes, cancel his promises, as long as he is the only party concerned.

L. F.—Try the Catholic book stores for the works of Lacordaire. We are of the opinion that his life of Mary Magdalen is out of print.

M. R. O'H.—We do not know of any magazine which is specifically devoted to the promotion of religious vocations among girls.

A. Le B.—(1) Catholics are not forbidden to read the Bible, rather they are encouraged and urged to read it. Of course, this means only Bibles approved by the Church. (2) Yes, Catholics,

as a class, are not conspicuous for their devotion to the Bible. They have the Church to guide them, and they consider that sufficient. (3) Celibacy is only a disciplinary law of the Church, and not a Divine command. Some of the Eastern Catholic Churches allow married clergy, because such is their custom. But in all the Western, or Latin, Church celibacy is the rule. (4) It is perfectly lawful to make the novena to another Saint. You will find prayers in honor of the Sacred Heart in most prayer books. (5) The letter which you sent is a silly exhibition of ignorance and bigotry.

DIGNITY NOT OPPOSED TO HUMILITY: ALL SINS CAN BE FORGIVEN

(1) *It has been said that dignity is a form of conceit and that no truly humble minded person ever has dignity. Is this true?* (2) *If God forgives us when we repent, what do these texts from the Bible mean: (a) "now we know that God doth not hear sinners, but if a man be a server of God and doth His will, him He heareth" (John 9 : 31) and (b) "for it is impossible for those who were once illuminated, have tasted also the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, have, moreover, tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and are fallen away, to be renewed again to penance, crucifying to themselves the Son of God, and making Him a mockery" (Heb. 6 : 4-6).*—E. O'N., NEW LONDON, CONN.

(1) Dignity, as a quality, means "grave or noble bearing; impressiveness of character or manner; repose and serenity of demeanor." (*Standard Dictionary*). Conceit is "a vain conception of one's own person or accomplishments." (*ibid.*) In moral theology conceit is called vainglory, which is defined: "an inordinate desire of manifesting one's excellence, whether true or fictitious, as if one seeks his own praise beyond due measure, or rejoices over the humiliation of others." There is no essential connection between dignity and conceit or vainglory. Christ was at the same time the perfect model of both humility and dignity. This was strikingly illustrated when He was shown to the Jews by Pontius Pilate after having been scourged and crowned with thorns, with the words: "Behold the Man!" Was there ever such humility and dignity in one person?

(2) (a) The Evangelist St. John records this passage as the statement of the man who was cured of blindness by Christ, without in any way approving it. St. Augustine remarks in characteristic fashion: "He (the cured man) speaks as one not yet anointed, that is, as one not seeing clearly." That God does hear sinners is evident from the beautiful parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. (*Luke 18 : 9-14.*)

(b) This text refers to Jewish converts to Christianity, who had not merely fallen into sin, but rather had fallen away from Christianity into Judaism. For such persons no second Baptism, which is called "a renewal again to penance," was, or is, possible. Since Baptism means being made like unto Christ in His death (*Rom. 6 : 3*) and since Christ died but once, Baptism can not be repeated for those who have repudiated their first faith. To demand a second Baptism is tantamount to demanding that Christ should be put to death again.

There is reference here, also, to the Jewish doctrine of divers washings and purifications for sin. These washings were repeated as often as they contracted legal defilement. But to think that the washing of Baptism, which is called "the laver of regeneration and renovation of the Holy Ghost" (*Titus 3 : 5*) might be repeated was to wish for the impossible. To demand Baptism

again, after having renounced its obligations, was to demand that Christ should again be crucified.

It is the teaching of the Catholic Faith that all sins committed after Baptism can be forgiven by means of recourse to the Sacrament of Penance; and, in its absence, by perfect contrition. And also that the Sacrament of Penance, unlike the Sacrament of Baptism, can be repeated as often as one falls into sin. In the case of mortal sin, it *must* be repeated.

INFALLIBILITY: SOLEMN AND ORDINARY MAGISTERIUM

(1) *Kindly explain the infallibility of the Catholic Church in relation to what is known as her solemn and ordinary teaching.* (2) *Does infallibility extend into the domain of the natural sciences?*—A. J. M., CLEVELAND, O.

(1) Infallibility means freedom from the possibility of teaching error. The Church is the divinely appointed teaching authority in matters of faith and morals. This is called the *magisterium* (from the Latin *magister*—master). That the Church is a teaching authority is explicitly manifested from the express command of Christ to His Apostles: "Going, therefore, *teach* ye all nations . . . *teaching* them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (*Matt.* 28 : 29, 30.) The infallibility of their teaching is gathered from the sanctions of Christ with regard to those to whom His revelation is taught: "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." (*Mark* 16 : 16.) A just God could not sanction the teaching of the apostles under such awful penalties if that teaching were not free from all possibility of error; that is, infallible.

The promise of infallibility made personally to the Apostles by Christ descends to their successors, the bishops of the Church. They, however, are not personally infallible, like the Apostles, but only as a moral body united with the Pope. The bishop of Rome—the Pope—is the only exception.

The solemn teaching or magisterium is that which is exercised by the Pope, when speaking *ex cathedra*, and by the bishops in oecumenical council with the approval of the Pope. The ordinary *magisterium* of the Church is continually exercised, especially in her universal practices connected with faith and morals, and the unanimous consent of the Fathers and theologians, and such like means. All these are fountains of teaching, which as a whole are infallible. The ordinary magisterium is now in practice confined to the maintenance of the definitive decisions of Pope or oecumenical councils.

(2) The Church's teaching authority extends directly to revelation, or the deposit of faith; that is, the truths of faith and morals. Indirectly, this authority extends to whatever is necessary to guard and preserve the deposit of faith from attack, and to expound revelation with infallible security. Thus, the truths of natural sciences, such as the problems of creation, the spirituality of the soul, the doctrine of substance and accidents, and the like, are in this indirect sense within the scope of the infallible teaching authority of the Church. (Consult *The Catholic Encyclopedic Dictionary* on "Infallibility" and "Magisterium.")

CHRIST ESTABLISHED BUT ONE CHURCH: PROTESTANT ERROR CONCERNING NECESSITY OF BAPTISM

(1) *Is Jesus Christ with the Catholic Church more so than with the Protestant churches?* (2) *Why do Protestants claim that without Baptism they can be saved?*—N. N.

(1) Jesus Christ personally established the Catholic Church. Martin Luther founded the Protestant Church. Therefore, as a church, Christ is not with the Protestant Church because it is not His. He is with the Catholic Church for the reason that He not only instituted it, but also promised to be with it "even to the consummation of the world." (*Matt.* 28 : 20.) Nevertheless, Christ is with all God-fearing Protestants as individuals, who are in invincible ignorance of their religious errors. The same is true of all those who, through no fault of their own, are outside the Catholic Church.

(2) Those who hold this erroneous opinion are logically follow-

ing the principle upon which the Protestant churches, as such, are based, viz., private judgment. Since Protestantism in all its forms has no teaching authority which binds the conscience, each individual is free to hold whatever private opinions he thinks best. This results in many errors of faith, many no doubt in all sincerity. On the other hand, the Catholic Church claims authority to teach in Christ's name, and when she defines any question of faith or morals, either by *ex cathedra* pronouncement of the Pope, or by conciliar definition, she claims to teach infallibly, which claim is founded on the express words of Christ, as well as the tradition of the Church.

CELIBACY OF ROMAN PRIESTS

My friend says that there is no law against Roman Catholic priests marrying and remaining in the priesthood. I say that this is impossible. Will you kindly give the reason of your answer?—D. MCC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The obligation of observing celibacy binds all those who have received at least the subdiaconate in the Latin, or Western, Church. There are no exceptions to this law in the Roman or Latin rite. This is matter of positive law. In some of the Eastern Catholic rites marriage is permitted before the reception of Major Orders. But all the bishops of the Eastern rites must practise celibacy, or rather, are celibates.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION

My friend and myself had a lively discussion concerning the Spanish Inquisition. He argued that the Inquisition was a political organization established by the Spanish State primarily, in fact solely, for expelling the Moors, and he protested stoutly against all my arguments to the contrary. I held that it was an institution of the Church for suppressing heresy. Therefore, would you please set us right on this perplexing question, explaining its origin, functions, cruelty, and general organization?—J. G. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

This contentious subject of Church History is fairly presented by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C.S.P., in *The Question Box*, page 197, edition 1929. We quote the entire article:

"Inhumanity is not a special prerogative of Catholic Spain; it was characteristic of the cruel Inquisition of Lutheran Saxony, the Genevan Inquisition of Calvinistic Switzerland, and the English Inquisition of Elizabeth, James I and Cromwell.

"On November 1, 1478, Pope Sixtus IV empowered Ferdinand and Isabella to establish the Inquisition in Spain. In the beginning it was directed primarily against the many pseudo-Jewish converts (*Maranos*), who after popular uprisings against their usuary and extortion, had accepted Baptism merely as the alternative to death. As Hefele says: 'They threatened alike the Spanish nationality and the Christian faith. On the one hand they contrived to insinuate themselves into a number of ecclesiastical charges, and even to become bishops, and on the other hand to obtain high municipal honors, and to marry into all the noble families. These advantages, and their great wealth, were all covertly devoted to the gradual subjugation of the Spaniards, and the undermining of their faith in favor of Jews and Judaism.'

"The successful Spanish war against the Moors (1480-1492) also resulted in a great number of nominal conversions for the sake of temporal advantage. These pseudo-Moorish converts (*Moriscos*), added another factor to the problem of national disunion, which the Spanish monarchs determined to fight, as the French kings fought the Huguenot separatists a century later, or as Lincoln fought our Southern separatists in 1861. Later on under Philip II (1556-1598), the Inquisition was the weapon used successfully to prevent Protestantism from dividing the kingdom.

"It is beyond question that the Spanish monarchs often made the real danger that existed from these pretended Jewish and Moorish converts a mere pretext for prosecuting any powerful enemy of the Crown, and for filling the treasury's empty coffers by the arbitrary confiscation of the property of innocent citizens.

That the inquisitors sometimes played into their hands, we learn from a brief of Sixtus IV, January 29, 1482, which mentions a number of Spaniards imprisoned without trial, subjected to cruel tortures, and unjustly deprived of their possessions by inquisitors who disregarded all law and justice (Pastor, *History of the Popes*, iv., 400). Drastic laws always beget a set of unscrupulous politicians who rob and murder, as we have learned of late in these United States from the lawless actions of too many of our Prohibition enforcement agents.

"The old view that the Inquisition was purely a State institution was popularized in France by De Maistre (*Lettre à un Gentilhomme Russe*), Gams (*Zur Gesch. der Span. Staatsinquisition*), Hergenrother (*The Church and State*), and by the Protestant historian von Ranke (*Fürsten und Volker*), but the majority of Catholic scholars today hold with Pastor that "it was a mixed, but primarily an ecclesiastical institution" (*History of the Popes*, iv., 402; Cf. Balmes, Prat, Orti y Lara, Grisar, Bauer, Kraus, Funk, Brück, and Marin). The Pope established it, gave the Grand Inquisitor the necessary jurisdiction, and empowered the Council to act only through his delegate. The fact that the condemned were always handed over to the secular arm proves the correctness of this theory.

"Catholics, while sympathizing with the Spanish kings in their desire for political unity, and with their hatred of heresy, are just as vehement as non-Catholics in their denunciation of the cruelties and the injustice of the Spanish Inquisition. They, however, ask fair-minded men not to judge the fifteenth century from the viewpoint of the twentieth. The Church's office is to transmit to the ages the deposit of faith she has received from her Divine Founder. 'That to safeguard this treasure she uses means in one age which a later age denounces, merely proves that she follows the customs and ideas in vogue around her. But she takes good care not to have men consider her attitude the infallible rule of absolute justice' (Vacandard, *The Inquisition*, 187).

"The words of Cardinal Gibbons are indorsed by every Catholic. He wrote in his *Faith of Our Fathers*: 'I heartily pray that religious intolerance may never take root in our favored land. May the only king to force our conscience be the King of Kings; may the only prison erected among us for the sin of unbelief or misbelief be the prison of a troubled conscience; and may our only motive for embracing truth be not the fear of men, but the love of truth and of God.'"

CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC WORSHIP

Why is it that Catholics are not allowed to join in religious worship with Protestants? It seems to me that we ought to show our sympathy with those not of the Faith by joining with them in such services.—F. B., YONKERS, N. Y.

This question reveals a state of mind most strange for a Catholic, if our correspondent is a Catholic. The principles of the Catholic Church prohibit the faithful from joining in religious worship which is not Catholic. The Catholic is conscientiously and intellectually convinced that Catholic worship alone is objectively the kind of worship which Our Lord prescribes. Notice that we say *objectively*, for this belief is based upon the doctrine that Christ founded but one Church and one teaching authority and one mode of authorized worship. All other modes of worship, whether they be Protestant, schismatic, or pagan, are not the kind of worship prescribed by Our Lord. We do not say that these erroneous forms of Divine worship may not *subjectively* be pleasing to God, as coming from minds and hearts which are sincere and in good faith. But that is far from being the form instituted by Christ. Just as a man may in perfect good faith give a present to his wife which does not belong to him, so a person through invincible ignorance may offer to God a worship which He does not sanction. In such a case God looks to the dispositions of the heart, and if they are perfect, He will receive this worship because the true one is unknown.

But Catholics know what is the true form of worship. They firmly believe that there is but one Church, one ecclesiastical

authority, one communion, and one worship. Their refusal is not due to snobbishness, bigotry, and the like, but to the conviction that they would be faithless to their consciences were they to participate in the worship of those not members of the one, true Church. They grieve over the differences of faith which separate them from non-Catholics, but they cannot on that account adulterate their faith and act contrary to their consciences. They pray for the day when Our Lord's prayer at the Last Supper will reach out and bring back to the unity of the Church all those who, through no fault of their own, do not at present share in that unity.

Non-Catholics themselves who appreciate the necessity of following one's convictions would not wish to have Catholics participate in what are called "united services," when they realize that for Catholics to do so would be tantamount to a denial of their faith in the unity of Catholic doctrine, worship, and obedience. Such participation on the part of Catholics would defeat the aim of the Church, for it would create the impression that Catholics themselves regard their Church and form of worship as only one of many modes of worship—on a par with the sects—and not the definitely and Divinely ordained dispensation of Christ.

SINS OF THE TONGUE

Please define the sins of the tongue. Are they not quite as bad as those committed by thieves and murderers? Can't they be often attributed to the fruits of poor training in morals and character—to persons whose lives have not been broadened by education or a wholesome and happy environment?—N. N., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Sins of the tongue are what the very words imply. The malice of every sin resides essentially in the will, because the will alone is free. But the will can command the members of the body, and when an evil will uses the tongue to break some commandment of God, such as blasphemy, cursing, lying, detraction, calumny, etc., you have a sin of the tongue.

These sins may be in their effects much worse morally than sins which concern only material and temporal goods. To rob a man of his good name is far worse than to steal his money. The money can be restored, but the good name may never be regained:

"Who steals my purse steals trash,
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

The evil use of the tongue is a universal evil. It affects all classes of society. The rich and the cultivated members of society may control better the mechanics of the voice and the use of words, but often that very perfection enables them to wound all the more deeply the hearts of their neighbors. The poor must not be considered as having a monopoly of these sins.

While it cannot be denied that education, and especially the cultivation of character, incline one to avoid the grosser sins of speech, they are no guarantee that the lesser sins of the tongue will be totally avoided. So common are sins of speech that St. James considers that the absence thereof is proof of perfection: "for in many things we all offend. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." (*Jas.* 3:2.) If the will is good, the tongue will also be good, "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." (*Mat.* 12:34.)

FIRST BIBLE: FIRST POPE: FIRST CHURCH

(1) *Who compiled the first Bible? What year?* (2) *Who interpreted the Bible into the English language?* (3) *Who was the first Pope, and in what year was he consecrated?* (4) *In what year was the Catholic Church established?*—J. M. E., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) The Bible must not be thought of as a single book, but rather as a collection, or library, of books. They were not all written at one time, nor by one and the same human author. The composition of the Bible took thousands of years—from the time of Moses, who wrote the first five books of the Old Testa-

ment, to St. John who composed the Apocalypse about the year 96 A. D.

(2) To St. Bede Venerable is attributed the first English translation of the Bible in the eight century A. D.

(3) All the world knows that St. Peter was the first Pope, or divinely appointed Vicar of Christ on earth, and the visible source of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Christ promised to make him Pope at Casarea-Philippi in Palestine, and fulfilled that promise after His Resurrection from the grave, when He told St. Peter to feed both His lambs and His sheep; that is, both bishops and laity. (See *St. Matt. 16:13-19*; *St. John 21:15-18*.) St. Peter, together with the other Apostles, was consecrated bishop at the Last Supper, when Christ said to them: 'Do this for a commemoration of Me' (*Luke 22:19*). Christ here conferred on the Apostles both the power to offer the Sacrifice of the Eucharist, as He had done, and the power to ordain others to the same office.

(4) The date of the Church's establishment by Christ cannot be put down at a certain day and hour. The institution of the Church was a gradual process which extended over the entire public ministry of Our Lord. The process started when He began to preach and to gather disciples; when He instructed them for the work of governing His followers according to definite laws; when He instituted Baptism, the Eucharist, and the Sacrifice of the Mass. He completed the work when He formally conferred the power of teaching and ruling His flock upon St. Peter and the other Apostles. But it was not until the Holy Ghost descended upon them on Pentecost that the Church, already established, began to function.

MASONIC FABLES—PIUS IX A MASON!

Enclosed you will find a clipping from the New York Daily News, in "Letters to the Editor." I would appreciate your kindness in explaining the clipping in one of your issues: "Brooklyn. Here's the answer to Graziani and Rofrano. There was no conflict in the Middle Ages between the Roman Catholic Church and the Freemasons, who were the cathedral builders of those times. Freemasonry in fact sprang from the Church. It was not until Pope Clement XII issued the papal bull banning Freemasonry on April 18, 1738, that the Church and the Masons parted company. At least one Pope was a Mason, as claimed by F. & A. M., in a recent letter to the Voice of the People. Giovanni Ferretti was initiated in Lodge Eterno Catena of Palermo on August 15, 1830, and later became Pope Pius IX.—A Mason."—M. Q., WEST BRIGHTON, N. Y.

This letter is a good example of the fables which Masons are led to believe, and which, perhaps in good faith, they pass along to the ignorant. In the first place "A Mason" doesn't know his history. There was never any partnership between the Freemasons and the Church, and consequently they could not have at any time "parted company." The date of Freemasonry's birth is admitted by all non-prejudiced authorities to have been June 24, 1717. Four guilds, or lodges, of stone masons were consolidated into the first Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons on the above date in the city of London. (*Condemned Societies*, Quigley, 1927.) This date is a long time after the period usually embraced in the phrase "Middle Ages." After the principles and the policies of the Lodge had begun to spread over Europe Pope Clement XII condemned it and forbade Catholics to join it, and similar organizations, under penalty of excommunication. The Lodge as such was never a Catholic organization. On the contrary, it was the antithesis of all the Church stood for.

The assertion that at least one Pope was a Mason is another silly fable. The scene of his alleged initiation shifts from one place to another for the convenience of the propagandist. At one time Pope Pius IX was declared to have joined the Lodge in Philadelphia, Pa. But when it was proved that he was never in Philadelphia, the Masonic fable-makers transferred his supposed adoption to Palermo, Sicily, and other places. "In an article in the *Monde Maçonnique* (Masonic World) of Paris in 1885, a M. Léon Bigot professed to print the text of the diploma given to John Mastai Ferretti by a Masonic lodge of the Scottish rite at

Palermo in the first fortnight of August, 1839. The moment the document was printed, its spuriousness was made manifest by a crowd of blunders and anachronisms which many of the Masonic fraternity were not slow to point out. Most glaring of all, in 1839, Mastai (later Pope Pius IX) was Bishop of Imola [Italy]—(he was made Cardinal at the end of that same year), and his signatures in the registers and other official documents of the see showed that he never quitted the town during the first fortnight of August, when he was supposed to have been at Palermo. The forgery was complete, and finally exposed in the rival Masonic journal, the *Chaîne d'Union*, already mentioned, in a long article of the 1st of October, 1885." (*No Popery*, Thurston, page 61.)

It has always seemed inexplicable to us that Masons should be so solicitous to make Pope Pius IX one of themselves. If he really was (which he was not), then his most severe condemnations against the Lodge cannot be ascribed to ignorance of the organization. The charge is a boomerang for the Lodge. Incidentally, "in a solemn allocution on April 20, 1849, Pius IX feelingly referred to the rumor connecting him with Freemasonry, and denounced it as 'the blackest of all calumnies' ever uttered against his sacred but much-maligned person." (Preuss, *American Freemasonry*, Page 272.)

VALUE OF THE HOLY MASS

(1) *Why wouldn't five low Masses be of more benefit to a deceased person than one High Mass? (2) I have read that one Mass heard during one's life time is of more benefit than all that are offered for one after death. If that is true, why have Masses said for our dead?—S. J. D., SYRACUSE, N. Y.*

(1) All Masses are essentially of infinite merit because each one is the unbloody renewal and representation of the bloody sacrifice of the Cross. But in the manner of offering there are accidental differences of merit. Thus, in itself there is an accidental increase of glory given to God in a solemn Mass which is not true of a simple low Mass. Therefore, one high Mass may be more profitable to a deceased person than several low Masses because of this accidental difference in the manner of offering. We say *may be*, because after all the application of the merits of the Mass depends on the good pleasure of God. It is our opinion that the more the donor participates in the spirit of the sacrifice offered for a deceased soul, the more plentifully are the merits of the Mass applied.

(2) One Mass heard by a person while alive is of more value for him than one offered after his death because, while he is alive, he is an active participator in the Mass, while after death he is only passive. Merit before God can be gained only while we have the use of free will; that is, only while we are sojourners in this vale of tears. Yet, we do not go so far as to hold that one Mass assisted at with the requisite dispositions during life is of more value than *all* the Masses offered for one after death. We do not see how that could ever be proved, short of a special revelation. Masses are said for the dead because they can be helped by them, according to the dogmatic teaching of the Catholic Church.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M. M., Roxbury, Mass.; Sacred Heart, H. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M. E. G., Dorchester, Mass.; Blessed Gemma, H. F., Staten Island, N. Y.; Blessed Lord, R. M. K., Westwood, N. J.; St. Anthony, E. W., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M. H., Jersey City, N. J.; Sacred Heart, C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Precious Blood, S. C., Bronx, N. Y.; St. Anthony and Blessed Mother, E. A. S., Terre Haute, Ind.; Sacred Heart, J. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. E. S., Elizabeth, N. J.; B. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. M., Lawrence, Mass.; M. J., Wyncote, Pa.; A. V. C., Brighton, Mass.; Blessed Mother, E. J., San Jose, Calif.; Sacred Heart, E. D. B., So. Orange, N. J.; Poor Souls in Purgatory, E. D. B., So. Orange, N. J.; Sacred Heart, M. J. F., Camden, N. J.; Blessed Mother, St. Francis, A. C. C., Malden, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M. W., Cincinnati, Ohio; Sacred Heart, M. O'C., Somerville, Mass.; St. Anthony, Agnew, Calif.; St. Anne, H. J. M., St. Louis, Mo.;

Souls in Purgatory, S. J. L., Atlanta, Ga.; Sacred Heart, S. McG., Eau Claire, Wis.; Souls in Purgatory, M. H., Ossining, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, M. E. F., Cleveland, Ohio; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, Little Flower, St. Joseph, C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, J. J. M., Albany, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, Little Flower, E. M. S., Calais, Maine; St. Rita, B. B., Randalls Island, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M. J., Wyncote, Pa., Holy Souls, S. I. O'C., Dorchester, Mass.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

S. McG., Eau Claire, Wis.; C. M. M., Lincoln, Neb.; A. C. C., Malden, Mass.; M. J. B., Jackson Heights, N. Y.; H. W. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; H. R. M., Quinebaug, Conn.; L. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. V., Cincinnati, Ohio; A. S. C., Salem, Mass.; M. McM., Long Island City, N. Y.; J. R., Roxbury, Mass.; A. C. C., Malden, Mass.; S. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; K. C., North Bergen, N. J.; B. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. S., Ossining, N. Y.; M. C., Dunkirk, N. Y.; A. V. C., Brighton, Mass.; J. C., Long Island City, N. Y.; V. B., New Brunswick, N. J.; P. W., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.; M. M. H., Bronx, N. Y.; A. A. H., Bronx, N. Y.; M. E. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. G. O'G., Newark, N. J.; K. C. M., Norwich, Conn.; R. O'B., South Boston, Mass.; M. J. A. D., Providence, R. I.; R. McG., Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. S. H., Huntington, Ind.; E. S., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. F. D., Bangor, Maine; M. E. S., Elizabeth, N. J.; A. M. McC., Somerville, Mass.; M. R. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. R. S., Floral Park, N. Y.; M. V. D., W. New Brighton, S. I.; H. J., Milwaukee, Wisc.; K. M. D., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; A. T. O'D., Portland, Maine; M. A. H., Kenmore, N. Y.; M. E. F., Cleveland, Ohio; C. T. U., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. E. McL., Roslindale, Mass.; M. McC., Butler, Pa.; E. M. S., Calais, Maine; M. A. G., Normandy, Mo.; E. M. McD., Ludlow, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

CONCERNING FREDERICK OZANAM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Permit me to compliment you on the excellent article on Ozanam, by P. W. Browne which appeared in the June issue of THE SIGN. I desire to call attention, however, to three slight errors that occur therein.

Dr. Browne records that Ozanam was the second child of a family of fourteen, whereas there seems to be little doubt that he was the fifth. It is also stated that he was two years at the Sorbonne before he accidentally discovered a few practising Catholic students there. This is not borne out by a letter of Ozanam's dated February 10, 1832 (four months after he had reached the Sorbonne) from which we quote: "We have in our growing ranks young men of noble disposition who have given themselves up to this great work. Every time that a Professor raises his voice against Revelation, Catholic voices are raised in protest! Many of us have agreed to do that."

Dr. Browne apparently accepts the generally recorded statement that there were eight members of the first Conference. Almost every work one encounters gives the same figure, including the *Catholic Encyclopedia*. As a matter of fact, however, there appear to have been but seven members: Frederick Ozanam, Paul Lamache, Jules Devaux, Francois Lallier, Auguste Le Taillandier, Felix Clave and M. Bailly. (de Lanzac de Laborie, Secretary-General of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Appendix to Baunard's "Ozanam In His Correspondence.")

Each of these questions is discussed in Monsignor Baunard's work, 3rd edition, published Apr. 23, 1913, by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY,
MCKEESPORT, PA.

MARCUS O'BRIEN,
Secretary.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your answer regarding the attitude of Church towards the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. in the June issue is responsible for this letter. The Y. M. C. A. is a powerful organization both here and abroad. It has done much harm toward the Church directly and indirectly. But what has the Church done to counteract it? In this particular city it strikes at the Faith in three ways, and I'm positive that it is the same throughout the country.

First, the boy's division, which gathers from off the streets the small boys of poor and foreign parents—boys whose parents are Catholics. Second, through its "Hi-Y" groups which get at the public high and grammar school boys. Third, the dormitory for young men, which harbors a great many Catholic young men. And this latter is what I am going to write about.

Where is the homeless Catholic young man to go? If he is in a town where there is no Catholic institution similar to the "Y," he is going to the latter place for these reasons: it is cheaper, it is better than a boarding house, there are other young men, it is located near his work, if he is down on his luck they will take him in (sometimes), and it is a respectable establishment.

These young men of all types of all classes have their problems. Some have been away from church for years. Some have given up the Faith for some fancied injury. Some are in trouble with their parents or wives. Boys who have run away from home. Drifters. Can a Protestant institution give these boys the proper advice? They don't usually.

I am writing this letter to you from a "Y," where I have been living and working for three years because it is impossible to get a job elsewhere. I cannot express in a letter all that I want to convey and how these young men and I feel. If you can withhold the place and my name from this letter, if you find it worth printing, it would help me to keep my job a bit longer. If you cannot and yet want to use the letter, put them in. Could you give me the addresses, or information as to how to procure the addresses of Catholic institutions of this nature?

N. N.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are sorry to confess that we do not know of any Catholic institution anywhere doing for Catholic young men the same work as the Y. M. C. A. for non-Catholics. This is not to be understood, however, as proof that there are no institutions of this kind conducted by Catholics. But we ourselves do not know of any.

AN ARGENTINE COMMENT ON "THE SIGN"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed editorial from the *Buenos Aires Herald*. The paper is owned and edited by a British Jew, and verges on being anti-Catholic. That is all the greater reason for reproducing a laudatory editorial appearing at such a great distance from Union City, N. J.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE.

DONALD JACKSON.

[ENCLOSURE]

One of the least praiseworthy forms of popular belief is the assumption that those in authority are necessarily opposed to the interests of the masses. There is a growing tendency to assume—or to affect to assume—that the Churches and the privileged classes are oblivious to the sufferings of the less fortunate members of society, and, on this assumption, it is not infrequently asserted that the obstacles to progress are the bourgeoisie and the Churches. Never could there be an attitude of mind farther divorced from the truth. Today, as in the past, the outstanding reformers have been those in comfortable or semi-comfortable

circumstances, and a little reading of history will show that the conscientious middle classes—with the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages in the van—have always been closely associated with every movement destined to bring the world as a whole to a fuller sense of its responsibility to the mass of mankind. *A recent issue of THE SIGN*, for example, tells us the following tragic story:

"Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of Pennsylvania's Governor, took a novel means of attracting nation-wide attention to the plight of the strikers in the shirt factories of the Lehigh Valley when she paraded with those youthful workers. She found hundreds of children, fourteen or fifteen years old, working full time for \$2 or \$3 a week; very few are receiving more than \$5 or \$6. These starvation wages they are forced to accept because in many instances the adult breadwinners in their families are unemployed. Through the newsreels Mrs. Pinchot has obtained wide publicity which may do some temporary good; but there is only one way to bring about decent conditions—which is, adequate State and Federal legislation properly enforced.

"The Federal Department of Labor and the Consumers' League found girls working over power-machines in Massachusetts whose piece-work wage averaged 1 cent an hour. They found women in Pennsylvania working 12 and 14 hours a night; in New Jersey women getting 70 cents for three weeks' work. In Baltimore, of the 6,800 men and women employed in making men's clothes—60% of them women—several hundred worked in crowded, poorly lighted rooms, sitting all day over power machines or handling huge steam presses. 'A spice company in Cincinnati has cut wages to \$2.50 a week.' 'A shirt maker is paying 3/4 c per dozen shirts for the making of button-holes.' 'A toy factory in Jersey is paying \$2 per week.' 'Tobacco stemmers get 8 cents an hour.'

We do not offer comment on the facts. They may be paralleled in every so-called civilized country. But it is significant that the evidence is published in the world's best-produced religious organ and that the pioneer of freedom, in this case, is the wife of the Governor of a State. Had such a survey appeared in a Socialist periodical, few would have believed it. But the truth is the truth wherever published, and it will carry additional weight by virtue of its publication in *THE SIGN*.

AMERICAN SISTERS IN OCEANICA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Very few people realize that there are American Sisters devoting their lives to the evangelization of the native population of the far away islands of the South Pacific.

The first Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary to go to Oceanica left from France in 1854, and for years after France supplied the South Seas with missionary Sisters. Due to the ever-increasing need of English-speaking Sisters for this particular mission field a recruiting house was opened in America in 1922.

Three Sisters opened Blessed Chanel Convent at 13 Isabella St., Boston, Mass., and there received many vocations. This humble dwelling of missionaries soon became too small to accommodate the increasing number of young American women who wished to consecrate their lives to self-sacrificing missionary work in the South Seas. The Sisters asked the Little Theresa of the Child Jesus to find them a larger convent. She did not disappoint them, and, on Christmas Day, 1929, the new Convent of St. Theresa, Springs Road, Bedford, Mass., was blessed and became the postulate of the Sisters of America. The former convent in Boston was retained as a procure.

The patroness of the missions has given her special protection to this American enterprise, and some months ago a novitiate was added to the postulate in Bedford. It will no longer be necessary for American postulants to go to the Mother House in Lyons, France, to make their novitiate. They will complete their preparation for the missions here in their own country. Surrounded by trees, the novitiate is situated on a beautiful hill in a pleasant countryside, far from the noisy city. Here future mis-

sionaries have a peaceful retreat where, alone with God, they can prepare for their missionary life. The statue of Our Lady of the Missions which stands over the entrance is a reminder that Mary is the first Superior of the congregation and that she invites American girls to the beauty and the sacrifice of missionary life.

The postulate lasts six months to one year. One may enter at any time between September and March 7. The novitiate begins every year on September 7 and lasts two years. After their Religious Profession, the Sisters visit their families for about three weeks before leaving for the Missions.

American young women have here open to them a missionary career in a field where the spirit of the pioneer and the zeal and initiative of the apostle are in demand. Their apostolate embraces all work that can be undertaken by a woman inspired with religious zeal: orphans, homes, schools, catechism classes for children and women, novitiate for native Sisters, care of the sick, leper hospitals, care of sacristies and many other works of mercy and zeal. Their solicitude extends especially to little children, large numbers of whom they have baptized. Many of these little ones in danger of death have had Heaven opened to them through the baptism given by the Sisters in their numerous visits to the native villages, while large numbers of others have been brought up from their infancy through the untiring devotedness of the Sisters. If our young women only realized all the good done by Missionary Sisters, many more would give themselves to God for this noble work.

BEDFORD, MASS.

SISTER M. BASIL.

NARROW-MINDED SENATORS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The enclosed is from today's *Macon Telegraph*, which may be of some interest to you. It was written by a priest of very good judgment and sound taste, since his opinion of *THE SIGN* coincides with mine.

CATHOLIC PRESS ASSOCIATION,
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

RICHARD REID,
President.

[ENCLOSURE]

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Telegraph*:

In the May issue of *THE SIGN*, a national Catholic magazine, I read an item from *The Macon Telegraph* which suggested these lines to you, in congratulation for its truth of fact. "One thing the matter with the country is that we have so many Democratic Senators and so many Republican Senators and so few United States Senators." Correct! The so-called United States Senate and, more so, Congress, should adjourn forthwith. I am sending you the May issue of *THE SIGN*—and maybe later a bound copy of the doings at the meeting of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Read Senator Pat Harrison's speech. He is a real Senator. In fact, read *THE SIGN* and you will find that it has something worth while to print from its contributors. I do not take it that you are a member of the Roman Catholic Church, as I am, and a priest, too; but as a citizen, born in this city, I am for the best possible in United States Government. I wish that the item mentioned above might reach the citizens of every State in the Union, and that they would think it over seriously. With success to *The Macon Telegraph*.

BRONX BORO., NEW YORK CITY.

DANIEL C. CUNNION.

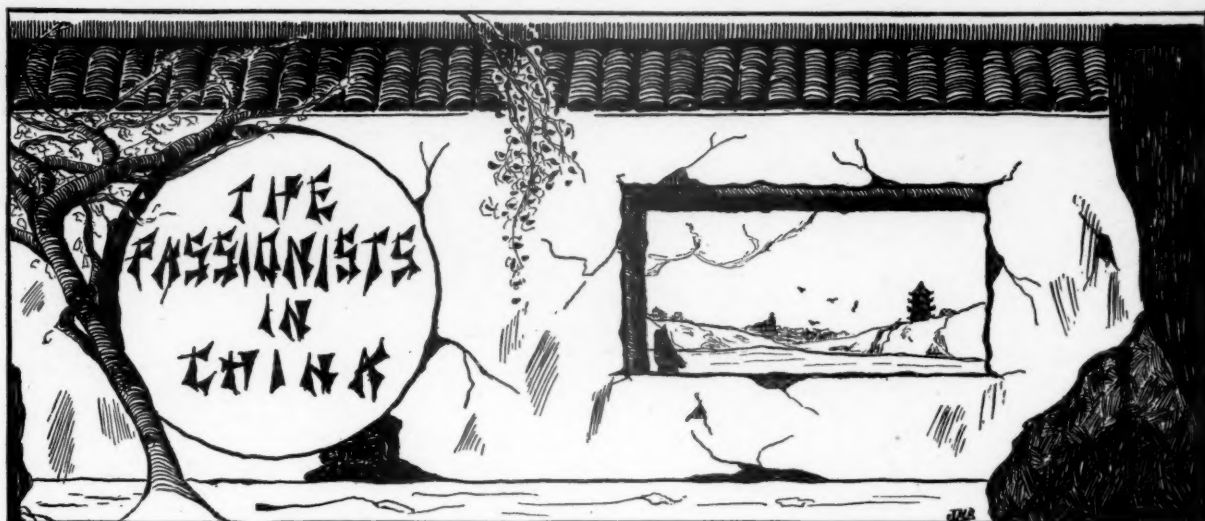
A CORRECTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your July issue, I noticed a very favorable review of Helen C. White's book, "A Watch in the Night." The reviewer mentioned, however, that Miss White was not a Catholic. This is an error. Macmillan Co., the publishers, wrote Miss White, and she replied that she is a Catholic.

THE COMMONWEAL,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK,
Business Manager.



A Franciscan Martyr

By Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P.

SO seldom is it given to the Catholic world at large to know the thoughts of a dying missionary of Christ in foreign fields, that I am prompted to offer for its edification the details that surrounded the last moments of one of the latest heroes of the Cross in China. In so doing I feel sure that the following account will prove to be a positive inspiration to all that read it; an inspiration not only to every priest and missionary, but, as well, to every man and woman of the Catholic faith.

Father Othmar Stimpfl, O.F.M., was the missionary in charge at Fukiatzung, a little place in the Prefecture of Hungchow, Hunan, that adjoins the Passionist Mission district on the south. On March 24, the eve of the Annunciation, he was busy at his desk in the small room that served both as office and living room. Suddenly he was confronted by three armed men. They were bandits. Father Othmar was a man not easily frightened. He had lived several years in the worst bandit district in all Hunan, and it was nothing unusual for him to be looking into the business end of a gun. His unflinching courage had been often put to the test, and more than once had his giant frame and tremendous strength stood him in good stead. Once before, a group of bandits had come to his very door. He met them at the threshold, snatched the rifle from the hands of the nearest would-be assailant, smashed it across his knee and, throwing the broken pieces of the gun into the faces of the amazed outlaws, put them to flight.

However, this courageous missionary was too good a judge of men to mistake the caliber of the bandits who stood before him there in his office. The deadly steady-

The slain Franciscan missionary, Father Othmar Stimpfl, details of whose heroic death are given us by Father Bonaventure, C.P., was a personal friend of several of the Passionist Fathers and was a frequent visitor at our Procurator in Hankow. The last hours of this missionary neighbor of our Fathers in Western Hunan are so edifying and inspiring that we believe all our friends and subscribers will profit by reading this article.

ness of the leveled guns, the immobile, sinister features of the men behind the weapons convinced him that these bandits were ruthless killers. They wanted money and no arguing. The priest without more ado surrendered to them the key of his small money box. The leader of the desperadoes reached for the key and almost with the same movement thrust a revolver into the body of the priest and shot him.

Mortally wounded, Father Othmar succeeded in getting to his feet. He staggered toward the door, but before he could reach it the bandits leaped upon him and, striking him savagely with their heavy weapons, felled him to the ground. Then into the body of the prostrate priest they poured a stream of bullets. Hastily snatching up whatever was of value to them the bandits hurriedly made off.

The Mass-server of the wounded priest, hearing the shots, rushed to the near-by convent where he informed the Sister

Superioress of what had taken place. This courageous nun immediately ran to the priest's house and arrived just in time to see the murderers making away. Hastening within, she found the priest prostrate on the floor writhing in frightful agony, bleeding piteously from the wounds in his body. The Sister realized at once that the priest was dying. Quickly she called the other nuns and sent for the Christians who lived near by. Then she sped word by messenger to the nearest Mission, ten miles distant, and to Hungchow to the Prefect Apostolic. Fortunately, a Chinese priest, a native of that district, had arrived in Fukiatzung a few days previously. He was not in the Mission at the time of the attack. When informed of what had happened he rushed to the stricken priest's side and administered the last Sacraments.

THE dying priest was anointed and received Holy Viaticum while lying on the floor. He would permit no attempt to move him until the last rites were over as he feared that he would lapse into unconsciousness while being lifted to his bed. As the Chinese priest began the prayers for a departing soul tender hands carried the pain-racked body of Father Othmar to his bed. To those in the room death seemed imminent. However, thirty long hours were to pass before death claimed possession of the body of this valiant missionary; thirty long hours of unceasing agony as his life blood ebbed slowly away, his tremendous vitality keeping him alive long after the time warranted by his terrible wounds. Nor would he allow the removal of his heavy Franciscan habit. He knew he could not live, and to those

around he said, "In my Franciscan habit was I struck down and in my Franciscan habit will I die."

DURING the hours of his patient suffering the Sisters of Saint Francis did all in their power to alleviate his bitter pains. In that forlorn spot of Hunan there was no doctor to be had, there was no hospital to call upon. The Sisters were medically trained in so far as dispensary work demanded, but how helpless did they find themselves in this case that called for the finest of medical and surgical skill. Father Othmar was beyond human aid and he knew it. He had been schooled long in the hardships of a missionary life; he was not the man to quail now before suffering, however intense or prolonged. Priest of God that he was, these hours of suffering brought to the fore the spirit that animated his noble soul. When one of the good Sisters desired to inject some morphine to relieve his pain he chided her gently, "Would you deprive me of this means of merit so graciously offered me by the good Lord?" he asked. And then, seeing the distress that showed in her countenance, he quickly added, "Well, if my suffering causes you so much distress, do what you think best for me." The morphine was administered, but to no avail. When asked if his wounds caused him very great suffering he simply replied, "Words cannot describe it. It is as if I am being transfixed by many swords and burned with a terrible fire." Besides, he was being consumed with a great thirst, but persistently refused all attempts to alleviate it. Shaking his head he would say, "My Lord also thirsted." Finally, after twenty-four hours of torturing thirst he permitted his parched lips to be moistened from time to time.

Thus did the hours drag on apace through the night. Midnight began the Feast of the Annunciation. "It is the hour," he said, "in which the Word was made flesh. Let us say the Angelical Salutation. I have always loved Our Lady. How great a joy then is it to me that today on one of her greatest feasts and under her protection I am to leave this earth. In my life I have had three memorable days: the day of my priestly ordination, the day of my solemn profession as a Religious, and today. And this is the most joyful of all."

About four in the morning Father Alexius, another Franciscan, summoned from Lengshuitan, the nearest mission, arrived. At the sight of his fellow Religious, the dying priest cried out, "What a joy it is to see you; how good of you to come. Give me your hand that I might kiss once more and for the last time the hand of a priest." And with such deep reverence and joy did Father Othmar kiss the priestly hand of his sacerdotal brother that the bystanders were moved to tears.

Dawn broke and the day dragged itself along while the stricken priest and those around his bed waited for death to come. There was no relief for the dreadful agony

of that tortured body, no relief for the mental sufferings of those who could offer no other aid than to cool his fevered brow and moisten his parched lips.

During that last agony this heroic priest sought his strength from the Sacred Passion. "Yesterday," he said, "while I was saying the Stations of the Cross, I asked my Crucified Lord to permit me to follow Him in the way of the Cross and today He has seen fit to do so. I thank the good God that He has found me worthy to suffer with Him. Today I would have said the Stations as I have done every day, but my murderers have prevented me. And I have yet to say two decades of my rosary." Turning to the Sisters he said, "Please recite them for me."

He asked to see once more the children of the Mission. They were brought to his side and to them he addressed these touching words, "My little children, the Lord God has called me and, always obedient, I am going to Him soon in Heaven. Kneel down; I wish to bless you for the last time. From Heaven I will pray for you and watch over you. Pray for me." The poor little ones were grief-stricken to think that their Spiritual Father who had nourished them with the bread of truth through so many years was now to be taken away from them. From his side they went into the adjoining church and from that hour until the moment of his death he could hear their tearful little voices lifted up in earnest, childlike supplication for their dying Father.

AS the shadows of evening deepened, an added consolation was given the dying missionary. The Prefect Apostolic who had hastened from Hungchow, twenty-five miles away, when the news of the out-

rage had reached him, arrived in time to give the last blessing to his martyred priest.

Father Othmar gradually felt his strength slipping away. There was no abatement of the awful sufferings, no relief before death by a merciful loss of consciousness. His mind was clear to the end. When at last a cold sweat diffused his countenance the dying priest smiled and remarked, "It is the sweat of death. Death is at hand. *Deo Gratias!* Ah, Death, how long have I desired thee, how many times have I preached about thee; now you have come. What joy, what happiness floods my soul; this is the happiest moment of my life. Lord Jesus, never have I denied Thee, neither will Thou deny me before Thy heavenly Father in this the hour of my death."

Then he turned to those who surrounded his deathbed and spoke to them these inspiring words, "Behold another Franciscan departs for Heaven. How many of my brethren, some from these very Missions, have gone before me; how many good Sisters? It will be a joy to meet them again. And how many children, hundreds of them, that I have baptized and sent to Heaven? They will be waiting to greet me. Ah, happy reunion! The Lord no longer has need of me here in this Mission, but has permitted this sad way of my going hence so that it might flourish the more. I will ask God to send three other missionaries in my place. I offer my present sufferings and my life especially for this Mission. I will never cease to remember it. I offer them also for my country that it will preserve forever its Catholic Faith; I offer them for my fellow missionaries, for the Sisters of this Mission and for my Christians. I wish no evil to those who have this day done me to death. I forgive them. Do Thou O Lord forgive them as Thou hast forgiven me."

His agony then reached such a pitch that he asked to be lifted from the bed and placed in a reclining chair. It was a painful effort. His powerful frame that had defied death for so long was beyond the effort. "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place all my hope in Thee." And with these words on his lips Father Othmar breathed his last.

THUS did death come to this Chinese missionary. He was in the prime of life, barely forty-three years of age, and at the height of his missionary powers. Blessed with great physical endurance and fired by a passionate, unquenchable zeal for the conversion of China, he proved himself a ceaseless hunter of souls. And when struck down in the line of duty, he proved himself able to drink of the chalice of the sufferings of Christ and to be baptized with the baptism wherewith Christ was baptized. May his soul rest in peace, and may the story of his death inspire all to pray earnestly and unceasingly to the Lord of the harvest that He send more laborers into these mission fields where the harvest indeed is great but the laborers so few.



Shanghai to Shenchow

By The Sisters of Charity

BY eight o'clock on the morning of March third we had finished all passport formalities and boarded the tender which took us from the S.S. Grant to the port of Shanghai. Soon we caught sight of a familiar headgear and of three Roman collars, their whiteness emphasized by the colorful costumes all around them. This vision caused a lump in our throats and the same old teary feeling that we had upon leaving Convent Station and sailing from San Francisco. For the third time this fact was hammered into our consciousness—we are going farther away from home, and we don't know what awaits us. As the ship docked we recognized Sister Patricia Rose, and Fathers Linus, Quentin and Sidney. It was a very subdued meeting—just a round-shake of hands and a murmured "How are you?" or "How do you do?" from each. We were all too moved for long speeches.

Father Quentin, C.P., hailed taxicabs which evidently were manufactured for the small-boned Chinese. It was a tight squeeze for five Americans. We were driven to the Central House, which is in charge of the Cornette Sisters of Charity. All the missionary Sisters passing through Shanghai have no option but to stay at the Central House. We had to wait in an unheated, stone-floored parlor for more than an hour before we were taken to the dormitories. Cold as the parlor was, the dormitory was colder. These buildings that have never been heated are unbelievably cold; and, worse, unbelievably damp. From the refectory we went to the chapel and shivered through prayers. Even the sun deserted us the next day, so we took a lesson from the Chinese and dressed in layers of clothing; shawls and sweaters were much in demand.

In the afternoon we went to see Zikawei Mission in the Chinese City section of Shanghai. It is ninety years old, the combined work of the Jesuits and the Helpers of the Holy Souls. The Jesuits have a Boys' School and an Industrial College; the Helpers of the Holy Souls have a Girls' School, an Embroidery School and a crèche. All around the mission are the little homes and shops of the Christians, chiefly the graduates or orphans of the compound. When a boy in the Industrial College wishes to marry, a priest takes him over to the Girls' School where he takes his pick from three or four matrimonially-minded girls whom the Sisters send into the parlor to meet him. If the girl is a foundling, the Mission takes her mother's place in furnishing the bridal chair, in which she is carried to the home of her husband, and in providing a dowry.

We went all through the elementary and secondary Girls' School, and were amazed

to see the exquisitely neat work of the students. This was especially true of any subject requiring drawing. Geometry, for instance, and chemistry note books were marvels of precision. In the art class some work of the students was framed, ready for sale; and on each easel was an unfinished painting next to the picture being copied. When we exclaimed over the similarity of copy to original, the Sisters told us that the Chinese are experts at imitation, but have little inventive genius. It is hard to tell just what we felt upon seeing the Embroidery School. Although we had already heard of the artistry of Chinese needleworkers, application of such artistry by little girls and old women left us inarticulate.

In the crèche we were inarticulate, too, but for another reason. Here were rows of tiny cots, each holding two or three babies. All of them had been abandoned by their parents, and most of them are doomed to die almost immediately because of exposure and disease. The Sisters in Zikawei are using the turnstile system of Saint Vincent de Paul near the entrance to their crèche. Loathe to install this method at first, they found upon trial that it gives the babies a better chance for life in that they don't suffer from exposure. Most parents will push their unwanted babies through the turnstile in preference to drowning them or leaving them in the streets. We went to bed trying to puzzle out the reason for the cruel extremes to which this beauty-loving people can go. The answer probably lies in the difference between Christianity and Paganism.

THE following morning at the fine new building of the Religious of the Sacred Heart we felt the familiar homesickness surging up again. But it wasn't long before the entire community flocked in to see us and delighted us with their hospitality. In a few moments there was such a buzz of conversation that we might all have been old friends. Tea that day was taken at the home of the Bell Family, who have been especially kind to the Passionists and to our Sisters.

Our visit to Mr. Lo's compound was one to which we had looked forward. Early in the morning Mr. Lo, who is known as the St. Vincent de Paul of China, sent three cars to bring us to St. Joseph's Hospital for Mass and Communion. After breakfast we were conducted through this institution which embraces every form of charity dear to St. Vincent de Paul. The insane and even sick prisoners are cared for by special permission of the Government. The crèche was a particularly pitiable sight, with its wretched little babies

lying so quietly in their cots. The Cornette Sisters of Charity, who are in charge of these works, won our envy and admiration; envy because we want to be as self-sacrificing as they, admiration because we're not so sure we can measure up the way they do.

MR. LO attributes the success of his undertakings to Saint Joseph, the patron of China. Often he has begun new projects for charity without a cent for building purposes, confident that Saint Joseph would furnish the funds. Invariably the money flows in, often from the most unusual sources. His family has been Christian for about three hundred years. He does so much good for his people that it is often wondered that an attempt has not been made on his life.

For a second time we were the guests of Mr. Lo when he took us to the Sacred Heart Hospital at Yangtze Poo. Here the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary have a large new building and a beautiful chapel in which the Sisters keep perpetual adoration. The particular pride of this hospital is its X-ray room. During Mass, a native woman brought in flowers and left them in the corner of the sanctuary. Mr. Lo, who was serving, saw them, went after them and placed them near the Tabernacle. Later in the day he came to visit us, asking if our community could furnish Sisters for a new project of his.

On the evening of the seventh we left Shanghai on the S.S. Tuckwo for Hankow. Weren't we glad to sniff heat again and see an honest-to-goodness bathtub, and to taste food prepared in Western style! We spent four very restful days on board the Tuckwo, continuing what Father Linus calls our "gradual degradation." According to him, the trip across the States and the Pacific voyage were ultra-modern civilization; the Tuckwo on the Yangtze River is modern civilization; and Hankow is just civilization. After Hankow he threatens us with almost anything.

The landscape along the Yangtze looks just like what we saw of Kansas. The huts on the shore are wretched makeshifts, portable so that they may be moved in or out as the river swells or dries. The natives are usually no more than five feet tall, dirty, curious, and frankly amused at the sight of us. How they love to clear their throats and spit! We've been hearing that sound constantly for nearly two weeks now, but the school-teacher instinct is so strong in us that we still turn and catch ourselves about to glare at the offenders whenever we hear it. The peculiar color of the Yangtze is hard on the eyes and stomach. All boats on the river have a Chinese pilot,

because the river bed changes so often that it is difficult for navigation.

On arriving in Hankow, we heard Mass in the Canossian Chapel and were cordially received by the Sisters. They are an Italian Order (just as Shanghai is predominantly French with a French Bishop, so Hankow is predominantly Italian with an Italian Bishop) and every one around here knows of their kindness to all Sisters who have to spend time in Hankow either as refugees or as transients. During the morning Father Arthur, C.P., came to see us. He brought mail from Hunan, but none from the States. He was most kind to us, as have been the other Passionist Fathers whom we have met, and he invited us to the Procurator for tea.

BEFORE going to tea we visited the cathedral just across the Canossian Institute. We touched the apex of surprise in this country of surprises when we saw cuspidors lining the aisles and pews, and the results of countless bad aims all over the floor. Upon comparing notes later, we found that every one of us has a near or remote relative with a tendency to consumption, so we resolved henceforth to confine our devotions to the Canossian Sisters' Chapel!

We shall have to learn our principles of hygiene over again. Those we know apply to the steam-fitted atmosphere of the United States, not here. The thoughtfulness of the Canossian Sisters can not embrace what they do not know, and that is artificial heat. We reluctantly piled on more clothes. When the cold and dampness indoors becomes too intolerable, we have to take ourselves to the more kindly weather out-of-doors. Washing one's self is a penance when done from a tiny basin in a freezing room. We have every inducement to go native and join the army of the unwashed.

Mother Paula took us all through her Chinese Hospital. While we were in the dispensary a foundling was carried in. Because it was dying of exposure it had to be baptized immediately. The Sister in charge offered to let one of us baptize it—another evidence of the genuine kindness of these Sisters—and Sister Electa named the baby Mary.

We spent the day around the compound keeping in the sun and playing with the children who attend school here. Little boys about a foot high remove caps and bow gravely, then giggle behind their hands the minute our backs are turned. The girls use their scraps of English on us and greet us both importantly and painfully, "Goo' mornin', Seesta!" Every now and again they look up a phrase and try it on us. We have nearly all experienced the sweet pleasure of having some affectionate youngster creep up to us and whisper, "Seesta, I—loava—you!" and then scamper off.

At Wuchang we stayed with the Cincinnati Sisters of Charity for a few days.

At the ferry all business stopped to witness our parade of Religious, except for the beggars who got busy immediately with their tin cups and cries for help. The boat looked like Robert Fulton's earliest model, but only remotely as handsome and still more remotely as clean. We received several good knocks while climbing the steep ladder to the deck. We are all too tall for China; we don't fit places.

At Wuchang we almost caused a riot. The ricksha coolies fought so desperately for our patronage that the policemen clubbed them. The Chinese stared, spat, and yelled; the staring for wonder at us; the spitting to scare away our foreign devils; and the yelling to relieve their minds. Fathers Linus and William, who headed and closed the procession, under-



stood the comments of the natives and answered them. We met Bishop Espelage and other American Franciscans from the Midwest and later the Sisters. Our meeting with them was like the "Old Home Week" you read of. It was so good to be with Americans again.

IN the afternoon, Sister Roberta took us through the buildings. They have a hospital, a foundling home and a school for boys. This mission ridded us of the notion that the Chinese abandon girls only. They do away with any unwanted child. The compound is ideally located, so high that it is safe in time of flood. During the great flood of 1931 more than twenty-two thousand babies were baptized by the combined missions of Wuchang.

After Mass the next day we went to the

monastery grounds to see the seminary, cathedral, observatory, and press building. The foundling home for girls is conducted by Miss Ubrecht, who has been working in China alone, so far as white companions go, since March, 1924. With her new community of natives, she was to receive the habit on Sunday, March 19. We then rode in rickshas to the school of the Notre Dame Sisters; they, too, are from Cincinnati. They feel that the field in China is open for secondary schools for girls, and they now have the eight elementary grades and the first year of High School. In the afternoon we visited the Franciscan Sisters from La Crosse, Wisconsin. This mission has a dispensary, catechumenate, and an excellently equipped general school. All three communities in Wuchang are under the supervision of Bishop Espelage, and are supported by their motherhouses in the States. It was interesting to notice the difference in the attitude of the people who live near the missions. The charity of the missionaries is bearing fruit. As we approach the compounds the insults change to cries like these, "Ah, here is the Catholic Church!" "These are the Jesus people who do good!" "These are the foreigners who help us and do not cheat." In a few cases there were even battles fought in our behalf.

WE celebrated Saint Patrick's Day by going through the grounds and buildings of Boone Episcopal University which adjoins the property of the Cincinnati Charity Sisters. The university is co-educational and for pay students only; if a promising student wishes to study there but has not the money, some wealthy patron in the States adopts him. They have a magnificent library, the gift of Andrew Carnegie. In addition to housing a fine collection of books, the building itself is a marvel of exquisite hand-carvings. Bishop Gilman, who is in charge, and his wife have always been extremely kind to the Sisters in Wuchang. The Protestants suffered more from the enforced evacuation of foreigners in 1927 than did the Catholics. The registration of this university, for instance, was then three hundred fifty, and now is not quite a hundred.

Back in Hankow. On March eighteenth we spent a good part of the day sorting our belongings and putting into one bag what was absolutely needed, for we must get along with one small suitcase until we reach Shenchow. The weather became intensely warm and the natives peeled off several layers of clothing. Ricksha coolies and carriers stripped to the waist.

Catholics all over China rejoiced on the feast of their patron, Saint Joseph. We shared in their joy as we learned by letter that Mary Chang was to be admitted into the novitiate at Chenki. After tiffin, our new word for lunch, we inspected the Melotto Memorial Hospital, conducted by a strictly native community. Father Melotto was killed by the Reds, and when the Italian

government demanded restitution the Chinese built this beautiful hospital in his memory. It was heartening to see this large community of native Sisters. Perhaps in long years from now the same will be seen in our Prefecture in Hunan, and we shall have helped to sow the seed.

ON our visit to the Hanyang Missions, we sampled several of China's specialties in the line of travel. At the Han River we exchanged rickshas for three sampans, into which we climbed with no dignity and less courage. On the way home, rain fell. We sat in the open sampans and let it fall. At Hankow again, Father Linus, C.P., had a special treat in store for us, carriages drawn by ponies. The sight was too much for our sense of humor. The ponies were skinny, dirty, and small; the carriages, which originally belonged to royal refugees from Soviet Russia and were brought by them to China, have been knocking around Hankow since 1918. According to Father Linus, the local idea of "Whoopee" is to ride around the city in one of these, with a soldier with a drawn gun on either running board.

The Loretto Sisters are concentrating all their efforts on a catechumenate and embroidery school. They dined us royally. While at the table, we counted nationalities, and one of the Sisters called the gathering "Old Geneva." Afterwards they took us over to the Columbian Sisters who are also concentrating, but on a catechumenate and dispensary.

The weather after the rain was once more penetratingly cold. We presented ourselves at the American Consulate for registration. The consul warned us that there is now trouble in northern Hunan and wondered if we knew that we shall be too far away for protection in time of trouble. Yes, we did. Then he asked us why, of all the world, we chose Hunan for our work. He said that even Hankow was so dangerous that he had sent his wife and children home.

We were feeling glum, perhaps the words of the consul had more effect than we realized, when the Passionist Fathers sent down a stack of redirected mail. We snatched the bundle from the hands of the amazed little Chinese woman, who swayed on her stumps of feet and stared at us as we parcelled out the letters. This was our first mail since San Francisco, and most of it told us all about the departure ceremony.

What a study in contrasts we found at the Canossian Sisters Schools for Chinese and for Western children. At study, the foreigners were quiet and the Chinese noisy; at recess, the Chinese were quiet and the foreigners noisy. The written work of the Chinese was painstakingly neat and thorough; that of the foreigners quick and careless. At recitation the foreigners were posed and assertive; the Chinese ill at ease and shy. The dress of the foreigners was strictly Western, not even the Eastern love of color was apparent; that of the Chinese

was either all Eastern, all Western, or a weird combination of both. Yet the Chinese are the natives, and the foreigners the invaders.

The last Catholic institution we visited in Hankow was the International Hospital under the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. The Sisters here receive government help. They have a very well-equipped hospital, with a large staff of competent nurses and doctors.

The Passionist Fathers, and later the Canossian Sisters, gave us a real farewell banquet. On March twenty-seventh, at three-thirty, we left Hankow by ferry for Wuchang, and boarded the train there an hour later. This railway is operated by the British, but the help is Chinese. Therefore, at dinner we were served five different courses of meat and a wee potato.

OUR train lost an engine or two during the night, so we arrived at Changsha an hour late. Here is what we had to do before we reached our chartered bus:



1. We were carried in rickshas to the other end of the town through the smelliest streets possible.

2. We scrambled up onto a funny old launch which chugged its way to an island. Twenty feet from land, a plank ten inches wide was thrown out as a bridge. We looked in turn at the land across, the water below, and the makeshift bridge, then tremblingly picked our way down the plank. The lithe, sure-footed natives laughed openly at our discomfiture.

3. We trudged through the narrow back lanes of the island, while the whole town gaped at us.

4. We climbed up into a second launch, more disreputable than the first. At the end of this ride, an even longer, narrower plank was thrust forward. Word of our coming must have been carried in some mysterious fashion, for there was the entire population on the beach grinning in anticipation of the fun to be had in watching clumsy foreigners creep down a plank.

We marched to the bus, followed by

the crowd. We found an ugly, squarish thing covered with mud. It had windows but no panes, and double seats upon which one and one-sixth Americans could fit comfortably. Getting into it was an acrobatic feat; we raised the right foot, took hold of the sides, and hoisted ourselves up. Meantime, our audience grinned on. When everything was ready the driver fell into his seat, the car gave one tremendous lurch, and off we went. Two seconds' riding told us that the tires were non-pneumatic. For eight weary hours we rode, and at the end of that time we were brown dust from head to foot, the tribute of China's dirt roads. To get to our junk we had to ride in a third launch, and then crawl from that into a sampan. Next there was an almost impossible climb from the sampan to the junk. By the time supper was ready we could have cried from sheer exhaustion. At nine o'clock we unrolled our bedding and went to rest on boards.

Three boats have been robbed recently by bandits, so Father William hired ten soldiers to accompany us more than halfway up the river. At night these soldiers had their own junk, but all day long they marched on the shore just behind the pullers. On the junk we rose at eight, rolled up our *pukais* (bedding), pushed them out of the way, and ate breakfast. Until lunch we sat around because we dared stand only in the middle of the narrow boat; even then those of us who have a springy step hit the beam supporting the arched straw covering. After lunch we were free till dinner, when we lit the lanterns and got in each other's way. During meals, if we had nothing else to laugh at we read the paper wrapping on Carnation canned milk cans.

EVERY time the pullers had to change to the opposite shore, they first hopped on deck and steered the junk across with long bamboo poles, meantime varying their boat chant with piercing cries to the god of the wind. Before coming to any dangerous crossing, the boatman lit joss sticks and dropped burning paper money into the water to appease the god of the river. Several times we saw food being offered to the gods before the boatman's family partook of it.

On April 1, we crossed the boundary of our Prefecture. Early the morning of the second, Father Nicholas, C.P., came down from Liulincha to greet us. We don't know just why Father Nicholas impressed us, certainly he didn't say much about himself, but there was that to him that reminded us of the work we are to do. After lunch he returned to his mission. During the course of the afternoon he sent down his monkey and victrola for our amusement, and at night he returned with some twenty of his boys who had never before seen a Sister. Meanwhile our boat was moving, but so slowly that one walking at ordinary speed could forge ahead of it.

The night of April 6, brought us a

distant glimpse of Shenchow. The next morning we arrived at about six-thirty, but had to stay on the junk until the customs opened at nine. The custom official had his headquarters in a rotten hulk of a boat jammed into the shore. While waiting for breakfast we saw a sampan coming toward us with four priests aboard. They were Fathers Antoine, C.P., Alban, C.P., Bonaventure, C.P., and Germaine, C.P. Shortly after, Father Leo, C.P., and the

boys from the priests' compound arrived. Then Sisters Finan, Maria Loretta, and Mary Therese came. When we were again conscious we found that the priests had all disappeared, though how we can't guess.

The tears and smiles and exclamations over, we marched to the cathedral to meet Monsignor Cuthbert and the other Fathers, and to be present for *Te Deum* and Benediction. Almost immediately after, we left

for the convent, which is still unfinished but already lovely to look at. Sister Finan delivered to us all the mail which had been redirected from Chenki, and silence fell upon us until dinner time. When we had finished dinner and prayers, we wended our way through the narrow streets to Sister Devota's grave. There we said the rosary. After two months of travel, we are ready to begin our work for God in China. Please do pray for us!

A Hunan Gulliver

By Anthony Maloney, C.P.

IT has often been remarked what a bewildering change it would be for people of two hundred years ago to return to the modern world with its endless variety of mechanical marvels. To us the present and all its wonders are matter-of-fact to them all would be awe-inspiring. There is no need to wish bringing back someone long dead. All that is necessary is to take a native of our district in Hunan and introduce him to the comparatively few modern improvements to be found in the cities of Changsha and Hankow.

Recently, one of our priests had occasion to go to Hankow for dental work. He took his cook along. This cook, Liu Pius, aged twenty-four, had traveled considerably in the western part of Hunan, though he was still to have his first sight of train or motor-bus. Within the past few years a motor road has been built to Changteh, within one hundred miles of our central mission, Shenchow. Where, previously, it was necessary to spend four or five tedious days on "Noah's Ark," from Changteh to Hankow, one can now board a bus in Changteh and be in Changsha in six hours; from Changsha to Hankow there is a train ride of fourteen hours.

Naturally, Liu Pius was more than interested in the "air carriage," as the Chinese call the automobile. Once the passengers were seated, the chauffeur threw out the clutch and the bus started rolling. Pius craned his neck to see where the pullers were. He had never seen a conveyance that was not pulled by either man or animal. Each time the chauffeur stepped on the gas, Pius, his eyes bulging, grabbed the back of the seat in front and yelled, "Whee!" He cast incredulous glances at the scenery flowing by so swiftly, shaking his head in unbelief. Then, far in the distance, he spied a sedan-chair borne on the shoulders of four men, a mode of transportation familiar to him. Picture his astonishment when in a few moments the bus flashed past that chair. Never had he dreamed such speed to be possible.

Now, there is a hill ahead, and Pius is

sure that the bus cannot get over that obstacle. Aren't the hills and mountains well-nigh insurmountable barriers of travel in Western Hunan? When the bus rolled up and over that hill, Pius is too bewildered for speech. Soon they reach one of the scheduled stops. Pius hops out to take a better look at this "air carriage." Around and around it he walks, muttering to himself. The priest, noting his perturbation, suggests that he now give the bus a feed of hay. Then Pius wants to know the hour and the distance already covered. Hearing that in two hours they have traveled some fifty miles, he is dumfounded. "Why, that would be two whole days of hard walking up in our Prefecture," he says. Convinced at last that there must be something in what he has so often heard the priests tell of the speed and comfort of modern travel, he crawls back into the bus, ready for more thrills. At each acceleration he lets out his "Whee!" for all the world like a child having his first thrilling ride on the roller-coaster.

ARRIVED at Changsha, they board the Hankow Express, due to pull out in a few minutes. In passing, I might mention, this is one train that leaves right on the dot, as some of our missionaries can assure us from their rueful experience. The train is on the European compartment style. The priest, settled in his compartment, thought it might be well to go and see how Pius was getting along. He found him sitting in another compartment, lost in admiration of everything he saw. The train being in motion, Pius was loath to leave the window with its swiftly moving panorama. On finding that he had not as yet had supper, the priest told him to press the push-button set in the wall and one of the train stewards would come.

First of all, Pius wanted to see that button, and when it was shown to him he said reproachfully: "Do you expect me to believe that if I push that little white thing, someone will come here in response?" Just to prove it, the priest himself pressed

the button. Pius sat back as much as to say: "Here is one time I am not going to be fooled." When, a moment or two later, the steward came to the door, poor Pius was ready to cross himself against magic. Then he wanted to know how the train kept going in the one direction. The steel tracks and the flanged wheels were explained to him. It took real persuasion to keep him on the train after he had heard that it was merely those flanges that held the train to the track. Upon being told that they would arrive at Yochow around 10 P.M. and reach Hankow in the morning, "What!" he cried, "will we keep going in the night? How will the man up in front see to steer the train?" His only concept of travel was that of Western Hunan, where sunset is the signal to stop till the next day. He accepted the explanation of how it was possible for the train to run safely at night; nevertheless his acceptance didn't extend so far as to allow him to sleep.

The following morning they were at Wuchang, across the Yangtse River from Hankow. The crossing on the small steam-ferry was one more marvel. Goggle-eyed he stared at the river steamers; to him they were even more gigantic than the *Rex*. When he had his first look at the Hankow Bund, with its conglomerate, swift-moving traffic, he rubbed his eyes to see if he wasn't dreaming. Imagine a street one hundred feet wide! How would he ever be able to convince the folks back home that he was telling the truth? To him Hankow was a dream city. The wide streets, the fine stores, the wonderful homes, and everything so neat and clean. "Now," he said, "I can understand why the priests are so insistent on cleanliness and neatness around their missions."

A few days later the priest had to go to Shanghai, a three-day trip by river steamer. Pius was left behind, but at least he could go and take a look at the steamer. From stem to stern, engine room to promenade, he missed nothing. When, finally, the priest came on board, Pius ran and grabbed

his arm: "Oooh! You ought to see! You have a real room, with beds in it. Why, a whole family could live in there." He couldn't reconcile the picture of all this comfort with the small, cramped sampans he had so often engaged for priest's travels in Western Hunan. Spying one of the

life-boats, he wanted to know what they had that sampan for. On being told that it was to be used in case the steamer sank, his only answer was: "Well, if this big boat won't stay up, what possible chance has that little sampan?"

Once again, Pius is back in the midst of

our ancient civilization. Each time he thinks of all he saw and heard during that memorable trip, his eyes glint, but not a syllable dare he utter, lest his less fortunate friends and relatives accuse him of having taken a bit too much of the potent local rice wine.

Mission Miniatures

By Michael Anthony Campbell, C.P.

THE bonzess who has shown such an interest in the Church was here for Holy Week services and for Easter. With her were four other bonzesses, all her disciples. All five were over fifty years of age. It was the first visit to a Catholic mission for three of these pagan women. But it was clear from their actions that they had been told of Catholic practices. The long services did not seem to be enough to satisfy the yearnings of their hearts, for twice a day, after morning and evening prayers, all made the Stations of the Cross in a group. The oldest of the five—one might call her the superior—led the way. Many were the profound bows made before each Station. None of the disciples would think of finishing before the leader nor of omitting one sign of the cross that she had made. Once the bonzess got up to leave the church and the others were about to follow her. But when she noticed that the woman catechist was still kneeling, she turned back to her place with her companions. She simply would not be outdone in her devotions.

Long ago she had given up her pagan beads. Since then she always carries her rosary and says it frequently. Two days after the feast she left with her disciples for the country, where they have some farming matters to attend to. All seemed anxious to become Christians that they may worship the True God. They wish, however, to continue to support themselves. The bonzess expects to bring with her on her next visit two more of her disciples. Their cause is one worthy of your prayers.

WHEN Nicholas' father was dying, he could hear the carpenters, ten yards away, making his own coffin. To us this is strange, yet in China it is the common thing. Father Timothy tells me that on a sick-call in Yuanchow, he saw, in the room where the dying person lay, a coffin prepared for its expectant occupant. The Chinese want their people to die either in their burial or their wedding clothes. They do not like to have them die in bed. This may be because the "spirit bed" is so large that it cannot be taken through the door and as a result the house might later be haunted. The dying person is placed,

in some cases, on a sawhorse, for this is so narrow that the "spirit bed" can be taken outside easily. All doors are left wide open and lights are lit to help the spirits so that they will not lose their way.

THE beauty of spring is with us. The boys had brought back from the mountain a few lily bulbs, and the iris in the compound bloomed today. On the altar we had mountain laurel mixed with a deep red flower with large blossoms. During Lent, for Benediction only, we had the altar decorated with a white flower from the mountain. I believe it is the "clematis montana undulata." It is truly described as being delicately fragrant.

At this time there is a yellow flower in bloom. It grows on a long vine and is protected by many thorns. It is shaped like a bunch of grapes or like wistaria, except that it points up towards heaven.

A few days ago, when gathering flowers outside the northern gate, we saw a large purple patch on the mountainside one-half a mile away. The gardener and I started in that direction, hoping to bring back a large bouquet. When we got closer to the spot we saw that these flowers were the same color as wistaria, but they were growing not on a vine but on a tree about thirty feet high. There were three trees in all. The fragrant blossoms were falling to the ground but since there were hundreds of bees humming above the blossoms we gave up our plan of collecting these purple clusters.

JUST outside the mission they are having, in one of the homes, the play wherein they use Wooden Heads. This play resembles very much our Punch and Judy show. There are many characters in the play which goes on just like Punch and Judy, men doing the talking and singing, while at the same time manipulating the "Wooden Heads," so called because they are made of painted wood. This play will go on for a day or two; anyone who wants to come may see the play, which usually takes place just inside the front door, which is left wide open. The play is connected with superstition, and is given in thanksgiving to some idol who

is supposed to have helped the people in this particular house. There have been lights burning before the family tablet in this house for the last two days. This "Wooden Head" is also used to revile someone, about in the same way as we call a person a "blockhead." I think that these plays are mostly historical. The characters, and sometimes there are more than four in the same scene, are dressed in different costumes and move about gracefully. The costumes in some plays are beautiful, in others torn and dirty.

WHEN a rice farmer needs money quickly, he lets out his field to a brick baker, who uses the soil for bricks. The oven is built right on the rented site. Some months ago there was such an oven on the road to Shinispin. This road bordered on a stream and was held up by a wall. Easter Sunday, early in the morning, there was a heavy thunder-storm. On my trip home I saw that where the oven used to be there was a big gap in the road. The water had filled the place where the brick baker had dug the hole for his oven. Under the weight of this water, the side nearest the stream had collapsed. I am wondering if in the future the brick baker will learn not to build his oven so close to a stream.

CHINESE mothers here tie a heavy piece of cloth, the width of a belt, over the breast of their babies and under the arms, knotting the belt in the back. It is tied rather loose. The mother then holds the belt and drags the baby wherever she goes. Sometimes the child's feet touch the ground and the baby is able to take a few steps; at other times the tot dangles in the air. After many weeks of such practice the baby learns to stand up on its own feet and walk.

WHEN the rainy season comes three different kinds of birds make their appearance. One is the crane. Another is what we call the rain-bird; the harder it rains the more this bird likes it. It is always singing. It has three notes, starting low on the first, going higher on the next

and then dropping. It repeats this call without interruption, taking a slightly higher pitch each time it sings the three notes. The singing of this bird reacts disastrously on our nerves when we have been shut indoors by prolonged rain. The rain-bird sometimes is heard as early as one-thirty in the morning. The third bird is white and about the size of a duck.

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THE tea-nut tree puts forth its blossoms early. Last week we noticed that the "ts'a per," a sort of fruit that grows on the tea-nut tree, was in season. Benedict told me that if the tea-nut tree grows this fruit, it will not, on the same stem, grow a tea-nut. When the oil trees bloom the Chinese say the cold weather is all over.

* * * * *

AT the Military Hospital we now have but one patient. This man was shot in the ankle over two months ago and we have been treating him ever since. We can not locate the bullet. At first the man suffered great pain. It seems strange to us that he did not get lockjaw. There are three openings in his ankle all connected inside, so a solution injected in any one of the holes will come out the other two. It will be a long time before this fellow's wounds will be healed but it is encouraging at least to observe that he is growing a little better each day.

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ON the way out to Lichiawan I saw in the brook a bunch of pine-tree branches. I had noticed the same in many other

places. The purpose of these branches is to furnish a hiding place or a home for young fish or other water creatures. Then when the man who placed the trap thinks it has a good quantity of minnows, fish, etc., he takes the bundle out of the water, shakes it on the ground and collects his catch.

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LAST evening, after night prayers, I baptized a baby boy, a grandson of one of the best Christian families of Lichiawan. This infant, whom I called Joseph, is a nephew of the first child I baptized in China. Since I last wrote I have also baptized the grand-nephew of our friend, the old bonzess. The father and mother have both been received into the Church.

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ON my way to Yungshun from one of our out-missions, I met a boy about twelve years old carrying a load of wood in Chinese fashion, a bundle on either end of a stick. The children here learn to make their living while still very young. Our gate-keeper, who lives just outside the mission, has a little girl whom he bought. The child can talk and is just getting big enough to run about. What does this little tot do for a living? She sits on a stone just outside the front door and watches the house, ready to give the alarm if any one comes to steal anything. As soon as a child can swing a knife, he or she cuts firewood, at the same time watching the water buffaloes on the mountainside.

Recently on returning from a village, I met a woman and one of the little girls

who lives directly behind the Lichiawan mission. I asked the girl, who is about ten years old, what she carried to the city and sold there. She answered. "Firewood." "How much do you get for it?" I questioned. "Two hundred cash," she replied. This is about one cent in American money. Now this little girl, to help her mother, walked to and from the city, a distance of nearly fifteen miles. On the way she carried a load of wood balanced across the top of the basket which hung over her shoulders.

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HERE is the story of another baptism: On my way to an out-station I met Paul, one of our Shinsipin Christians. Next day, as I was returning, I again passed him at almost the same spot. Later I learned from Father Timothy, C.P., that this Christian had come into the mission to get some medicine for the father of our catechist in that village. Later word was sent to this catechist, Nicholas, to observe his father's condition and, if it became serious, to ascertain whether the sick man was willing to embrace our holy Faith. If he were willing he should receive further instructions and then be baptized. Not long afterwards I went to Shinsipin for Sunday Mass. On entering Nicholas' home I saw the dying man resting in his son's arms. "He is near his end," said Nicholas very quietly. "Has he been baptized?" I asked. "Yes," the catechist answered, "he was baptized yesterday by Liou Angelo, who had instructed him." Liou Angelo was the former Mass-server of our deceased Father Constantine, C.P.



THE SISTERS WORKED HEROICALLY TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERINGS OF THE FAMINE VICTIMS IN 1926. SISTER FINAN, OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, IS SHOWN HERE IN THE TEMPLE AT SHENCHOW WHERE SHE CARED FOR THE SICK AND THE DYING. THE SISTERS WORKED TIRELESSLY AND AT THE COST OF GREAT SACRIFICE. GOD ALONE KNOWS HOW MANY SOULS THEY ASSISTED INTO HEAVEN!

THE CATECHIST OF THE YUNGSUI MISSION WITH A WHOLE FAMILY WHO WERE STARVING. ONE OF THE CHILDREN HAD BEEN ABANDONED BY THE DESPERATE MOTHER. AFTER THE FAMINE WAS OVER THE MOTHER AND CHILDREN RETURNED TO THEIR HOME IN THE COUNTRY



RECOVERING *the* DIVINE VISION

By Ross J. S. Hoffman, Ph.D.

IT would be difficult to say with certainty just what experience was the beginning of my march toward Catholicism. The whole early background of my life was essentially Protestant, although my parents were not church-goers and never had me baptized. For perhaps a half-dozen years, as a youngster, I attended a Christian Science Sunday school (which I think left little mark on me), and my contact with Presbyterianism, while in college, resulted in skepticism. I graduated from college without ever having set foot inside a Catholic church and with almost no knowledge of the real nature of the Faith. My first trip abroad, coming immediately after college, opened my eyes a little; for I saw the great memorials of Catholic civilization and began to know dimly that historic Christianity was something richer and more wonderful than the Calvinistic dish which had been served up to me at college. I think that was the small beginning of the long march home.

When I left college ten years ago I had imbibed most of the conventional radicalism of the age, and when I entered graduate school for historical study I had a most pleasing opinion of myself as a daring and advanced thinker. I practised no religion at all and, indeed, rather despised it as a pathetic emotional weakness. My drift was in the current of pure atheism, and I was carried very far down the stream. Nothing arrested that course until, by God's grace, I landed on the rock of the Faith.

HISTORY, so Napoleon once said, is the only true philosophy, and this observation, I think, if not entirely true, at least suggests a great truth. The study of history does not always make men wiser, but I think it can and should. Historical study punctures very disconcerting holes in many of the political, moral, and social theories spun out of the shallow speculations and rationalizations of every age, especially an age contemptuous of the past, such as our times. It shows us how amazingly often our new truths are simply old lies, and it breaks down that illusion of continuous upward progress which confuses so much of our thinking. It enables one to stop looking down upon his ancestors, to become the contemporary of Augustine or Francis, to live and walk with them, to realize that they too ran the full gamut of human experience, and that their ex-

perience is as valid as ours. Thus are we freed from what Mr. Chesterton somewhere has called the degrading slavery of being mere children of our age.

NOW the point of all this is that progress in sound historical knowledge began gradually to deliver me from many lightly and superficially gained, second-hand convictions. Once I had been quite sure that history taught us a number of definite and special lessons, that it was the great arsenal of proofs for such contentions as (for example) that mankind is steadily ascending through higher and higher stages of progress towards some unseen but nevertheless highly desirable goal, that the human mind is growing freer and wiser, that justice grows ever more triumphant. But I slowly came to the conclusion that this view of history is false, and I was able to perceive that much of what I had called progress was only movement towards certain quite clearly discernible ends, which are anything but desirable. This altered point of view came very slowly, and it would be quite difficult to trace it now.

Preoccupation with historical studies for some time did not weaken my atheistic conviction. I was, of course, learning how socially useful religion might be, but feeling at the same time no personal need for it myself. I know that I came in time to hold the morally indefensible position that religion was a necessary instrument for social control, but quite unnecessary for the enlightened individual—an opinion which was gradually transformed into a sense of the miserable tragedy that men, in order to live and go on living, must believe in a figment of their own imagination. The chief reason for my religious stagnation while engrossed in history was, I think, that I had plunged into a fairly intensive study of the nineteenth century before getting an adequate grasp upon the history of Christendom and western culture.

I was studying closely the growth of liberalism, democracy, socialism, industry, capitalism, tariffs, imperialism, diplomacy, constitutions, etc.; but the spiritual heritage of more Christian times got almost no attention, and my study touched the churches only in reading with approval of the successive disestablishments and of the devastating attack of science and the Higher Criticism upon what I presumed

was Christian orthodoxy. It was, in brief, only the secular and secularizing aspects of modern history with which I was concerned. The Papacy seemed for long an exotic plant in my garden of liberalism and revolution—a relic of the Dark Ages which must pass with the onward march of progress. The Church and its head seemed the implacable enemies of a freer and more humane world, the allies of Metternich, the Ferdinands, and all the despotic crowned conspirators against the rights of man.

The second year in graduate school marked my first systematic inquiry into medieval civilization. A course in medieval institutions gave me some insight into the constitutional growth of the Church, Roman and barbarian law, ecclesiastical courts, and early monarchical institutions. The course was an advanced one presupposing a considerable fund of information on the part of the student with respect to the general character of medieval culture, and I found it necessary to do a good deal of reading in order to understand what my professor was talking about. Now up to that time my ignorance of medieval history had been little short of scandalous; for me it was all a kind of black chasm bounded on the one side by Merovingian barbarity and on the other by Petrarch's sonnets and the warming sun of the Renaissance.

ALL that my undergraduate survey had left with me were dim notions of monastic asceticism, baronial lawlessness, barbaric crusades, and sterile thinking. Some of the Emperors who warred upon the Popes, such as Henry IV and the great Fredericks, had made a slight impression on me, as had giants like Hildebrand and Innocent III. I remember liking very much Peter Abelard and Arnold of Brescia, for if a man got into trouble with the Church I felt vaguely that he must have been contending rightly. St. Bernard left me cold, and the only Saint I really liked was the immortal Francis, but that was only because I had got the impression that he was something of a "liberal." As for the multitude of heretics in that age I thought of them as unfortunate martyrs to the cause of liberty of conscience. This confession of abysmal ignorance should be no reflection on my professor; the truth is I never gave my undergraduate course the attention it undoubtedly deserved.

But, to get along with this, the point is that the coming to grips with the mighty twelfth and thirteenth centuries in graduate school and thereafter was a profoundly important intellectual experience for me. I discovered that fresh world of myriad variety and richness of color which has ever since seemed to me as beautiful as dawn. This is no sentimental nostalgia for things Gothic, no mere romanticist fancy. There was vigor and health in that world, and passion, heroism, and hard thinking. Fists and brains then were perhaps more splendidly active than in any other time, and my temper is such that I like that kind of activity. The secret of it all was that men had timeless and priceless values to defend, and that upon the whole of society was stamped the conception of a wise and beneficent spiritual power to which men in every walk of life owed a supreme obligation.

WRITERS on the later so-called Renaissance period have exulted over the birth of individualism, the coming of a new man emancipated from the restraints of medieval asceticism and the limitations imposed by the corporative, hierarchic structure of thirteenth-century society—a man with high confidence in himself, bold, self-reliant, autonomous. But far richer in individuality was the civilization of St. Thomas' time. The colors of medieval life were like the glass of a cathedral window. Despite the uniformity of religious allegiance and the concept of a universal thing called Christendom there was the most astonishing cultural variety. Popular speech, dress, manners, art, have never been less conventionalized. The Middle Ages were the classic age of queer people, of freakish individuals, and I do not see how one can make the acquaintance of medieval Saints, or even visit a museum of medieval antiquities, without being impressed by the fact.

Men were never more defiant of pattern; the common spirit which animated them seems to have made a different dance of every life. In that unified, corporative, spiritually directed civilization men were very free, very objective, very little self-conscious; and this, I fancy, goes far to explain the richness of medieval individuality. Every flower in that fresh garden of life, in which Francis sang his verses of thankful joy for God's goodness and love, I came to see had sprung from the soil of Catholic Christianity. The great truth came home to me that this "organized superstition" had presided over, nay created, the most attractive and inspiring civilization of which I knew anything at all. I am not now and I never have been foolish enough to think it possible or even desirable to attempt the restoration of outmoded institutions. It never occurred to me that we could go back to the Middle Ages; but it did occur to me that the spirit which animated them was immeasurably fertile and timeless, capable of penetrating

the body of any civilization and restoring it to a vigorous life and health.

But enough of this. The point is that my discovery of Catholic civilization led me on into a tireless investigation of the Church. Her history became my favorite field of reading, some of her Saints my favorite historical characters. More and more the Church assumed for me the pivot position in the whole history of the West since the disintegration of the Roman Empire. I fell to visiting Catholic churches frequently because of this interest aroused by history. It became something of a hobby of mine to acquire as much information about the Faith as I could, and I read a good deal of popular apologetic literature. I was profoundly moved by Chesterton and read all of his books I could lay my hands on. I began, in short, almost to love the Church before it had occurred to me that one might love God or even have an intelligible belief in Him.

Meanwhile, there passed a few years which I spent teaching in a university, lecturing on medieval and modern European history and giving my whole time to studies in those fields. My undergraduate radicalism sobered down slowly, although uneasiness over some of the outstanding currents of modern history kept steadily mounting in me. And not only did my respect for the Church, as the central force in our civilization, go on growing, but again and again I was able to discover in the Faith a revolutionary and blasting criticism of those currents and an answer to the problems they have created. I have a somewhat political and sociological temper of mind, and the great forces of nationalism, capitalism, liberalism, democracy, and socialism have engaged much of my thought.

MY early position on the extreme Left I abandoned for a kind of Centrist position, but as I grew distrustful of socialism I became even more hostile to the excesses of capitalism, nationalism, and the economic liberalism of the last century. Behind most of the critics as well as the defenders of the present social and economic system I saw nothing but more materialism, and I was coming to know dimly that society, if it was to live on, needed some creed or ideal transcending bare material values. The socialist Utopia of permanent peace and material prosperity fired me with no enthusiasm for sacrifice. I reached the dilemma of our bankrupt liberals, and could see no solution at all for the stupendous problems that face our civilization. Although I had missed participation in the War, I knew fairly well what that War was and why it came about. I did not want to see any repetition of such fratricide, but yet the ideal of permanent peace which we are trying to establish did not appear so much better. It seemed (and still seems) to me to be only the ideal of a bankers' peace for the security of business. If it was to be realized, then I suspected we

would simply be in for another age of the Antonines, and I knew what would then follow.

Yet some banner against the tribalistic nationalism of our time had to be raised, and here was one of the places that the Church came in to offer a solution. The national State was not wrong in its very nature, and it was uncatholic only in its selfish egoism; chastened and taught humility, it could be admitted to place in a moral order whose ultimate aims were universal and spiritual. A Christian peace seemed a peace with purpose and justification. Without admitting the claims of the Church, I saw that it possessed the only adequate and morally defensible peace program that could be put before the world. The Church alone was able to point beyond peace, to give a reason for it, and therefore, to excite a lasting will for it.

I HAVE indicated that the evolution of our social-economic system and its attendant enormous injustices have commanded much of my thinking time. I stood with the socialists until I came to regard their thinking as unrealistic, and to see that they had no cure for material greed. Their anti-religious bias fortifies that very immoderate concern for material things which has given us the capitalistic order they seek to overthrow. Socialism, of course, in the last generation has been crumbling into mere opportunist reform (which is often very good social engineering) and Bolshevism, which contains all that was ever bad in socialism. I fell with the socialists of the Right into pure opportunism without losing an ounce of my passion for social justice, but I could see no victory ahead for us. It seemed to me that the fight was lost because we did not care enough for victory. The liberals, I think, will give way inch by inch; like the Stoics, they mean well, but have not heart enough for a real revolution.

Now here again the Church came in to offer a set of principles and a program, realistic, just, courageous, penetrated with the spirit of charity. I read again and again the famous *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII, and each time my mind seemed washed by a clean, bracing wind. There is no more searching analysis of the evils in modern economic society, and it seems to me a more revolutionary document than the Communist Manifesto. Let any man who foolishly thinks the Church is the conservative ally of things as they are read Leo's doctrine or the recent *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pius XI, and then let him measure the gulf between the world as it is and the world as the Papacy would have it. I believe he will see that our world is much nearer Moscow than Rome, and that Pius, not Stalin, is the real revolutionist.

Gradually a conviction grew upon me that the Church was a great kingdom at war with all the enemies against whom I had ranged myself. It proposed peace

for men that they might fight all the harder in a genuinely worthy cause. It was the only cure for nationalism that was not worse than the disease, and it raised up moral economic principles with which to fight the greed of both Right and Left. It went to the root of all social injustice—absence of charity. It sought to deliver men from industrial slavery and defended liberty against its enemy—the modern absolutist State. It beckoned man to the perennial crusade, the permanent revolution, the most radical and blasting of all revolutions: “I bring not peace but a sword.” For long the challenge would have been irresistible had I been able to believe. When a full realization of the political, economic, moral and social possibilities of Catholic Christianity came home to me, I felt that it was the most tragic disappointment in the world. For it was the answer to everything; only the answer was false.

I HAVE dwelt at length upon this pre-occupation with secular problems because most of my intellectual experience had concerned them. For half a dozen years the major part of my life had been wrapped up in these matters. They were “shop” for me, my stock in trade, and they explain why the sociological and political aspects of Catholicism were the aspects of the Faith that first presented themselves so forcibly to me.

But, in the course of time real spiritual hunger began also to grow in me, and it was contributed to in large measure by the collapse of secular loyalties. A certain paralyzing indecisiveness crept over me as they dropped away one by one, and some of the zest of living began to go. I found myself joining the panic rush for escapes. My whole viewpoint was resolving into one of pure negation; there was no pearl of great price, nothing of stable worth and permanent validity. I had no yardstick with which to measure the world, no flag under which to fight it. I felt myself growing “sick” and old, like a man of the later Roman Empire. I had the usual measure of troubles and worries that visit a man who marries and founds a family, but I shall not detail them. They had a maturing effect on me, I think, and served to reveal my spiritual poverty and the shallowness of agnosticism. They left their marks and broke down some of that juvenile self-confident autonomy of spirit. The black darkness and loneliness of life came home with greater force, and I was slowly taught that if God actually existed and cared about men, then I had need of Him.

These experiences contributed each their measure to my ultimate decision to seek religion seriously again—or shall I say for the first time? And all the while a thousand other small, fleeting experiences made for the same end. It would be impossible to set them down, for often they were so elusive as to escape me almost immediately after their occurrence. They came while

reading, conversing, lecturing, loafing. A flash of perception would come revealing some Christian truth wonderfully clear and persuasive; some act of charity or heroism would open up for the moment a spacious vista of understanding. A Christian truth put to the test would be happened upon, and it would ring true. These flashes of insight were accompanied by a gradual expansion of my whole perceptive being.

In spite of developing a pro-Catholic point of view, I had long remained in intellectual bondage to materialistic rationalism, holding as credible only that which did not violate what I regarded as natural law. Miracles were nonsense, to be explained usually by the unreliability of witnesses. That there might be Divine intervention in the world was absurd; it had never happened, and any report of it should be tossed aside as unworthy of credence. Christianity, because of its long syncretistic history, might symbolize in an inscrutable way some deep truths, but the account of its supernatural origins was a fable. The universe was bound by its own law, given it perhaps by a Creator, but nevertheless completely subject to it.

Now this view began to be modified. I came to see how narrow it was, how little it explained and how much it evaded and left unexplained. It skirted everything mysterious and closed the eyes even to a recognition that there are mysteries. It confined one's whole being in a tiny fortress of feeling without a single window for light from without. If this was freedom of thought it was like the freedom of a jail from the outside world. How profoundly unphilosophic it came at length to appear! I used to speak of myself as a “rationalist” the while I was shutting my eyes to a realm of transcendental truth, outside the fortress of my being and also hidden within me, toward which right reason pointed imperiously.

AN absolute confidence that God exists slowly awakened in me as confidence in reason grew. Deafened ears came at last to hear the truth which the whole universe shrieks. The argument from order and design was unanswerable, and those who dismissed it as a stale contention had no actual way of meeting it. It is an old and timeless truth. The author of the universe is a Creative Personality, separate from His creation as an artist is separate from his work, and every stroke on the canvass is from His brush. As we contemplate it, every road of our thought leads out into the mysterious region of truth beyond the limits of our world of sense, sight and reason. But could man penetrate this mystery, or even feel his way into it darkly? Plainly not without a light from God. Had that been given?

That was the question which I came at long last to raise in deadly earnest. Had a light been lighted? I knew enough about the religions of the world and the history of Christianity to feel an overpowering

certainty as to where it was, if it were anywhere. A tree is known by its fruit, and I had wandered through a forest of trees. If there was one special tree whose fruits were life and light, I was sure I knew how to find it.

I DECIDED that I would test this tree, that I would strive to determine whether there could be a spiritual home for me (and for all) or whether all really was void. The position from which I moved forward was substantially this: God exists (denial of that was sheer irrationality); since He created man He must care for man (unless man is no more than a kind of whim of God, which idea surely does not satisfy the mind); since all things must be possible to God a revelation was not inherently incredible. Also, I felt sure that the eye with which to apprehend revelation could not be the eye of the intellect alone; God could hardly be a secret to which only the learned were privy. Although Divine revelation, had there ever been such a thing, would certainly not violate right reason, yet it must be recognizable also through other and deeper channels of understanding common to all men. It seemed to me that the chief test of the truth of revelation must be in its recognition by men of simplicity and undefiled lives. And yet another conviction was this: I was very sure that I could not love God without apprehending His personality in the Incarnation. Without that, God remained an abstract principle, a theory; and, moreover, the keystone supporting the whole arch of Christian revelation was lacking if Christ were nothing more than a philosopher. So that my last question was just the old question and the most deeply important one that has ever been asked: “What think ye of Christ?”

I acted upon my decision by seeking help from one capable of giving it. He set me a simple exercise. “Divest yourself as completely as possible of all previous ideas of Christ that you ever entertained,” he advised. “Take the gospels, especially Luke's, as historical documents throwing light upon a strange personality and approach them as a rationally-minded enquirer hearing for the first time of Christ. See then what you think of Him afresh. Your mind has now reached a measure of maturity, you have seen something of men and speculated upon their nature. You have encountered various philosophies and through reason and experience learned to assess them. Your experience has a certain validity. Now check the personality and philosophy of this Man with the experience you have had in the world of men and ideas.”

I followed the general direction of his suggestions and took up the gospels anew with quite the same attitude I would take toward any other historical documents. I sought to study a man and not God, for I was proceeding upon the hypothesis that no man had ever been nor ever could be

God. Let me make it very plain: the idea of the Incarnation was entirely excluded from the exercise. It proved a most extraordinary experiment to me, for I found that I had never really known much about Christ. Although in the past I had certainly read, at intervals and in sections, every word of all four documents, I had never previously attempted to draw a full-length portrait of Christ from the nearest original sources. The Christ I had known (vaguely) was the Christ of the Sermon on the Mount, teacher of humility, brotherly love, self-effacement. I had known the meek Christ, but not the *terribly* meek Christ, nor the angry Christ of authority and violent words. Here I saw was no mere kindly philosopher urging the gentler virtues, but an imperious and demanding man, who "taught them as one having authority and not as the Scribes."

AS the drama progressed I was amazed to find myself becoming a partisan of His enemies. I began for the first time to have some understanding of the mad rage which this presumptuous and irritating Person must have aroused. What would we think of a man who, after violating one of our most precious institutions (as Christ broke the Jewish sabbath), could (as He did also) remark coolly that he was superior to it? I rather think we should have an excellent case against him as an outrager of our laws. My reaction to Jesus at Nazareth when He entered the synagogue, read from the Scriptures and announced their fulfillment that day, was exactly the same. I murmured with the people who heard Him, "Is not this the son of Joseph?" And when He rebuked them my temptation was to join with those that "rose up and thrust Him out of the city."

I was scandalized again and again by His acts and words. When He presumed to forgive sins, I said with the Scribes and Pharisees, "Who is this who speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God alone?" He exhibited such an arrogant and offending egoism: "behold a greater than Jonas is here . . . behold, a greater than Solomon is here." I also discovered in this Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount a quivering and terrible anger which found expression in such words as "hypocrites," "whited sepulchres," and "generation of vipers," and in such awful threats as that for the city which would not receive His disciples: "It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city." This Man's tongue could sting like a whiplash laid upon an open wound. And I found in Him, too, a demand for personal allegiance reaching to the very limits of effrontery. His disciples are to keep His commandments and not to be scandalized by Him. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me"—so does He ask that loyalty to Himself be the primal allegiance of His disciples, making bold to promise

that if they would take up the cross and follow Him they should receive a crown of life.

What kind of man was this who could ask for Himself all that men could give to God? "All things are delivered unto Me by my Father. And no one knoweth the Son, but the Father: neither doth any one know the Father, but the Son, and He to whom it shall please the Son to reveal him"—"I am the way, the truth, and the life"—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."—"I and My Father are one"—what preposterous sayings are these from a mere man? I was both puzzled and scandalized by His vaunted sinlessness; His most violent words of denunciation were used upon hypocrites, and yet He could ask, "Which of ye convinceth Me of sin?" Such a question, coming from a mere man, is downright revolting. The more I speculated upon the character and personality of Jesus the more offended I became and the more monstrous seemed His blasphemous imposture. His fellow countrymen "wondered and said: How came this man by this wisdom and miracles? Is not this the carpenter's son? . . . Whence therefore hath He all these things? And they were scandalized in His regard." And so was I.

It seemed to me, indeed, that if this Man were just a man, like any other man, it would be most charitable to write Him down as a lunatic; else the Pharisees were right and He met a deserved end. But as mere man He was not credible at all, for He violated and defied the nature of man. No man putting forward the preposterous claims that He made for Himself could have inspired that perfect love which we find His disciples paying Him, for He scandalized even them on several occasions. Nor is it credible that a man could unite so perfectly in himself the qualities of meekness and terrible anger, and although with knowledge of his own stainless perfection could yet weep with compassion for all men. How could it have been that this imperious egoist lived and taught a timeless philosophy of life, yet surrendered His own perfect life in the passion and ignominy of the cross?

THE absolute sincerity of His claim stands proved on Calvary, yet He declared Himself to be God! A man who would set out to be God (as blasphemous a fraud as can be imagined) must, it seemed to me, end in moral ruin. But Calvary was surely not that. It became very plain to me that Jesus could not be explained in terms of humanity alone, not even humanity touched with lunacy. The latter theory, indeed, holds no water at all, for one instinctively recognizes in Him perfect sanity. The Sermon on the Mount and the parable teachings are sanity, and we all know it. The mind of Christ had a flashing, rapier-like gift for going to the heart of things with the greatest simplicity. The theory that He was insane cannot survive a thoughtful reading of the Gospels.

There are only four possible interpretations of Christ, so it seemed to me. He was (1) a philosopher and prophet, human and no more, or (2) a lunatic, or (3) a character wholly or largely fictitious (as we know Him in the Gospels), or (4) the Incarnate Son, true Man and true God. Now the first two theories I had found incapable of solving the problem of His personality. As a mere man I found it impossible to believe in Him, and when I subjected Him to the lunacy test I found Him superlatively sane. But what of the theory that the whole Gospel story is fiction or legend grown up around some man of forceful personality, some impressive prophet out of the East? With the exception of a few writers ill-equipped for the inquiry (George Brandes, for example), no historical students have seriously questioned the historicity of Jesus; they have, however, laboriously striven to show the Man of the Gospels as one very much obscured by decorative legend. Was this not the most probable explanation of Christ?

THE East has always been prolific in religious cults and prophets, and the Roman Empire swarmed with them in early Christian times. So that it seemed rather plausible that the Christ we know from apostolic writings was simply the creature of fertile religious imagination or even conscious fraud. This is the theory of most persons who find themselves unable to give credence to the doctrine of the Incarnation. But I found it necessary to reject this explanation also. Christ born of human imagination was as incredible as Christ born of God, in fact, to my mind, more so. Moreover, although I was not an expert in the so-called Higher Criticism, I was not so innocent of a knowledge of antiquity and the history of the New Testament as to be unable to sense the weakness of the legend theory. It simply could not be harmonized with the ascertainable facts of early Church history, nor with the documents themselves.

The early days of the Church are commonly regarded as having a rather dim historical visibility, but I began to see that this visibility was not so low if one was able to grasp the nature of the Church and estimate rationally the value of tradition as historical evidence. Even the documentary testimony is much more formidable than most persons seem to realize, the New Testament alone containing four sketches of the life of Christ, a history of the acts of the apostles, and twenty-one letters from the hands of Paul, Peter, James, John and Jude. I doubt very much whether any other phase of first-century history is so copiously documented. But the great question was how far this New Testament portrait of Christ departed from a representation of the Man as He actually was. There seemed no conceivable way of solving the problem save by speculation, but the direction of all such speculation has been determined largely by personal philosophy.

Now I tackled the problem in this fashion: I considered the *nature* of the Catholic Church and her history, contrasting the Faith in one age with the Faith in another age. That is to say, I sought to discover deviations in doctrine from one age to another, in order to determine whether, in the clear light of historical record, it was in the nature of the Church to make departures from the original deposit of alleged revelation. I went back to the Council of Trent, from there to Constance, from there to Innocent III and the Fourth Lateran Council, then back to Nicea, and from Nicea to the apostolic documents. Instead of discovering doctrinal deviations and innovations I found that one of the most conspicuous marks of the Church was a constant, purposeful conservation of doctrine, a most careful guardianship of the whole treasure of revelation.

The Church, of course, grew in function, in theological definition, in assimilation, but it did not innovate any teaching entirely foreign to or inconsistent with the Faith of apostolic times. The history of the Church from the age in which the New Testament was written to the present day, revealed an unchanging nature, and it was in that nature to maintain with jealous care a certain body of doctrines. Now if the New Testament portrait of Christ disfigures and obscures the original Man,

the nature of the Church during the first few decades after Calvary and Pentecost must have been in striking contrast with the nature of the Church at the time, say, that Paul wrote his earliest epistles and Mark composed his gospel. This amounts to saying that those who knew Jesus personally made a legendary figure of Him, while all the generations that came afterwards disfigured the concept of His Personality not at all.

THE more I thought about this the more absurd it became. From what I could learn of the character of Peter, Paul, and the other apostles it seemed incredible that they were conscious or unconscious perpetrators of a great fraud. If they sincerely believed in what they taught to the world (and their sincerity is proved beyond denial by their willingness to face martyrdom), surely they must have regarded their knowledge of Him as the most precious of all knowledge, and therefore not to be tampered with. Moreover, they were mostly simple men, close to reality, and such men are not easily deceived by things they see, touch and experience. The more I strove to build up a picture of apostolic times through historical knowledge and imagination, the more I became convinced of the honesty and trustworthiness of the first witnesses.

So there was left only one possible explanation of the riddle of Christ: He was what He claimed to be—the Incarnation of God. When I added His Divinity to His Humanity the pieces of the puzzle fell into place. I could find no escape from that conclusion, and I felt that I must either banish it all from my mind as an insoluble enigma or accept the only possible solution. But that solution no longer warred violently with my intellectual and philosophic outlook upon the world; it no longer denied my experience both with myself and my fellow men. Moreover, I found myself coming under the imperious spell of this Personality, found myself capable of loving Him. God granted me the gift of faith, and I said at last, "Truly this was the Son of God." He no longer seemed a remote figure out of the East two thousand years old, but a timeless life as fresh and young today as ever.

I had no sudden conversion. Faith came very slowly, for it was not easy to feel its reality after so many years of negation. As the new point of view was gradually gained I had alternating moments of lively conviction and sluggish doubts. But grace was not wanting and, at last, I knew that I had found my Father. Having found Him, I also knew my mother, the Mother of us all, and She deigned to adopt me as Her own.

GOAR *of the* FERRY

By John Gilland Brunini

LEST the reader be led into arduous research to confound me, it would be charitable for me to separate immediately the sheep of truth from the goats of fiction in this story of my favorite Saint. Nor do I ask any to accept the goats if they do not like the curve of their horns or the unkemptness of their coats.

There was a Saint named Goar. An anchorite of Aquitaine, he was born in the latter years of the sixth century. But he dwelt for the greater part of his life near a little village, Oberwesel, on the banks of the Rhine. His actual residential site is commemorated today by another village, St. Goar, where a small church was dedicated to his honor in 1786.

Further, Goar's bishop was Rusticus of Trier. For whatever purpose Goar was summoned to that ecclesiastic's presence to account for his deeds, it is recorded that there was an interview between the Saint and the bishop. It is totally within the range of possibility that it "resulted in the bishop's confusion." Certainly the geog-

raphy and history of what is today Germany lends credence to my goats.

Accordingly, then, Goar was also a ferryman. Obviously the Rhine could not have been bridged in those days. Goar possessed a rough boat and the only one within many miles. He fell into plying passengers back and forth across the river purely because a need existed and he could fill it. Of course he soon found himself the owner of a monopoly, but being a Saint he did not take financial advantage of it.

If Goar showed any partiality to those Christians who sought passage over infidels, heretics and heathens, this can readily be condoned. One need not accuse him of garrulousness for even an anchorite engages in occasional conversation. So it is easily apparent, then, that Goar would inquire into the nature of the traveler's religious belief or lack of it.

In any event it is certain that on one particular day he knew that the man who had taken a place in the skiff opposite him was not a Christian. Indeed his barbaric

accountrements were almost sufficient evidence of this. Goar gave the matter little thought until they reached mid-stream.

The Rhine offers ordinarily little difficulty to the navigator. But there had been a storm the night before and the river was swollen. Once Goar headed out into the current, he found the going rough. His boat tossed about, it shipped water and persisted in pointing not across but down stream. His mind and muscle busy with his duties as an oarsman prevented Goar from observing his passenger.

PROBABLY the latter was an inexperienced traveler or had no confidence in Goar's skill. Nevertheless, for reasons sufficiently good to him, he was alarmed. And, when the skiff gave a particularly violent lurch, thereby slopping into it several good buckets of water, he gave way to his fears and cried out. Convinced that he was swearing, Goar was shocked. As a matter of fact the barbarian had actually exclaimed,

"Hel!" Hel was *his* goddess of death and his imprecation was merely a plea that she keep away from him.

But, shocked, Goar's attention had been distracted momentarily. In that moment things happened. A whirlpool caught the skiff and sent it toward a submerged rock about which Goar was perfectly aware. Yet, before he could do anything about this danger, the skiff struck the rock full side on. Saint and passenger made a simultaneous and great splash and the boat disappeared beneath the waves.

No blame need be attached to Goar because his first thought was for himself. The instinct of self-preservation is strong within us all. He was a good swimmer and set off immediately for the nearer bank. However he had only progressed a few yards when he remembered his passenger. Turning, he was in time to hear the latter call "God!" and then to see him sink.

With a few strokes, Goar was at the spot, dived and seized the unconscious man. With his burden he again headed for the shore. His course was slow. He had ample time for thought. His mind ran on the passenger's last exclamation. Now had it been "Wotan!" or "Gods!" the matter would have been different. But actually the barbarian had cried "God!" Not two or more gods but one God. That could only be the Christian God and, in consequence, was of itself a confession of faith. Having reached this conclusion, Goar began to have doubts that he would reach the shore.

Anyhow, he reasoned, his method even if it did lessen their combined chances for physical safety would insure the salvation of the barbarian's soul. Goar, therefore, paused long enough to baptize the heathen.

THE ceremony over, the ferryman resumed his battle with the waters. His happiness over his quick decision, equally quickly acted upon, was marred by other thoughts. There was many pitfalls for souls in the world, he knew, and many into which this new Christian might especially fall. At the moment his soul was purified, but hereafter only the Sacrament of Penance could cleanse it of sin. Penance required an act of the will and what if he did not have sufficient strength to make—

Goar again acted promptly on a determination. He reached the shore at last—alone. His ex-passenger had drowned.

That night Goar, very naturally after his trying day, slept soundly. But not too soundly to avoid visions. In his dream the dripping figure of the barbarian stood before him. The face, instead of being severe, was wreathed in smiles. And when the voice came it was not raised in vituperation, but in gladness.

The apparition advised that he knew Goar could have saved him had Goar willed but was grateful that he had not. His thanks were very effusive. For he had gone immediately to Heaven!

This vision encouraged Goar no end. Some portion of its happiness remained with him during the weeks. He had meanwhile fashioned himself another boat. His ferryman's trade, interrupted for a time, was resumed.

THE presence of another heathen in his skiff a month later at the very same hour as that of the accident set up a natural train of remembrance. Goar was recalling all the details of that voyage—his distraction, the whirlpool, and then the crash. He may not have intended to rehearse in actions what his mind was reviewing. He may merely have lost himself in thought. But the skiff did overturn.

This time Goar immediately had his passenger in mind. The man could swim after a fashion but his outlandish gear weighted him down. He sank from sight but not before Goar, too, had baptized him.

Thereafter Goar's course was clear to him. He lost many boats. This really was a problem for him. Barbarians were plentiful in that land but skiffs, which must be laboriously constructed, were not easy to come by. At last after considerable practice he was able to lose a passenger without losing his boat.

Yet the Rhine could not indefinitely swallow barbarians without inquiries being made. Goar was not concerned over the danger in this to his reputation as a safe and trustworthy ferryman. His was the only boat thereabouts and if the traveler did not wish to trust himself to it then he could go elsewhere.

Goar's explanation of these numerous accidents was transferred from place to place by word of mouth. As the story was repeated and repeated it took on numerous and false embellishments. And, eventually, some tale, magnified or unadorned, came to the episcopal palace at Trier.

Rusticus was excessively disturbed. He was himself a holy man and numbered many converts. But this reputed method of Goar was—drastic, to say the least. He realized the probability of exaggeration but—Well, Goar was under his jurisdiction both spiritually and legally. The anchorite must answer for himself. An episcopal summons to Trier was dispatched to him.

Not of late years in touch with real civilization, Goar entered the bishop's city with emotions somewhat akin to trepidation. He expected to cool his heels in some anteroom for hours before he was admitted to his superior's presence. But Rusticus, who anticipated a difficult session, disliked being severe and wished to dispose of the necessity as soon as possible, had left orders that Goar be admitted at once. They were soon face to face and, under Rusticus's questioning, Goar's answers came clearly and unequivocally.

It was at the juncture when Rusticus said, "This is too much—too much"

(he had accompanied his words with a gentle shaking of his head), that a secretary entered. This worthy was in a minor position but he was an unfailing arbiter of etiquette and ceremonial. He did not hear Rusticus, after clearing his throat, say, "But, my dear son, it is not given to man to assume—" Instead he was horrified to see that an uncouth man in nondescript garments was actually wearing a strange head covering before His Lordship.

"Take off that hat," he, unaware in correcting the other that he was himself violating etiquette, bade Goar and interrupted the bishop.

Abashed Goar snatched the offending garment from his head and looked about for a place to put it. Finding none, he hung it on a sunbeam.

This miracle, so simply and casually performed, silenced both the good Rusticus and the officious secretary. Theologically both had to admit that the workings of Providence are strange. Goar, nonetheless humble but completely convinced of his rightness, returned to the Rhine and his "drastic" career of converting heathens.

Against a well-known danger, however, the human mind builds up its own protection. Goar's fame had spread widely. So had his predilection. It was but a short time before the first heathen, who must cross the river by Goar's ferry, came down to the landing ostensibly making the Sign of the Cross. Thereafter all the non-baptized adopted variants of the same device. The favorite soon became the display of a crucifix or some other religious article of the times.

Goar's passengers increased rapidly but his conversions fell off. If he were capable of reading minds or if he again visited Trier, it is possible that he would have known that it was Rusticus himself who had first suggested this method of warding off a watery death near Oberwesel. But Goar himself died unaware of this. He was no doubt happily convinced that through his apostolate all heathens of the surrounding territory had been converted.

THERE is another sequel to this story which may contain some application to the law of supply and demand. At Goar's ferry there was decidedly a demand for religious articles. In consequence an astute peddler sized up an opportunity and took advantage of it. He established a store for such articles, one on either side the Rhine. His was a monopoly, too, of which he availed himself wisely and well. When Goar died, the merchant retired with a neat fortune.

Historians might take an interest in this merchant. For he is assuredly the prototype of our present-day merchants of Barclay Street, New York City—that thoroughfare where a thriving trade in Catholic religious articles has its center. Barclay Street is reached by a ferry although it does lie on only one side of the river.

IRELAND SINGS *in* ITS TOMBS

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

OF course, if you have walked the long, awesome corridors of the Catacombs, you won't care to walk with me over the gravelled lanes and damp sod of my little cemetery. If you have moved meditatively from headstone to headstone under the immemorial elms of some quaint ancient English churchyard, deciphering scarcely legible tombs and scratching the moss from names and dates that suggest ruffs and rapiers and Puritans and Cavaliers, and perhaps even officers of the fleet of Drake, you may find these headstones of the 40's and 50's fresh records of a buried yesterday.

But I walked through my little cemetery of St. Joseph-on-the-Brandywine and found it beautiful and packed with dear associations. Though I was just the transient priest who preached a brief triduum and was soon to be on my way, I called it *my* cemetery and felt it *my* cemetery. Never had the dear dead seemed so completely to take me into their confidence and their intimate friendship. That little churchyard had all the charm that ancient graveyards hold, I think, for all of us, plus an odd individuality of its buried dead.

For Ireland spoke to me from that little corner of Delaware as it has seldom spoken to me since the days when my Irish grandmother who, though she had not a trace of brogue was Irish to the very core, boasted in her calm, unruffled voice of the glories that are Irish and the incomparable men and women she had known in the land of her girlhood.

Once the great powder factories of the Duponts filled the valley of the Brandywine, and Irishmen settled near to take part, through absence of any real war, in the hardly satisfactory occupation of furnishing powder for some one else to fire. And from those tombs, after the lapse of almost a century, these pioneer Irish men and women talked eloquently of their love of country and of family, their pride in the priesthood, their glowing faith in the resurrection, and their passionate love of music and the Cross.

I strolled out of the quaint old church into the slightly chill Spring sunshine that fell through the bare branches of ancient trees in jigsaw patterns upon the paths and turf. On all sides of the church—front, back, to right and left—lay the dead, constant reminders to the Church Militant of the Church Suffering. Somehow graves never seem as calm and peaceful and utterly at rest as they do when the

slow moving shadow of a church spire falls like the finger of a dial to touch each of them with velvet softness. Unfortunately are we of the city, who must be buried in vast cemeteries instead of nestled against the comforting sides of a church.

Slowly and reverently I picked my way from monument to monument, circling the rusty iron enclosures, stepping carefully over the stone copings, reading with a growing sense of rhythm the names of the brave Irish dead: Donohue and Flanagan, Dougherty and Gallagher, Regan and Healy, Martin, Reardon and Cody, Carroll and Connor, Lucey and Kelly, and that name that must have made the head of many an English police officer nod tight-lipped agreement, Lawless. A tall column bore the fascinating name of Toy. A tiny headstone marked the grave of a family (what could be more unusual in its appropriateness?) of Harps.

But I found my tongue rolling in approval the beautiful liquid l's and m's and n's and r's, while my lips shaped themselves in the rich fullness of the vowels packed between soft, fluent consonants.

Matching the liquid patronymics were the glorious Saints' names that Ireland had made distinctively its own: Patrick and Michael, Bridget and Clare. (I noticed that they spelled it Bridget, and not the slightly aristocratic Brigid.) I paused to wonder how Ireland had so thoroughly taken to itself the unmistakably Latin Timothy and Christopher and Cornelius, and the unquestionably Hebrew Jeremiah, till we think of them as more Gaelic than Shawn or Padric. Peter and James and John brought near memories of the Ireland that walked in the footsteps of the Apostles. Mary occurred so frequently that I wondered if any family failed to give one daughter to the Mother of God.

The dear diminutives were graven upon the stones: Maggie, Lizzie, and Annie. If the children had so been called in life, surely they would love their names to be kept in death.

Before one old tombstone, I paused and read what rhythmized through my head like lovely music. Who could possibly read it without a slight tapping of his foot and a slight tilt to his head? I give it with the spelling left intact:

"Sacred to the memory of Timothy Tynan, a native of the Parrish of Feathara County in Tipperary, Ireland."

No wonder the ancient bards made music simply by stringing together the names of the Irish Kings. Only the Irish bards and the Greek Homer could do that with the melody of proper names.

Sweet as were the names that filled the headstones, sweeter even was the proud way in which these exiles in the midst of Protestant Delaware boasted from their grave of their Irish birth. They had come, these sturdy Irishmen, with a great hope for the future of America. They dreamed of its becoming as golden as the actual years proved it to be. Thoroughly did they love and wholeheartedly did they adopt their new land. Yet in their breasts was a yearning for the Ireland from which famine and the armed constabulary had driven them. And proudly upon their tombs they coupled with their name the name of the county that had "born" them.

Always preceded by the painful boastful words, "Native of," or more rarely "Born in," they paraded the fair counties of Ireland: Derry and Kerry, Fermanagh, Queen's, and Cork; Tyrone, Clare, and Sligo, Meath, Galway, Connaught, Kildare and Kilkenny, and last in proud climax, Donegal. Sometimes it was spelled Donegal, sometimes Donegall. But what difference did and L make (we knew that from the once popular song) to a Kelly, Killarney or Donegal?

JOINED to the county in loving memory and in delightful melody was the parish that had witnessed the baptism of the brave dead. With a lovely chant of names, parish harmonized to county. I had never known that there were cities and towns and parishes whose flavor was so savory and whose rhythm so lilting. Read them, or sing them with me:

Parish of Cloyne of the County of Cork; City of Navin of County Meath; Angal and Ardstraw of County Tyrone; Parish of Glenturtle of Fermanagh; Parish of Ballitore of County Kildare; Ballyvourney of County Cork; Parish of Phanat of County Clare; Cloneagh and Clemeha, Clonmanny and Litemore of County Donegal. But was I right in finding an inexpressible charm in the Parish of Doe in Donegal? And does this final triumph of Donegal seem as musical to you as it did to me: Townland of Ballygorman of County Donegal?

Irish all, Irish in life, and Irish in death. I paused for a moment over an old wooden

cross, fallen from its place and half covered with the yet unraked leaves of winter. The name of the man whose grave it once had marked was obliterated; but standing out in still legible letters was the proud boast: "Native of Ireland."

IF the names and the ancestry were Irish, the symbolism of the churchyard was unmistakably Catholic. No broken columns and extinguished torches spoke of the hopelessness that characterizes the graveyards of other creeds and of bleak unbeliefs. Instead, the cross was everywhere, in wood and stone and granite and marble; carved to represent rough hewn wood, modelled in the form of crossed twigs. But in vain did I search in all that Irish graveyard for a single Celtic cross. Could it be, I wondered, that the Celtic cross had little place in the hearts of these Irishmen who loved and paraded so confidently the cross that is bleak and stark and Roman?

I.H.S., the beautiful monogram of the Savior, was everywhere. The Lamb, sacrificed for our sins, rested His tiny form reassuringly on a dozen graves. The crown of victory crossed with the standard of the King was carved on recurring stones. And ever and again this beautifully implicit act of faith and hope: "Departed this life." Ah, there was just the point. This life was over; this life was done. But that life, that glorious life just beyond that immortal life was begun as the soul slipped through the gates of death into the presence of the Judge Who is also the Savior.

Explicit was the mention of relationships; careful was the record of ages. With true Irish love of family, "To my beloved Father," "To my devoted Wife," "To our darling child," recurred with consoling frequency. Ages were stated down to the number of days (all of them, we may be sure, freighted heavily with good deeds). But other ages were indicated in that hopeful guess of those whose birthday had been forgotten and whose age was only guessed: "About thirty-five," "About sixteen."

When I came to my first tomb marked "80 years," I paused reverently before age. But soon that was obliterated from my mind as I found a tomb boasting its 92, and another its 95, and a final brag-gart telling proudly of the 98 stalwart years lived for God and family.

What would an old churchyard be without its memorial verses? Pope St. Damasus took over the custom from the pagans of his day, and many a martyr today is remembered chiefly because "his tomb was ornamented with verses by Pope St. Damasus."

So dimly outlined in the stone, the verses of another day and another age of sweet sentiment, limped through a halting meter and an uncertain rhyme, but through unescapable emotion and pointed moral.

"Farewell my wife and children all,
From you a father Christ doth call.
Mourn not for me, It is in vain
To call me to your arms again,"

was a sentiment so deliciously pessimistic in content that it must have caught the fancy of the day in which it was composed. Two fathers in remote parts of the churchyard bear that upon their stones. Two families are warned not to waste tears, idle tears, since the matter was definitely closed.

With a real struggle, I deciphered this legend, never quite sure that it was meant to be verse, not quite sure now whether it was poetry or perhaps an anticipation of a much later rhythmic prose:

"Good travellers who pass this way,
fail not for my departed soul to pray.
Here also mark perhaps, now
in the bloom of youth, the stealing
steps of fleeting time. Thou wilt
be what I now am. Seize the present
hour, employ it well. For it is in
thy power."

HOW many travellers from the day that monument lifted its warning head had read that stern injunction, dropped a prayer for that soul and realized, with a sense of the truth that even doubtful poetry could not hide, the stern reality of death, and the sterner necessity of living life to its fullest?

Warning and injunction was the theme of other verses. From the grave the dead spoke their solemn lessons. Sometimes it was addressed to the world at large, all of them now friends of the dead:

"Take notice, friends, as you pass by,
As you now are, so once was I.
As I am now, so will you be.
So friends, prepare for eternity."

Sometimes it was addressed directly to the relatives. (Do you suppose the dead wrote their own epitaphs? Or did the ones left behind use the tombstone of their dead to point a warning and prevent a family schism?)

"Farewell, my loving wife and daughters
dear.

Through my absence you need not fear.
God will protect and comfort you.
So love one another as I love you."

High hope, Catholic hope, permeated much of the verse. Again, it was sometimes hope for an individual triumphing over personal grief:

"Dearest husband, thou hast left me.
Here the loss I deeply feel.
But 'tis God that hath bereft me.
He can all my sorrows heal."

At other times the hope was offered to all passersby, a bright hope of gracious immortality:

"Friends I part with resignation.
On my tomb let no tears fall.
Short shall be our separation.
Soon I hope to meet you all."

Recurrently, of course, came the lovely single phrase that brightened the hearts of

the pagan slaves of Roman days, weighted down by cruel pagan masters or looking forward to the martyrdom of years in dungeons and days of racking torture. *Requiescat in pace.* "May his soul rest in peace." And often, just the single word, uncommented upon, unadorned, but infinitely reassuring: "Rest."

No one who has ever read *Spoon River Anthology*, whether in approval or in slight disgust, can fail to read into the tombs of a graveyard, the life story of those whose bodies lie quiet and calm under the sod. And so it was with me as I moved about the little graveyard at St. Joseph-on-the-Brandywine. Inscription after inscription tempted me to flights of fancy. But I realized that the tombstones told not complete stories but intriguing serials, from which either the first or the last chapter was missing.

Here was a glorious last chapter. But how I should have liked to know how Hugo Bogan merited so glowing an epitaph:

"Hic jacet Hugo Bogan, vi pietate et fide adspectabilis, qui suis in via prospexit et moriens Ecclesiam Dei haeredem ex asse reliquit."

Stately Latin on the tomb of one of these exiled Irish. Could this have been one of the stern old Irish schoolmasters who loved Latin and read it more willingly than profane English? Or did the phrase that starts with the triumphant "*moriens*" explain it all? Did a grateful parish priest (perhaps a bishop), looking upon the noble legacy, pull out his Latin dictionary and painstakingly write this sounding praise of a generous ecclesiastical benefactor? What ancient diocesan or parish record book contains the entry that called forth this epitaph?

Clearer perhaps, though suggesting somehow an unfinished romance that draws involuntary tears, was the thin white headstone that read:

"Margaret McMahon, died March 20th, 1872, aged 32. This tablet has been erected to her memory by her faithful friend, John Carroll."

WHAT a tantalizing chapter that is! Anyone with the slightest sense of story value finds his mind rushing off in pursuit of the missing installments. John, faithful and devoted, was not married to Margaret though she is thirty-two. Did John come to America, work through long days and dream through lonely nights, hoping to bring Margaret after him? Did Margaret wait, the first bloom of her youth slowly fading, until the money arrived, and she took boat for America? And did she die just in sight of her happiness, her hoped-for husband, and her new-found home? Or did John, slow of tongue and hesitant of speech, delay the proposal to fair Margaret while she grew from girlhood to young maidenhood and then, still patiently waiting, into maturity? And

did he find, only when it was too late, how eagerly she would have answered his faltering question with a quiet "Yes"?

Almost I was glad that the other installments were missing. The chapter before me of the dear Margaret and her faithful friend kneeling before the little stone he had raised in her memory seemed story enough without any prelude of thwarted love and weary waiting of two separated hearts.

A beautiful sarcophagus carried on its flat top another unfinished story. High on the white surface was written the name of a wife, beloved in the admission of the deep carved lettering. Clearly it was placed high enough to allow for the name of the husband and perhaps (were there children?) of the children as they joined the dead wife. But the surface remained bare. No other lettering scarred its blankness with tale of death and of reunion in the grave and in eternity.

I read the date, 1865. A thousand suggestions occurred. Perhaps a battle in the last years of the Civil War meant that he was buried, that husband of hers, under a Southern sky. Perhaps growing success had taken him from the Brandywine to the large city. Perhaps there had been another wife who had not wanted her husband, even cold in death, to be re-

united with the wife who had preceded her. Perhaps. . . . Oh, there were so many chapters missing one could only guess. Is it any wonder that serials annoy us and keep us restless as they unwind their slow course?

Near this unfinished story stood another sarcophagus. Three women lay buried in solemn state beneath its white stone blanket. But living or dead, one boast was theirs. They were the near relatives of a splendid Irish Pastor in the Parish of Murhur, County Kerry, Ireland. Under their names, proudly they tell in full details that they were sister and nieces twain of his reverence. Ah, those were days when to be a priest was to be surrounded by the adulation and incense of a family. Those were the days when it was a proud thing to boast, even on a tomb, of blood relationship with an Irish pastor.

One tiny plot of almost alien ground seemed strangely out of place in this bit of transplanted Ireland. A quiet row of graves was topped with an unmistakably French name. It could not be really French, I argued. It was surely just one of those Irish warriors who went to France, took up French arms and French names the better to be revenged upon traitorous England.

But just a step beyond I found the stone that proved France, too, had sent her Catholic sons and daughters to this corner of Delaware.

"Marie Rose, Epouse de Louis Boubel, nee à Sotzeling, Loraine, France, le 20 Avril, 1857."

Our own Rose Marie, not of Canada but of the Brandywine.

I turned back toward the Church, meaning to say a prayer for those dead who rested so calmly under the shadow of the spire. The graveyard was deserted now save for a black-and-white cat curled in a warm ball in the hollow made by a slightly sunken grave. Yet, as I turned away, my eye fell suddenly upon a stone I had missed—solitary, white, almost defiant. I read and reread its carved words, hardly credulous. Then reverently I lifted my hat and stooped to pray for what suddenly seemed to me the bravest man in all that band of the brave dead.

For here, surrounded by the men of Kerry and of Clare, of Tipperary and Donegal, the fighting Irish from heroic Ireland, lay at peace with his fellows and with the Cross of Christ on his tomb, the man whose epitaph read:

"Thomas Rowe, A Native of England."

ON THE OPEN ROAD

By Charles F. Ferguson

THERE is a fascination about the wanderer. Respectable citizens may look askance at the hobo or gipsy and their penal laws treat them harshly, but in their hearts they will often envy them. Their freedom from the cares which beset the stay-at-homes looks delightful—especially on those days when the weather invites us to leave the noisy street and busy office for the open country. When the expensive car flashes by the tramp boiling his coffee in an old tin by the roadside, it is more likely that the occupant of the car covets the simplicity of the *al fresco* meal than that the wayside lounge casts longing eyes at the luxury of the car. The literature of the "Open Road," as our poets call it, is plentiful. It shows that modern man is not entirely civilized; there is still a corner in his heart where the love of things primitive survives. At least it may be said that he has moments when he would fain escape from the Babylons he has built with such labor.

The life of the road in actual experience is not, of course, quite as romantic as the poets would have us imagine. I speak as an ex-hobo who has painful memories still

of what a long tramp on an empty stomach means. I am also willing to acknowledge, as the result of testing the two methods of travel, that "riding the rods" is not as comfortable as lounging in a saloon car, and that a hotel bed makes better sleeping quarters than the buffers of a freight. I know an English poet who has written his reminiscences as a hobo in the States and they make good reading. He confessed to me once that he was afraid he was becoming too respectable. For all that, however, he shows no disposition to go back to his wandering, homeless life. Perhaps that is because, in jumping from a freight-car, he lost a leg.

I often jumped from freight-cars in the old days, but I did not lose a leg. That may account for the fact that, in spite of its discomforts, I do sometimes wish I could return to my tin-can period. I have restless moods when I hear the wind stir in the woods and great stretches of country road unfold before me. I can't set out on my travels again because I am getting old. There is also a deeper reason. Youth is irresponsible. It is not too heavily burdened with a sense of obligation.

The why and wherefore of our existence do not trouble it over-much. The need of rendering an account of our time to our Creator and of serving our fellows in some useful capacity does not weigh seriously with it. It is content with the philosophy of Kipling's tramp-royal:

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,
So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it all,
The different ways that different things
are done,
An' men an' women lovin' in this world—
Takin' our chances as they come along,
An' when they ain't pretendin' they are
good?

Therefore from job to job I've moved
along.
Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was
done,
For something in my 'ead upset me all,
Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good,
An', out at sea, be'eld the dock lights die,
An' met my mate—the wind that tramps
the world.

BUT that mood passes. One has to turn one's life to some account. Serious thoughts interrupt this pleasant irresponsibility.

bility. And so it comes to pass that, in many cases, we old hoboes settle down and become outwardly indistinguishable from others. But, as I say, the wanderlust remains.

My problem, therefore, was this: would it be possible in any way to combine the more serious view of life which, in later days, had come to me with the old simplicity and freedom? The ideal—I thought—was a sort of religious tramp, a man who had taken to the road for the love of God. The Church consecrated to its own service many different modes of life—the Crusades enlisted feudal militarism, religious art has employed genius formerly bestowed on pagan subjects—could it consecrate the mood that makes men wanderers? Christianity is surely not bound up with the sedate occupations of home-staying citizens; it is not to be confused with respectability. It must somehow and somewhere give an outlet to the picnicking spirit.

We are too apt to think that religion is a matter of dull conformity with ordinary social usage. It looked as though, in acknowledging God's authority over me, I had been caught in a trap, committed to a conventional existence from which all the joy of vagabondage was excluded. But this, I felt, could scarcely be right. Does not Catholicism respect every phase of human nature and make allowance for all our varied instincts?

THEN, when I was pondering this problem, I came one day upon an old book containing the songs of a thirteenth-century Italian poet. And as I opened it I caught once again the unmistakable whiff of the Open Road. It was the breath of freedom with its intoxicating joyfulness. Whoever he was, the man was familiar with the conditions of tramping. True, he lived in the soft Umbrian air. His wanderings were among some of the loveliest scenes this earth has to show. But, though he lived in other days and his path lay through a countryside I have never known, the fact that he belonged to the company of Wayfarers overcame all differences and made him my kinsman.

Here is, in part, one of the songs he used to sing as he tramped the roads of that medieval world:

France and England are my dower,
Between the seas I wield great power;
Yet no cruel wars me devour,
Nor nations envy me.

Mine is all the Saxon land;
Mine is all the Gascon land;
Burgundy I hold in my hand
And all of Normandy.

* * *

My vassals wait upon my will;
All my vast lands for me they till.
My crops and fruits their garners fill—
So great my courtesy.

River and lake and sea and spring,
Fish in the lake clear swimming,
Hurrying winds and birds on the wing,
I have in my treasury.

Sun, moon, sky, and stars of night
Are mine, all mine, dear delight.
Hearken there up in the height
My singers sing for me.

Now since its pleased the King of kings
To make me lord o'er many things,
To heaven I mount on lusty wings.
My path is straight and free."

The man, I found, was a follower of Saint Francis of Assisi—Jacopone da Todi his name. He had at one time studied law in Bologna and practised it in his native city of Todi. A highly successful man of the world figuring largely in civic functions, luxurious in his tastes, extravagant in his spending, and in order to secure the means for this prodigality, unscrupulous in his profession! Then a domestic tragedy shattered his world and for awhile unbalanced his mind. He turned tramp.

NOT the aimless sort of tramp we are familiar with. It was his renunciation of all he had once loved which made him betake himself to the Road. Christ in all His human poverty had revealed Himself to this prosperous citizen and sent him singing through the towns and villages of Umbria and beyond. He scattered his wealth, gave up his profession and, as far as he could, forgot his learning. Hereafter he was to be "Christ's Fool." This mode of life proved a thousand times more joyful than the old. Hear him chanting the happiness of his new-found treasure

Poverty, how sad he goes
Who the lust of riches knows!
Hear him groan; the man of woes
Can ne'er consoled be.

Poverty has no pay,
But free of hand gives all away;
Makes no hoarding for to-day,
Nor for the days to be.

Light her footstep by the way,
Never frowning, ever gay;
To stranger lands she fares away,
Lacking all and free.

It was not only his material possessions which Jacopone gave up. As I said, he tried to forget his intellectual acquisitions. He would become one of the "simple ones" of the earth, such as those at whom village boys fling mud. Everywhere at first he was hailed as a well-meaning idiot. Then behind his folly men perceived something of that Eternal Wisdom which had made the son of Bernadone a homeless friar and which had once, in human form, tramped the roads of Palestine. Jacopone, as he went, not only sang such songs as I have quoted. He could carol blithely of higher themes, and at Christmastide those who for amuse-

ment gathered round this "jongleur of God" might hear him sing:

Sure, ne'er hath been
Such court'sy seen
'Mong mortal men. Today
The Omnipotent
His only Son hath sent,
Our ransom for to pay.
Now since he's here,
Show your heart's cheer
And high content.
Feasting is meet
The little King to greet
That's come with us to stay.
Give now your thought and care.
Prepare, prepare;
Make ready for your guest . . .

Yet more

We owe than meat.
One gift at your King's feet
Lay now. I mean
A heart full to the brim
Of love, and all for Him,
And from all envy clean.

Jacopone's verse is not finished; he had great contempt for the poetlings of his day with their rondels and canzons. He sang in rough measures, but with a touching simplicity which won the hearts of common folk. It was not long before his songs were being sung everywhere. Peasants as they tended their vines, shepherders, and weavers at work in their cottages repeated his homely verses. It was not only that such high themes had been set to popular melodies in the vernacular, but there was a holy daring in this wandering poet by which he escaped from conventionality and gave fresh, realistic expression to his joy. He is credited with the authorship of the *Stabat Mater*, that great Hymn of the Church, so that it was not ignorance which made him write in the language of the people, but just this affection, so plainly evident, for simple folk.

I HAVE not space in which to quote more from him, and, indeed, it is not my object to speak of him as a poet. It is because, when I read him, he takes me back to the Open Road that I love him. We walk that Road now, he and I, not as mere idle wanderers, irresponsible rebels against an ordered society, vagrants regarding the world as a spectacle for their pleasure, but as companions of that Divine Wanderer Who had not where to lay His head.

In His company we find a freedom we never found before. The camp-fire burns more brightly because He sits by it. The morning breeze is fresher, and the birds sing more merrily because we share His joy in these things. It is a great thing—even though one's wayfaring be only in imagination and through the medium of an old, thirteenth century poet, to foot it from one unknown village to another in the company of the Peasant of Nazareth Who is God.

THE FOURTH STATION

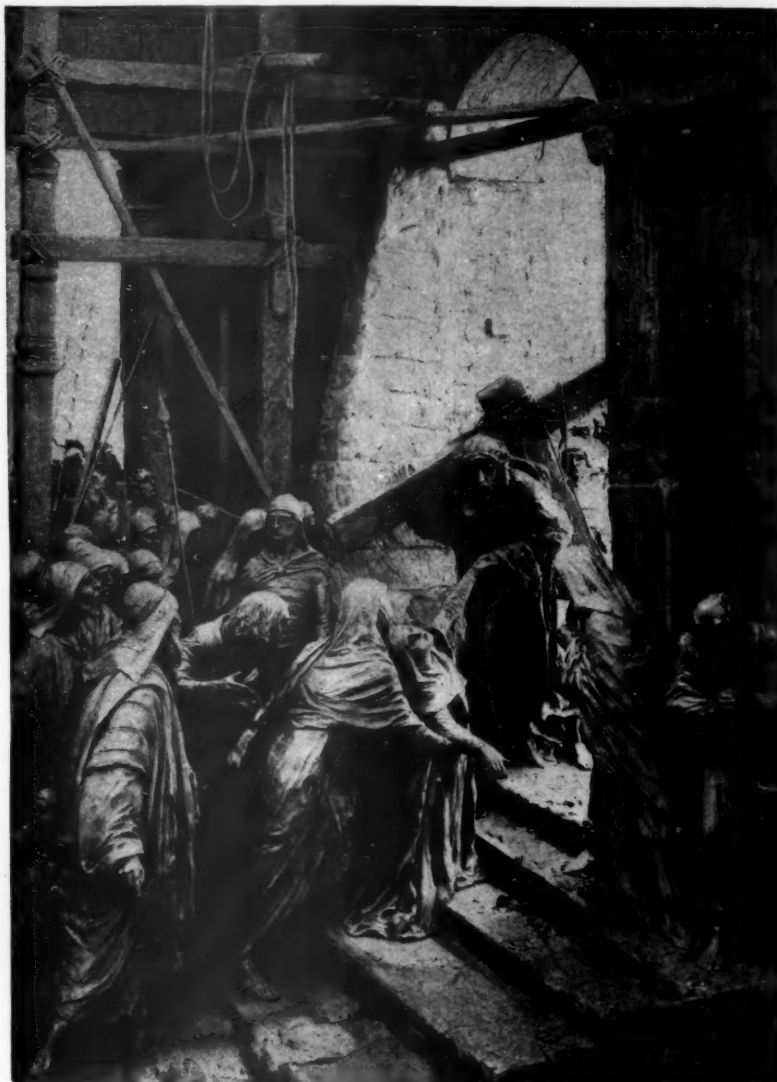
*The Sixth of a Series
of Devotional Papers
on the Stations of the
Cross*

By Hugh F.
Blunt, LL.D.

ALTHOUGH there is no reference in the Gospels to the participation of Our Lady in the tragedy of the Passion until Jesus is crucified on Calvary, it would be a mistake to decide therefore that she was a stranger to all that occurred between Gethsemani and Golgotha.

No one was so interested as she in the work of Jesus. Some writers have liked to believe that on the night of the institution of the Holy Eucharist she and other holy women were in a room adjoining the Cenacle and received Holy Communion on that occasion. It is a poetic thought and a devotional one, but there is no real authority for the belief. But even though she was not present in the Cenacle, it is only common-sense to believe that after the arrest of her Son in the Garden and His several trials she was appraised of the turn of events by some of her many friends in Jerusalem. It requires no stretch of probability to maintain that at least she was among the crowd that surged about Pilate's house watching the quick developments in the trial and condemnation of Jesus.

Everybody else was there. The news had spread like wild-fire. She who was the most deeply interested in her Son, who kept her ears intent for every whisper about Him, would not be very likely to be hidden where news about Him could not reach her. She must have been there at the scene of the trial, must have beheld the face of Jesus in its setting of thorns when Pilate proclaimed his *Ecce Homo*, "Behold the Man!" She must have seen through her tears the blood that streamed adown His cheeks; must have seen Him come forth into the court, dragging over the pavement the instrument of His death. It was one of her deep agonies that she could be only a by-stander, that she was hemmed in by the struggling mob, pushed forward and back, unable to get out of the crowd, unable to go to Him in this His dire need. If she could only bring Him comfort! But He must tread the wine-press alone, and a wine-press of blood it was.



JESUS MEETS HIS MOTHER ON THE WAY TO CALVARY

She must have seen, too, the beginning of the procession as it plodded through the gateway, and would have rushed to His side only that the brutal men shoved her aside. There He was gone on ahead. The mighty throng at His heels, the throng closing in between Him and her, and perhaps she would never see Him again. But she was to see Him again before He reached Calvary. The beautiful old tradition has it this way. And it is a very credible tradition. The story is that Mary, assisted by some of the holy women, and with John to protect her and them, was at the palace at the moment the procession started for Calvary. So great was the mob that it was impossible for them to come near Him, so, as the death-march

proceeded through the forum and to the gate of the city, John bethought him of taking a short cut by another route in order to head off the procession as it would come down the hill to cross the ravine.

WITH gentle firmness he took Our Lady's arm and, followed by the holy women, led her through the stragglers that brought up the end of the march, down the hill through streets now quite deserted, until they reached the square, or angle, where the main road, running north and south, met the cross road over which Jesus was being led. They were in time. The procession was still in the distance.

There they waited, the Mother of God trembling with eager love and poignant

grief. In that moment she perhaps thought of the prophecy of Simeon in the distant days when her Son was a baby: "And thine own soul a sword shall pierce." Three swords of dolor she now carried in her breast, the first when he made his prophecy, the second that which came with the flight into Egypt, and the third that which she endured when at the age of twelve Jesus was lost in Jerusalem.

SHE was well used to sorrow but she knew that the greatest portion was yet in store for her. The fourth sword was even at this moment hanging over her by a single thread. She waited, waited, counting the moments, peering up the street, catching the sight of the flashing harness of the horses, the glinting uniforms of the soldiers, the gay colors, the drab colors of the garments of the human tide that rolled along, and there in the midst of it the protruding beam of the cross that indicated where her treasure of the world was being driven to His death.

She heard the roar of human voices, thundering voices of hate and blasphemy. Onward it all came, nearer, yet nearer. Men and women surged by her, the horses almost trampled her down; she heeded them all not a bit; she had thoughts and eyes only for the central Figure in the tragedy. The shadow of the cross fell upon her. She called: "My Son!" Jesus looked at her. And at that moment the thread broke and the fourth sword plunged into her very soul.

A sword plunged into her soul—a sharp, two-edged sword—but a thousand new swords at that moment cut into the heart of Jesus. Every line of anguish on her face, every tear that fell from her eyes, every sob that shook her, every compassionating word of love that gushed from her lips, was a sword of excruciating agony.

So near she was and yet so far. So near that she could but take a step and be able to fold Him in her arms and soothe Him in His pain. But it was not a crowd to endure sympathy. No time for such foolishness! No heroics that might possibly arouse the pity of any onlookers. They were not going to take any chances of His being rescued, they had dallied long enough. They would never get to Calvary. Drive Him on. Push her out of the way. There, I told you, look at Him. He's stumbling. There, He's fallen.

It is the old tradition that the first fall of Jesus happened at the place where He met His mother. There is also a tradition that St. Helena, in order to honor the sad event of the meeting of Mary and Jesus, had a chapel erected there, and that it was called the Church of Our Lady of the Spasm because of the fact that the sorrow of Mary was so great that she fainted away. Whatever we may believe of the erection of the church there—and there is no reason to doubt it—it cannot be believed that Our Lady lost consciousness. No commentator will admit that she ever

lost consciousness during the whole time of the Passion. She was too brave for that. She was to share in the sufferings of her Son from first to last, even at His side in spirit. No doubt her presence there had been a blow to Jesus, and the sight of Him had been a blow to her, but she never flinched under it.

The apocryphal *Gospel of Nicodemus*, which gathers up the tradition, has a thrilling description of it, even though it falls into the exaggeration of the "Spasm" idea. It runs: "Of His disciples, therefore, John followed Him there. Then he came fleeing to the Mother of God, and said to her: 'Where has thou been, that thou hast not come to see what has happened?' She answered, 'What is it that has happened?' John says, 'Know that the Jews have laid hold of my Master, and are taking Him away to crucify Him.' Hearing this, His mother cried out with a loud voice, saying: 'My Son, my Son, what evil, then, hast Thou done, that they are taking Thee away to crucify Thee?' And she rose up as if blinded, and goes along the road weeping. And women followed her, Martha and Mary Magdalene and Salome, and other virgins. And John also was with her. When, therefore, they came to the multitude of the crowd the Mother of God says to John, 'Where is my Son?' John says, 'Seest thou Him bearing the crown of thorns, and having His hands bound?' And the Mother of God, hearing this, and seeing Him, fainted, and fell backwards to the ground, and lay a considerable time. And the women, as many as followed her, stood round her and wept. And as soon as she revived and rose up, she cried out with a loud voice, 'My Lord, my Son, where has the beauty of Thy form sunk? How shall I endure to see Thee suffering such things?' And thus saying, she tore her face with her nails, and beat her breast. 'Where are they gone,' said she, 'the good deeds which thou didst in Judea? What evil hast Thou done to the

Jews?' The Jews, then, seeing her thus lamenting and crying, came and drove her from the road; but she would not flee, but remained, saying, 'Kill me first, ye lawless Jews.'"

But this account, though exaggerated and unworthy of the dignity of Mary, bears out the fact of the old tradition of the meeting. The old church, built by St. Helena, fell into ruins in the thirteenth century. The Mohammedans had tried to obliterate the memory, but the tradition still persisted. In after times the walls of the ruined church were discovered, and it was proved that they went back to at least the fifth century. Today the Catholic Armenians possess the sacred spot. They have marked the site with a poetic, a touching memorial. A mosaic pavement has been laid, and on a white space surrounded by a mosaic border is made the impression of two small sandals pointing in the direction of the cross-road where Mary met Jesus on His sorrowful journey.

WE recall the heart-breaking meeting of Blessed Thomas More with his dear daughter Meg as he went to execution; we recall the mother of the Machabees as she beheld her sons killed before her eyes. But poignant as these incidents are, they are but the shadows of grief compared with the anguish of Mary as she beheld her Son and her God crushing down against the cobblestones. The Man of Sorrows met the Mother of Sorrows.

"Take up your cross and follow Me," had Jesus said. And the glory of Mary is that she was the first to do it, and on the very day on which the cross came into its own.

How beautifully Chateaubriand speaks of this incident of the meeting. "Eighteen centuries passed over, persecutions without end, unceasing revolutions, ruins piled up, and still ever increasing, have not been able to efface or conceal the trace of this Divine Mother weeping for her Son!"

A Question of Sacrifices

{For Margaret}

Sister Mary Eulalia

ALIGHT comes in your face, a sudden glow,
And in your yearning eyes, a dream takes fire,
Caught from the embers of your youth's desire:
To take the highway for the King, to know
The world's far end, and farther ends to go
To seek the lambs and sheep among the brier,
And rescue unloved infants from the mire,
Or, pray in cloister, if He willed it so.

You were not destined to reclaim the young,
Or help in pastures where the lambs are fed,
Or keep the watch while matin psalms are sung,
Or comfort hearts whose sighs are for the dead.
You gave your life to her who gave you birth,
Your hands held out her last white peace on earth.

THE EAGLE *and the* SPARROW

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

THE blue eagle is flying over the United States. And, where his magic wings touch, there rises smoke from the chimneys, there rolls money into hitherto empty pockets; there drips oil on speeding-up machines, there grow hope and faith and confidence. In cold figures, 2,500,000 men have been given employment since the eagle started its flight, business activity has gained 40 per cent, payrolls have been bolstered around 15 per cent, prices have risen 50 per cent, the Government has already expended about one billion dollars out of its \$3,300,000,000 fund for public works, and so the improvement goes on all through the rank and file of American business.

Are the old times coming back? Is there to be the prosperity which we remember so well as the sky-rocketing affair of the post-War period? Is the American business man staging his come-back after a trying three-year period of low prices and crowded shelves?

To ask these questions is to deny them. If we have prosperity just around the corner, it will be a different one. If there is a come-back, it will not be that of the American business man. If prices will go up, they certainly will be no sky-rockets. There is a reason for it: it is not American business genius or the old pioneering spirit which furnishes right now the motive power. It is the Government, or rather one man in that Government: President Roosevelt.

It will be remembered that during the Presidential campaign Franklin D. Roosevelt was mighty careful not to say too much about a New Deal, or economic planning, or Government control of private business. The opposition was quick in using this strange silence for its own advantage. In fact, whatever votes President Hoover got were given to him on the ground that Roosevelt had no definite economic program. Hoover, at least, had some effort to show on his part.

If he failed, nevertheless, it may be due to the fact that his government stuck fast to the "leave-business-alone" tradition of 150 years. This business has been glorified in recent decades more than the Government. It has truly been the golden eagle which led, as in Caesar's time, the dollar legions onto the world's battlefields. They came, they saw, they conquered. Coolidge glorified the proud business banner of Uncle Sam. Hoover upheld rugged individualism. Roosevelt is about to tear up the old standard, replacing it with the

blue eagle of the NRA which obeys the Government and watches business, be that private or corporate, with eagle eyes.

HERE we come to the sparrows. It is the manufacturer, large and small, the big financier and the country banker, the railroad president and the shopkeeper, the independent farmer and the gas station operator who come under this classification. As a matter of plain history, they, their fathers and grandfathers have neither known restraint nor recognized authority in developing their country. They have built and sown and manufactured because that was the progressive (and the profitable) thing to do. They were lions; now they are mice.

The Government, on the other hand, has always been treated as the proverbial sparrow. In good times, who would care about the Government? In bad times, everybody complained about it, its taxes, its meddling with business and private activity. Only when an emergency arose, only then would come the call for Government leadership. Few and far between were those times, under Washington and Lincoln, under Cleveland, "Teddy" Roosevelt and Wilson. Ordinarily, the sparrow would modestly, if not timidly, hide beneath the all-powerful wings of the independence of American business spirit.

Today, they have changed rôles. The sparrow has grown into eagle-like strength. Business is, if only temporarily, controlled by the Government. The farmer plows in one-third of the cotton crop because Washington demands it. General Johnson, Recovery Administrator, raises his voice, and millions of men are put back to work, with hundreds of millions of dollars added to the nation's annual payroll. Strikes are settled with the help of Government intervention. Prices are going up when Washington waves the green light; if they go down, the Government turns on the red light, and they stop.

It is a remarkable change. And it is essential for a clear understanding of the situation to remember that an emergency is responsible for this change in Government attitude on the one hand, and in individual attitude on the other hand. A low ebb of business for three years has disarmed the independent spirit of pauper and president. At the same time, it has furnished the weapon for "Government in business."

So far, so good. But here is the rub. If this whole thing of the Recovery Act, re-

employment program and production control, is growing out of an emergency—and who could deny that it is?—then it is a temporary affair. Then there is nothing definite about it. Then the wonderful spirit of coöperation is only temporary, too. Then the manufacturers and bankers and executives and workmen are willing simply because they are forced to be willing, forced by the disastrous results of a depression that left them deep in red ink. Then, most important of all, the good that comes out of the emergency will hold true only as long as the emergency exists. And when the causes are removed which have brought about the desperate conditions of a year ago, then our willingness to put our fate into the hands of the Government will be removed with the same ridiculous ease.

It may be well to recall the three things that made the emergency: shrinking prices and profits, subsequent slowing-down of business activity, and last, but by no means least, wide-spread fear to lose (be that employment or the profits of the past). These three factors are the very things which the Recovery Act attempts to straighten out. We are witnessing rising prices, expanding profits, speeding-up of business activity and, last but by no means least, old-fashioned greed. President Roosevelt wants to remove these fundamental causes for the existing emergency. The all-important question, then, is this: Can he remove low prices without challenging the "sacred" human trait of profiteering? Can he speed up business activity without preventing the come-back of over-expansion, of excess-production, of industrial waste? Can he imbue us with new hope and confidence without awakening at the same time greed and avarice?

If he can, this would be, to my way of thinking, by far the greatest human achievement since the birth of Christianity. For it would establish a new conception of civilization. It would substitute faith for falsehood, and love for lies. Hence we would use "coöperation" in the place of "competition," and modest gain would replace selfish profits. Instead of producing for our own pockets, we would make things for mankind and, instead of counting the cold cash, we would count satisfaction in terms of net-yield. The true test for the New Deal, then, will come when improved conditions will put up the question: HOW WILL HUMAN NATURE REACT when it is challenged by greed and surrounded by profits?

WOMAN TO WOMAN

By

Katherine Burton

I HAVE heard and read until I am weary the wails of the girl who comes to a big city to make good, does so, and now spends a fair share of her time going around and telling how lonely she is and how she picked the wrong thing, and she wants a home and husband and babies. She worked herself up from a hall bedroom and a tiny job to a peach of an apartment and silver fox furs and bonds salted away. She deserves all these things, of course, for she earned them herself. Her own brains, her own hands, made her success. But is she satisfied?

One sob sister after another chronicles the poor-little-rich-business girl's sad tale nowadays. What she wants is little fingers clinging to hers. She wants a masculine step coming up the walk or into the foyer at night. She wants the love she missed out on while she was working hard to establish herself in the world. Yes?

I have little patience with these wails. Why? Because these girls deliberately chose to be successful and often put aside the boy they might have married and with whom they might have built up a modest home. They don't seem to realize that there is just one thing the matter with them—they are selfish and the selfishness which hurt them at the start is what is wrong with them now too.

Croup-kettle parties are not nearly so much fun as cocktail parties, but there is a lot of difference between one's feeling the day after a party of the latter sort and one's feeling when the croupy baby is well again.

I was listening to one of these wailers the other day—a girl with a fine job bemoaning the emptiness of her life. She wore a French frock and a smart hat. Her apartment is charming, but unfortunately there is no one to live in it but herself and that does get monotonous, for you know yourself too well not to become bored at times with that person. And you can't keep up a pleasant deceit about it either unless you are so neurotic you don't know you're doing it. But this woman's unhappiness was real—no histrionics, no affectation, and yet—

Well, I had had a letter that afternoon from a woman whom the Red Cross in our neighborhood calls my pet case. Her husband has been out of work for ten months. There are four children. The Red Cross gives them their milk and tries to outfit them in contributed clothing. The county provides \$7 a week toward groceries and rent. The small three rooms are heated only by an antique gas stove. I know all these things—the letter did not mention them. What she wanted to tell me was that a neighbor had let her take a snapshot with her camera—a picture of the children—and here was the copy they had made for me. Did I notice how big Jimmy

was getting? And Rose—she was back from the hospital and they guessed the T.B. was checked. It was so nice to be all together again.

You see, don't you?

FROM one of the letters of D. H. Lawrence, the novelist, we cull the following: "As for myself, I've been in bed with bronchial trouble. But I'm better, and we're going to Austria tomorrow—D.V.—whoever D. may be."

Poor Lawrence! He wanted so much all his short life to know who D. was, but he never quite won the courage or attained the abandon to try to find out.

ONE idea after the other is routed by the ethnologists. This time it is the Rev. John M. Cooper, of the Catholic University of America, who tells us that the position of woman in the Stone Age was apparently quite good and that there never were any cavemen at all of the drag-'em-around variety: they were gentle and kind, though not exactly for ethical reasons. The cave ladies were pretty husky themselves, and might have bashed 'em if they got rough, and then, as now, self-preservation came first. Another theory gone—and what will the movies do now after all the money they have spent training actors to be cavemen?

I HAVE a friend who thinks she is a martyr. In fact, she realizes perfectly well that right now she is adorned with a martyr's crown on her pretty hair. The funny thing is that the people on whom a martyr's crown looks just right and fits usually don't know they are wearing them. It sits up straight and belongs there though the person who is adorned with it is so busy she doesn't notice it is on her head at all! And the ones who love her think it looks more like a halo anyway.

But the martyr who just knows she wears one—good Lord, deliver us from her! And it will take a good long litany to exorcise her too, for she wants to inherit the earth and the martyrdom and us too. She puts on her crown more carefully than a flapper her lipstick and with as much vanity too. Every morning she adjusts it carefully and I shouldn't be surprised if she slept with it on at night. And from her drawn lips and her tired eyes you know the thing must be heavy. But will she take it off? Indeed she won't. She is going to meet her God in it and show Him she has done her duty.

Now there is a possibility that she made

the crown herself and out of earthly materials. Maybe that is why it is so heavy. Martyrs who don't realize that they are martyrs wear crowns that come from inside, that are part of themselves like their pleasant smiles and the work of their willing hands. I wonder if perhaps God Who is interested a lot in the spirit will see only the unconscious martyr's crown when both kinds get to Heaven—and then the conscious martyr will have to leave hers behind, along with her other earthly possessions.

TO ME there is something extremely painful about the too free use of electricity in churches. To light them up with it is fine, but when it is used too close to the altar it becomes something almost vulgar.

For instance, last summer at the church I attended I was amazed to find as I looked at the altar lamp that it held a bulb and not oil. I have learned since, from someone who knows, that this is not permitted, but that during the war the belligerent countries which could not get pure wax candles or oil were allowed to use this or something else as a substitute. The war is long over however, and I am sure it never affected this church anyway. It must be lazymindedness on the part of those who have the church in charge.

I remember when I read of the Septenary celebrations on Saint Francis' holy hill, I had the same shock on reading how they commemorated the lovely occasion when Saint Francis and Saint Clare met and the whole hill was illuminated by light from the two Saints—by illuminating the hill with electricity! There seems something extremely unluminous about minds that can do a thing like that.

These things came to my mind when I read that in the new chapel at Notre Dame they are installing red and green lights at the confessionals. Apparently the red light will mean that the sinner is to beware and enter, and the green one will show that another soul is safe to proceed on its way again! Somehow there is something ludicrous about it—like an attempt to meet the demands of the age in speeding up everything, even religion.

I READ a story the other day about a woman who said that when she was a little girl and her mother punished her she would begin to sing in a sad little treble the hymn: "There's a home for little children beyond the bright blue sky"—and this always brought mother around rapidly. I think all of us can name at least one grown-up who sings in a similar vein when she wants her way or thinks things are not going the way that she thinks they should. The trick nearly always works too, unfortunately.

UNTIL ETERNITY

A Collection of Letters to a Dead Priest

February 20, 1933

SINCE it will never again be possible to talk to you, I am going to write the thoughts I cannot speak until eternity. There are many things it would be nice for your friends to say to you if they could. We should like to tell you the spiritual experiences of this year since you have left us. And especially we should like to talk to you about what your dying did to us. You would be interested in that. You would like to know how we took that experience. It is no light thing to measure up to death when it takes away one on whom we have so greatly depended.

It was less hard, I think, to meet the final moment when it came, than to know how dreadfully you suffered until then and to hope against hope that the doctors would be able to check your disease as they had done once before. Perhaps your other friends were braver. I do not know. But forgive me that I found those days of suspense before you died too hard to bear. It might not have been so if I could really have believed you would get well. But I could not. Something within me refused to have faith in that. It was partly, I think, because I did not see how it was possible for you to make over again such a fight for health as we had seen you make before. That seemed more than should be asked of you, something beyond human capacity.

Yes, those days of uncertainty were worse than the night you died. And it was very hard later, when the panoply of death was over, the hushed watching beside you faded in the darkened parlor, and the great mass said while your vested body lay high on the catafalque, God's priest before His altar for the last time. There was majesty in that to overwhelm our personal grief and we it into silence. We were sustained by solemnity. But afterwards there were all the long-established habits to be unlearned, the accustomed counsel become suddenly inaccessible, the inexhaustible interest in our affairs withdrawn, and life to be resumed with a great influence gone, a great confessor and a great friend dead. He never spoke to me with his lips. He spoke with his heart," one of your friends said of you. It was that we missed so irreparably.

February 25, 1933

THE train is climbing up the mountains. In another hour we will pull into the little city where you were born and where your mother still lives and to

which you came home so often through the years. I saw it first last August when I came to see your mother and to visit your grave. Since then I have come frequently.

The first time I rode over these mountains, they hurt me frightfully. As I looked at them a refrain kept running through my head. The wheels turning on the tracks made it into a sort of rhythm: "Father used to ride over these mountains. And now he is dead. Father used to ride over these mountains. And now he is dead. Father used to ride over these mountains. And now he is dead."

You loved their beauty. And what thoughts you must have drawn from them of the power and infinite variety of God. I tried to imagine what those thoughts must have been. But all I heard was the refrain: "Now he is dead." One summer when you were at home, the bishop of that diocese told you he thought you were tired of high buildings and miles of pavements with no green things growing and were homesick for the hills and that he would give you a parish in them. If you had taken it perhaps you would still be walking up and down the hill roads of time. But you loved the city with its multifarious life, a "siren" you called it. And your work was here; nor could we now wish you back from those more beautiful hills and lovelier mountains and your perfected work in the eternity of which you dreamed.

Yet you were a particularly live person. You seemed too live to die. It was your radiant spirit, your acute sense of, and your eager response to, all the Divine meaning of life which made you wear an air of imperishableness in spite of your ill-health. One could not imagine the human corporeal instrument, which your spirit inhabited, unlit and unresponsive. It took a long time to learn that you were really dead. You did not seem gone. I spoke to Father Rhemma about it once and he said, "Yes, it is strange." And I? I could not quite comprehend that the little back door of the church would not open to admit you. And I more than half-expected you to walk down the aisle to your confessional on Saturday afternoons, wearing a grave, compassionate look. And sometimes I was almost afraid that I might go to the rectory door and ask for you, just to make sure you were not there, as children sometimes try to make certain about something they cannot believe. How astonished the maid who answered the bell would have been! She could not have understood that it was difficult to think of you as dead, that it took time to realize the fuller liveness you had put on.

When I went to the cemetery and saw the unhealed edges of the oblong of your grave and ran my fingers along them, my heart was incredulous. "These were not cut for Father Carroll," I said, "not for Father Carroll; for anybody else but not for him." I asked the caretaker where your head lay and where your feet. I stroked the grass and picked off the few dead leaves that had fallen on it, as if to find some little service to do for you. But you were not there to need our services. Only your broken body was there, with the quickness gone out of it, and your face unanswering and silent. Yet your lips are smiling. You went smiling into death. It was we, your friends, who cried.

February 26, 1933

YOUR mother and I are in the kitchen. She is getting some lunch and, since I cannot help her, I am sitting in the chair where you used to sit. The shawl you wore about your shoulders when you were at home sick and came down in the chilly mornings for your breakfast hangs over the chair-back. Everything is here except you. I cried terribly the first time I saw the things you abandoned when you went, mute testimony of you, the black suits, you left behind you and the Roman collars and the rabots, the apparel of your priesthood.

You never grew stale in your priesthood, never knew at first hand how familiarity and custom obscure the glory for some even of being priests and render them a little commonplace in their priesthood. You never for an instant forgot that you were in the "employ of Jesus Christ," an incredibly great employment. You always knew "who you were and what you had." Those words are your own. You used them of the Blessed Mother, a woman "who knew who she was and what she had." And you, too, were like that. You did not care for honors and prestige, as the world reckons those things, not even for ecclesiastical ones; but, Oh, you cared terribly about your work and you felt terribly the dignity of being a man of faith and an instrument in the hands of God. Because you belonged to Him, nothing could disconcert you, outwardly at least. Rudeness and insolence could not touch you but only the person who offered them. You drew about you the dignity of God Himself to confound the crude and shameless.

No one ever expressed the love of God and consecration to His cause with greater refinement of appreciation than you did in word and bearing and act. The most

ordinary things were illuminated with your love of God and ceased to be ordinary, God being in them. Your confessional was, as Father Gerald called it, "a trysting place for the love of God." In the confessional and out of it you kindled our hearts and minds from the fire in yours. You showed us that this life can be a house of delight because God is in it. You opened our ears so that the mere sound of His name became an ecstasy. We rose from our knees in confession filled with joy and went out into the streets afterwards oblivious of everything except that God loved us and we might dare to seek His friendship. I have seen that look of joy so often on the faces of people as they left your confessional. That was what you did as God's instrument—sent your penitents out to fly to God.

And how often the troubles we confided to you vanished, as it seemed miraculously, though you might not have answered a word when we named them. They were sometimes foolish, inconsequential troubles, too, which hardly anyone else would have bothered with. Like the time I told you I was tired of myself, physically as well as spiritually, and that I felt like hiding where no one would see my face because I was sick of my looks. It seems such a silly, childish thing to have said and to have bothered you about. But immediately after, two ladies smiled at me as I left the church and one of them said to the other: "What a sweet face that girl has."

That was the way you touched our lives, winning for them mysterious, unexpected little graces, as if you could not bear the least thing not to be made lovely with God and His gifts. Did your prayer obtain the tiny, individual graces, the little flowers of happiness for us? Or had your passing thoughts some strange, spiritual force, more potent than the physical phenomena that constitute impassible barriers to the rest of us?

March 1, 1933

THIS is Ash Wednesday, the first day of the first Lent you are keeping in Heaven. Remember me there. When Lent began last year, you had such a little while to live. You suspected it, I know. You who had already been so close to death could never forget its imminence, and it was made more apparent to you as you felt your strength failing. Three years before you had heard sentence passed on you when, so much against his will but overridden by your insistence, the doctor told you that you had only two more years to live. He commuted your sentence later and told you that if you would take care of yourself you had a lot of years of good work ahead of you. And you did wrest from life one more year than he first allotted you. But you knew. "If I die," you said. But I would not let you go on. I had not courage to hear you talk of dying. And now I am sorry. I wish I had taken the opportunity you offered to share in your

thoughts about dying. You were always so generous about sharing your inner life, and yet from that most important part I shut myself away, for I said, "Don't make me think of that." You answered very gently: "All right, but I have to think about it."

You tried toward the end, before you got so ill that you had to give up, to speak more indirectly. In the midst of talking about other things you said suddenly one day, "I wrote a poem and I will say it to you. And you remember it. You will remember it, won't you?" And I answered: "Why, of course." So you said the poem you called

PATIENCE

Death is the price I pay
In measure small each day,—
A thousand years, a thousand fears,
And Heaven far away.
Still must I crush unrest;
Why should my soul at once request
A sudden end of what remains for me?
'Tis better far
To bear the waiting hours as they are.
Too soon His face to see
Were stolen ecstasy.

It had come to you as words for an air you were composing on the piano. I tried to remember all the words exactly as you said them but they escaped me here and there. And one day, when I had come to see you in the hospital—in the beginning when you seemed to be more tired out than anything else and we thought you would be well again after a rest—I asked you to say the words again—slowly, so that I might write them down. You gave me a searching look, on the edge of refusal then, and asked, "What are you going to do with them?"

I know that my voice was a little disappointed and defensive as I answered that I wasn't going to do anything but keep them for myself. Then you dictated the lines and I wrote them down on a fragment of paper. When I had finished, you held out your hand for it. You wanted to see how they looked written down. You didn't seem satisfied and I was afraid I had made a mistake in the division of the lines. But when I asked you, you said no, it wasn't that, but some of the words might be changed. Particularly, you hesitated over the word "bear." "Bear the waiting hours," you said. "Don't you think it should be *live*?" I asked you which you really meant and you decided to let it stand as "bear." You were "bearing" then, I think, but you wanted to be *living* them for God, without fear or demur and to the full extent of your capacity, cost you what it might.

Those verses have been like a last testament from you—your admission of suffering and your affirmation that you wanted to die. Every word expressed the truth of your experience, for you were not intent on artistry but only on the content. I console myself when I read them now, remember-

ing that your disease had in it such terrible possibilities, so much worse than death. Obedient lover of God though you were, you must have known hours of black fear. The first time you were ill you lost your sight for weeks and after you were well again and could see, you sometimes had waking nightmare that you might not be able to see your nails, and you would look suddenly at your hands to reassure yourself.

I shall never forget the first time I saw you walking on the street while you were blind. It broke my heart. Father Rhema reminded me, when I was so hurt after you died, how worse than anything I had thought it to see you broken like that and helpless. So, for many reasons, your friends are reconciled to your being dead. We should not want to see you blind again or deprived of the beautiful function of your mind, as you might have been if the stroke, which threatened you, had come. And most of all we know that your sainthood was straining to be free. We could not wish it snared longer to this life, not the full vision, for which you longed, deferred a second time.

Feast of St. Joseph March 19, 1933

ON the day after the feast of St. Joseph last year, you said in his honor one of the Masses which you were accustomed to say each month for my intention in regard to your health. I hoped great things from those Masses and especially from this particular one, but every hope in every source was to meet defeat. That was the last Mass you ever said. In the afternoon you became really ill and two days later you went to the hospital.

Several weeks before, I had taken my courage in my hands and asked you a question I had been trying to ask for a long while—that you would let me, would even help me, to beg God to accept my health for yours. You might have responded in many different ways to disconcert me but, to my relief, you said that you would consider it. And on Palm Sunday eve, the afternoon of the Feast of St. Joseph, I asked you about it again, begging for permission to do it then.

"I'd like to wait," you said, "until the very end of Lent. Can't you wait just one week more? That isn't very long."

Something told me to say "no," some inner compulsion warned me. But, ignoring that silent voice, I answered that I could wait if you would surely let me do it at the end of the week.

And you said: "Yes, we will do it then. Don't worry."

But I never came to confession to you again. You had finished hearing confessions forever that day.

When I left the confessional, I was not satisfied and the next morning, driven by something I could not resist and cannot explain, I sought you out. "I can't wait,

I told you, "I don't want to wait." But you smiled and shook your head and said we would stick to our agreement. How I regretted afterwards that I had not pleaded my cause with such urgency as to win. My own spirit had tried to show me and I had let myself be put off. If, on the contrary, I had won! If I had! Even now I ask myself who could tell. Any agreement you let a soul make with God had better not be lightly entered into. I did ask God the great favor a few days later but my petition was not granted.

I hoped ardently that it would be, a month afterward, while you fought your losing battle for life. Only my blind and eager heart could have made me so credulous, so bold, as to offer myself to God in exchange for one of His holiest. He must have seen the joke and laughed in Heaven as others would have laughed here if they could have read my thoughts. With what absurd seriousness I scrutinized my health which, as it happened, was wretched at that time. How I hoped the physical discomforts from which I was suffering would prove to be the onset of the illness that would set you free. How I tried to put my own spiritual house in order, in case—but I cannot finish that sentence. The thought is too fantastically far from the fact.

And all the while my inner self knew that it was my own way, my own release from pain I wanted in this extravagant thing. At the end, when it began to be clear that you were going to die, the admission of my wilfulness was torn from me. "If only I could be substituted," I cried to Father Rhemma. "But that is *my* will. That is *my* will." Father Rhemma looked at me so kindly as he answered, "Yes, and that is why it is a questionable thing to ask for—for you and for him, too."

Well, if it was questionable, the doubt was answered by Death who wrote an ineradicable period to your life on earth.

April 16, 1933

A YEAR ago today I put something in the storehouse of my mind to tell you when you should get well. Since you never did get well and I never had a chance to tell you I will write it to you. I have not yet inquired how to send my letters to Heaven but I feel sure that I can always entrust them safely to my carrier pigeons of prayer.

You know how badly I bear worry, how much better I can endure actual disaster than uncertainty; and so you can imagine my state of mind when day after day the hospital reported to us that there was no least change for the better in your condition. I called your nurse that afternoon and she said your temperature and blood-pressure were just as alarmingly high as they had been and that you were very uncomfortable. I walked up and down the room after that until I was too tired to stand. But when I tried to sit down I

could not stay quiet; and so I resumed the pacing, up and down, up and down; and all the while the tears were running down my face. I was trying to pray but I did not seem able to think of anything but the name of Jesus. At last I leaned against the wall and laid my face on it as if to get support from its solidity. "Let me love You as he loves You. Only let me love You as he loves You," I said to God. It was an act of acceptance, I suppose, coupled with the thought that if I could love Him enough, this would not hurt so much, and all expressed with the unprecision that one uses under strain.

Never was there more immediate and lovely answer to prayer. In the instant that it took to say the words, peace came to me. I was full of sweetness and forgot even that you were ill and knew only that I loved God and that He was with me. Where a moment before there had been only spiritual chaos and tortured nerves, there was sweetness and a sense of union with God and with you too. It obliterated everything else. I sat down relaxed and still. I find it difficult to make this clear even to you, but you will understand. It seemed as if my will were now one with God's and at the same time one with yours which had all along been wholly united to His. And so I felt closer to you than I should have been if I were in the room with you. I found you completely in the heart of Christ. Oh, you would have thought it worth much suffering that even for a moment such a thing could be.

The peace and sweetness did not vanish quickly. They were there all the afternoon and evening. I no longer felt the need of human companionship to help me over the hours and I regretted having asked Katherine to come later and stay with me. I should have preferred then to remain alone in God's company and yours. Yet her arrival did not shake me from the sweet content nor destroy the peace. And she could not understand how I, who an hour or so before had called her so urgently, was now so quiet and so calm.

April 30, 1933

I WILL not write to you today except to tell you that I am remembering. This is the day when you commended your spirit to God and died.

Trinity Sunday Eve, 1933

IT IS ten years ago tonight since you walked up the Cathedral aisle into my life. I saw and spoke to you for the first time. And last year, a month ago, you were carried down the Cathedral aisle and out of my sight forever, portentous times both of these, the one winged with joy and the other numb with sorrow.

Though I was tense and preoccupied with the question I meant to ask you that first night, I noticed every external thing about you. Details lodged in my con-

sciousness, heightened and unforgettable. I can name the little things themselves but cannot transmit the subliminal essence they had. That was your personality and the power of the moment. It is always so at the moments which usher in great events. The details which we note with the periphery of our attention assume magnified importance. They are glorified and made significant.

The spring was late and cold and you were still wearing your clerical cape. I noted how it swung back from your shoulders as you walked and how the metal chain which fastened it gleamed against the blackness of your cassock. There was beauty to me in that. I perceived the air of assurance and experience in your bearing. I saw that your skin was very fair and that your face looked both older and younger than I thought it should. That was due to the discrepancy between your hair and your years. Your hair should not have been so white. An augury, was it not, that in forty-six years you would have lived out your life, burned it out with a measure of work and a lavish expenditure of yourself that other men do not total in seventy-six years? To me you looked not unlike a bright angel as you moved up the aisle toward the high altar by which I waited.

In Heaven perhaps you make a grimace at my feminine extravagance in likening you to one of those pure spirits with whom you now have personal acquaintance. But you will not really mind, for even here, in your earthly tolerance, you would have submitted to look like an angel if that would help you to bring a soul to God.

And actually, it was a very seemly guise in which to appear to one waiting to ask you how to become a Catholic. A moment before you had been only a name to me, Father Carroll, the unknown—a name for which I had waited more than two hours while its possessor heard confessions. And then the name took shape. I had grown very impatient at the last and decided not to wait any longer for a name, but to speak to any priest who came. It was you, however, who came. And so the relationship began which was to bring me the faith and—unearned, unasked-for gratuity—your friendship, too.

You took my untutored soul and undisciplined self into your care that night never to let them go this side of death or—as I believe—beyond it. On the other side of life, where you have been for more than a year now, I am sure that you still shepherd your sheep with the Saints' strong crook of prayer. You were too loyal ever to let go. Not even mighty death could prevail against you there.

From the first encounter in the almost empty church, you took me under your wing as one of your own. You made me a child again. You made us all children, cherished, guarded, strengthened, purified, simplified and befriended. Corrected and

humbled, too, but always so tenderly that the humbling carried its own healing and had a spiritual beauty which made us say inwardly, "It is good for us to be here." You treated us like precious charges God had given into your possession and that must be held secure, must be defended even against ourselves if need be. You invested us with greater dignity than we had

ever known before because you were so aware of our dignity as children of God. You made our womanhood more lovely to us because you showed such reverence for it. And you so established your spiritual fatherhood.

In the course of years you played many rôles in my life. You were friend, teacher, guide, judge, family background, critic,

consoler, companion and inspiration. But one rôle was your great rôle, that of spiritual fatherhood. Now that you are dead, I am incredulous and repeatedly surprised that those years of your direction and friendship actually happened—and to me. They are not just astonishing and vivid day-dreams, but facts recorded in the pages of my own life story.

THE APPARITIONS AGAIN

The Eighth of Twelve Chapters in a New Life of Blessed Bernadette Soubirous

By Aileen Mary Clegg

OUR Lady had bound Bernadette to her by a bond of unspeakable love. At the same time she filled her, heart and mind and soul, with treasures of wisdom and strength. The poor little humble creature was to have a hard journey before her. She was to pay in suffering the price of her wonderful privileges. So Mary took her for a few brief marvelous moments before she would allow the signal to be given for the child's passion to begin.

"I do not promise," she warned her, "to make you happy in this world. . . ."

The revelation at Lourdes was thus, in its inception, an individual one. Afterwards the general revelation came. The message went first to a specially chosen soul. Afterwards, to all who had and shall have ears to hear. Every member of the crowd called, however fortuitously it may have seemed, to be witnesses to the interviews between the invisible Queen of Heaven and a little peasant girl had the revelation offered to her in a special fashion. The majority found proof enough for belief in the reflection of unseen beauty in a small ecstatic face. One prays that pride and self-interest led only a minority to a dishonest repudiation of a grace made to them so miraculously and so abundantly.

The first apparitions were, then, a period of preparation, not only in the soul of the one person to whom they were directly made, but, as well, in the souls of those who were present when they took place. In this way it came about that when at last the definite call for faith came it was received with the utmost eagerness, and though Bernadette was to have a hard time in many ways, she still could feel her own people were backing her up.

The Apparitions at Lourdes may be divided roughly into two periods, the division between them cutting across the

series of fifteen days. The first may be thought of as the period of preparation; the second, that of revelation.

In the early visits Our Lady seems to have been specially concerned to make Bernadette familiar with her . . . to make the child her friend. In the later ones she gave her work to do, confided a mission to her, used her as a messenger accredited with special powers to urge her will. Obviously a period of preparation had been necessary.

TO begin with, though Bernadette was only a child, she came of a peasant stock, cautious and hard-headed; and it is notable that though the Mother of God herself came to visit her in all the glory of her unimaginable beauty, there was never a moment when Bernadette was not still mistress of her own will . . . of her own soul. Then, too, being a peasant, she jumped to no conclusions. It is significant, for instance, that she did not once speak of the Vision as "Our Lady" until the Holy Church authorized her to do so. The Apparition, however it was named by others, was always "The Lady" to her. Imagine a less guarded soul in similar circumstances. Bernadette, however, was given such extraordinary gifts of humility, and she had such native common sense, that, instead of being ruined by pride at the thought that she was a focus of attention to Heaven and earth, her heart was always docile as a dove in Mary's hands. In this way she was safe, at once from the devil and from the changing winds of human opinion that went beating about her.

The first public manifestation of belief in Our Lady's presence was a tribute of candle flames. Ever since it has remained a special characteristic of devotion at

Lourdes. Those who have been there on a pilgrimage will always remember the Grotto as golden in the tremulous light of supplicating flames.

Bernadette, that exemplary Catholic, had early seized on the defensive measures of the Church to protect herself against possible wiles of the evil one . . . this, be it noted, in the very face of the heavenly beauty of the Mother of the Incarnate God. (Mary herself was seeing to it that there should be no loophole in the evidence.) So, in the first place, the child had her rosary with her. Her first gesture in the first moment of the first apparition was a sign of the cross. At the second apparition she had holy water; at the third, a candle blessed on Candlemas day in honor of Mary's immaculate purity. Then, later, others brought candles too, till Mary herself told Bernadette to leave one burning there.

Thus was the first official act accomplished that was to turn a wild cave by a mountain torrent into a shrine. Thus, too, was Bernadette's candle the precursor of a million humble tongues of earnest supplication, pleading for light in the darkness of uncountable tragic hearts.

THE Sixth Apparition may be considered the first in the later period. It fell on the first Sunday in Lent and it held a cry for help.

There had come a moment in this Apparition when Mary's gaze was lifted from the ecstatic head of her little lover to wander sadly from face to attentive face among the crowd. Bernadette could not endure to see her Lady sorrowful. She wept. The crowd was witness of her tears. And so was Mary, too, for her eyes sought those of the child again.

"Pray for sinners!" she said.

It was during the *Eighth Apparition* that Mary went further still in her prayer for help for sinners.

"*Penance! Penance! Penance!*" she cried, like one athirst.

She instructed Bernadette in an immediate form of satisfaction. . . . "For my own sins," said little innocent Bernadette, "and for others. . . ." She must kiss the earth. So she knelt at the foot of the slope by the river and then dragged herself up it, kissing the ground frequently as she made the ascent. Sometimes she would climb the slope several times in this fashion. Others imitated her, for she had made an imperious sign that the crowd must do penance too.

THE *Ninth Apparition*, on Thursday the 25th of February, held a notable and ever to be cherished revelation. It was that of the miraculous spring.

The child had been in ecstasy for a time when she was seen to rise from her knees and walk hesitatingly in the direction of the river. Then she turned her head towards the Grotto, as though asking a question from the Lady no one else could see. Evidently the answer was given her, for now she climbed resolutely to the back of the cave on the left hand, where sand and boulders almost touched the roof. Again she paused—seemed to search the soil—looked to the niche again, was reassured and, kneeling, began to scrape at the ground with her fingers. Slowly the hollow she dug began to fill with ooze.

She looked to the niche once more and then at the turbid puddle forming before her. At last she stooped, scooped up some of the muddy liquid in her hands, drank and bathed her face. Last of all she plucked a few leaves of cress that grew near-by and put them into her mouth. She regained her wonted place with her face still shining under the muddy streaks. A cry of pity went up from the watching multitude. They thought her out of her mind.

When the ecstasy was over they dispersed somberly. Even the child's friends carried a temptation to doubt in their hearts. Yet she herself had no slightest fear of the ultimate issue. She explained to those who took pains to question her, "The Lady told me to go and drink at the spring and to bathe my face in it, and to eat some of the plant growing there as well."

Next day the sight of the thin silver trickle of water making a wavering line downhill from the back of the cave towards the river, where there certainly had never been a stream before, gave the now excited people a further reason for talk. What on the previous day had seemed only wildly fantastic now began to appear convincingly reasonable. Bernadette's in comprehensible gestures now took their place in an ordered sequence. The importance of the new turn of events, it was soon realized, was inestimable.

This spring, the first fruit of these extraordinary conversations, was certainly miraculous, at least in the manner of its discovery. The whole neighborhood could testify to the fact. She had been sent to the exact spot where it lay concealed. She had laid it bare at that exact moment of time in the course of centuries when her searching fingers must encounter the first bubbling upthrust of these wonderful waters. The facts were beyond the reach of dreams. Yet they were true. The believing heart, once it had seized these facts, had only to beat again to pray that the waters might be miraculous in another fashion still. The little hollow was soon deepened by other fingers, imitating, as in every other gesture, the pattern set them by Bernadette. A blind man bathed his face in the water and he saw again. A dying baby whose mother had the faith to plunge it in the tiny piscina became well. And the sequence of the apparitions went on.

Now up to this moment the spiritual authorities at Lourdes had been discreetly silent. Obviously they were aware of all that was going on. Yet, through what at the time seemed an almost culpable casualness and was in reality wisdom inspired by Heaven itself, they had not made a single motion to interfere. The Parish Priest had merely forbidden his curates to meddle in the matter. They were not to follow Bernadette to the cave. Our Lady herself, however, was to draw them, of set purpose, into the controversy. On the 27th of February, a Saturday, during the *Eleventh Apparition*, she gave the following errand to Bernadette. . . .

"Go to the priests and tell them a chapel must be built here. . . ."

THE child, frankly, shrank at the command. She was so utterly humble that she did not think the clergy would know her. At catechism she sat among the backward children and even had she been the Mayor himself she might have hesitated to take such a message to the presbytery. For the Abbé Peyramale was as renowned for his cold brusqueness of manner as for the warmth of his heart.

Estrades thus describes that first interview. He had the details from the Parish Priest himself.

"Father Peyramale was in the garden, saying his Office. At the sound of the gate opening he looked up and saw a girl coming modestly and shyly towards him. When the child was near he stopped his prayers and asked her who she was and what she wanted.

"I am Bernadette Soubirous," she answered timidly.

"Ah! So it's you!" replied the priest, frowning, and looking her over from head to foot. I've been hearing queer stories about you, my girl. Come in."

"Once in the parlor Father Peyramale turned to her.

"Well, now, what is it you want?"

"Bernadette, standing there and blushing a little, answered, 'The Lady at the Grotto told me to tell the priests that she wants a chapel at Massabielle, so that's why I've come.'

"Who is this lady you are talking about?" replied the parish priest.

"It's a most beautiful Lady who appears to me on the rock at Massabielle."

"Yes, but who is she? Does she belong to Lourdes? Do you know her?"

"She isn't from Lourdes. I don't know her."

"And you take messages like this from someone you don't know?"

"Oh! Father, this Lady isn't like anyone else!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean she's as beautiful as I think people in Heaven are."

THE priest pretended to shrug his shoulders. He was, in reality, trying to conceal what he felt.

"And you've never asked the Lady her name?"

"Yes, but when I do she smiles and doesn't answer."

"Is she dumb, then?"

"No, because she talks to me every day. If she were dumb, she couldn't have told me to come to you."

"Tell me how you came to know her."

"Bernadette, in her gentle, persuasive voice, told the story of the First Apparition. The priest watched her carefully and did not lose a word. He saw at once that her soul was as transparent as crystal; then that her tale was as clear, as pure and as limpid as a spring that gushes from a rock. Not only did he realize that the child was speaking the truth, but he was compelled to acknowledge that, uneducated as she was, she could not have thought of the events she was describing without supernatural intervention. As she spoke the good priest felt his prejudices falling one by one. When the girl made an end, Father Peyramale was almost won over. He hid his feelings, nevertheless, and went on questioning her in the same rough fashion as before.

"And you think the Lady who appears to you has bidden you tell the priests she wants a chapel at Massabielle?"

"Yes, Father."

"But don't you see that this lady only wants to mock at you and make fun of you? If a lady in the town had sent you on such an errand, would you have listened to her?"

"Oh! Father, there's a great difference between such ladies and the Lady I see!"

"I wonder if there is such a difference as you think! Here's a lady without a name, who comes from no one knows where, who stands barefoot on a rock, and you take her seriously! My child, I fear one thing and that's that you are being deceived."

"Bernadette bent her head and did not reply."

"There was a moment's silence during which the priest got up and began striding up and down the room. He halted at last in front of Bernadette and said:

"You must answer the lady who sent you that the parish priest doesn't have dealings with people he doesn't know . . . that, before everything else, he insists that she must say her name, and, further, she must prove she has a right to it. If this lady has a right to a chapel she will understand what I mean; if she doesn't, you can tell her she mustn't send any more messages to the presbytery."

"Without showing any sign, either of approval or disapproval, Bernadette lifted her serene gaze to the priest's face, made her little curtsy and went away."

ON March 2, the date of the *Fourteenth Apparition*, the Lady repeated her message about the building of the chapel, adding that she wished people to go there in procession too. Once more Bernadette had to go to the parish priest. This time she persuaded an aunt, Basile, to accompany her. The aunt tells her own story of the event. She began by protesting.

"I said, 'I'm not going! You're making us ill with the bother we're having!'"

"People used to whisper disagreeable things to us at the Grotto, like, 'She can't really see anything. They're only doing it for money.' Monsieur le Curé specially frightened me. Seeing how upset I was, the child was quiet, but when the time came she said, 'The Lady wants me to go to Monsieur le Curé.'"

"Oh! Heavens! Again!"

"She does want me to."

"So I went and the child told him the Lady wanted a procession. He answered, 'You are telling me lies. How on earth can we make a procession for her!' He began walking up and down his room angrily. Then he went on, 'It's a bad business having a family like yours at Lourdes. You turn the town upside down and do nothing but make people run after you. I know what we'll do! We'll give you a candle. Then you can go in procession. They'll follow you! You don't need priests!'"

"The child answered, 'I haven't talked to anyone about it. I didn't ask them to go with me.'"

"Monsieur le Curé turned to us.

"Keep her at home! Don't let her stir out!"

"Then again to Bernadette, 'You didn't see anything! A lady can't come out of a cleft! You can't tell me her name! There can't possibly be anything there!'"

"Bernadette listened and did not answer, except when Monsieur le Curé exaggerated or changed things. Then she said, 'I did not say that, Father.'"

"He kept on saying, 'Ask her her name!'"

"I do ask her, but she only laughs at me!"

"Listening to Monsieur le Curé we felt like little seeds. Bernadette was afraid of

him. She wrapped herself up in her capulet and kept as still as a mouse. He had a very loud voice. He kept walking up and down and shouting, 'Did anyone ever hear such a tale! A lady! A procession!'"

The aunt, however, omits the most pregnant passage of the interview, for Father Peyramale had rounded it off thus . . .

"Let us go straight to the point. If your lady is she whose name you leave me to guess, I will show her a way to make herself recognized and to give authority to her messages. She appears at the Grotto, you say, above a wild rose bush. Well, ask her from me to make the rose bush flower suddenly one of these days in front of everyone. On the morning you come to tell me that this prodigy has taken place, I will believe what you say and I promise to go with you to Massabielle."

Bernadette went away. When she saw the Lady next time she would deliver his message.

At the last of the Fifteen visits everyone—save Bernadette—was on the tiptoe of excitement in expectation of some prodigy, possibly the flowering of the rose bush asked for by the Parish Priest. So when dawn threw its faint light over the river banks and the rocky slopes that dominated them, it was to reveal some twenty thousand people crushed together in cold and discomfort, waiting for Bernadette to come.

IN reading the story of this Apparition, the dispositions made for keeping order seem to us quite fantastic. The garrison from the fort was there in military array. So were three brigades of horse and foot. The Mayor and the Chief of Police had put on their uniforms for the occasion. All to keep order while a child of fourteen said her rosary in front of a cave.

Estrades well describes the picture.

"On the lower slopes by the river the surging crowds struggled to get nearer. Adventurous groups were climbing up the sides of the rock of apparition and performing miracles of balance and coolness, in defiance of danger. Clusters of men and boys were hanging between earth and heaven on the trees by the riverside, causing the branches to swing in the most terrifying way. On the other side of the river the stretch of grass opposite the niche was black with spectators. Far away on the swelling hills, on every vantage point round the valley, parties of on-lookers were to be seen, stiff and still like statues, with their heads turned towards the cave."

A soldier bearing a drawn sword led Bernadette down to her accustomed place before the Grotto. She remained in ecstasy for an hour. When it was over the Lady had given no sign, nor had she told her name. Moreover she had gone away without any promise of future meeting.

This negative result, as can easily be imagined, profoundly disconcerted the

people. They had expected a climax and none came. The rose bush did not flower. The Lady had given no proof of her identity. She had made her requests. The matter rested there, and Bernadette herself did not know whether she would ever see her again.

Still the devout continued to visit the Grotto. Candles and holy pictures had been left there, and offerings too, towards the cost of the future shrine. Bernadette went back to her old routine of catechism classes and mending and minding children and rag collecting. She, too, paid visits to the Grotto . . . with what fervent prayers and tender emotions only she who had seen the Lady and loved her with all the warmth of a child's pure heart could know.

AT last, on the evening of the 24th of March, she felt the call in her heart that told her the Lady was needing her at the Grotto again. The next morning she was up with the dawn and hurrying down the now familiar road. A crowd of pilgrims, expectant of a new apparition by reason of the date and the feast, were hurrying down it as well, or were already assembled by the river. When Bernadette reached the cave she found the Lady was already there, waiting for her in the cleft of the rock . . . "*My love, my beautiful one . . . my dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall.*" Bernadette sank down on to her knees and the long ecstasy began.

Towards the end, her ravished soul remembered the commission the parish priest had given her and she asked the Lady her name. Thus the "Little History" . . .

"Madame, will you be so good as to tell me who you are?"

"The vision, still smiling, looked on her with even greater love. This was her only answer.

"Madame," repeated the child, 'please tell me who you are.'

"Still the quiet lips of the apparition smiled . . . a heavenlier, more lingering smile still.

"Madame, you should tell me who you are!"

"From the depths of the aureole the virginal face sent down her last, her loveliest smile. Then the Lady raised her eyes from the child, let the rosary in her clasped fingers slip on to her arm and lifted her radiant head. She laid her hands together before her breast. Then, shining with a still more marvelous light as her eyes looked to Heaven, she slowly separated her hands, and bending down towards Bernadette she said,

"I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."

"Then, without another glance or smile and without good-bye, she disappeared, leaving in Bernadette's soul this memory and this name."

Though the doctrine of Mary's immaculate purity had already been proclaimed,

the child had never heard this title of untold majesty. For fear of not being able to remember it correctly, she said it over and over all the way to the house of the parish priest.

He, when he heard that name on her lips, was convinced at last.

Only once again did Bernadette see Our Lady.

This last consolation was granted her on the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel,

on the 16th of July in that same year.

By this time the Grotto had been barricaded by order of the civil authorities and a guard set. The child went, therefore, to the meadows on the further side of the Cave.

There, during the space of a quarter of an hour, she beheld the Lady again . . . a vision sent to strengthen and console, for her feet were already well set on her way of the cross. She ceased to see the river.

The barriers might never have been there. The guard, as far as she was concerned, was non-existent. And Our Lady was as close to her as in her happiest days of ecstasy, only more beautiful, more glorious, more full of unfathomable love and kindness than ever before. Such grace was given to Bernadette Soubirous in that last meeting that, when at last it was all over, she was able to go back happily to her home.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

CONGO JAKE. By A. C. Collodon. Claude Kendall, New York. \$3.00.

The familiar old saw that truth is stranger than fiction finds abundant and remarkable proof in the thrilling life story of Congo Jake, born and Christened Augustus C. Collodon. Looking back over a long life of seventy-nine years fraught with danger, excitement and romance such as are the lot of few men, Congo Jake tells a story that for sheer drama, fascination and adventure tops any travel or adventure book of recent years. There is enough material between its covers for the constructing of half a dozen enthralling novels.

He gives us a glimpse of the real Africa. Not the silly Africa of Hollywood with its white jungle queens, its mythical Tarzans and the rest of it; not the effete Africa of the blasé fiction writer; but the Africa of the old trader, the Africa of those savage, barbaric days of ivory hunters, slave traders and gold seekers. His is a story that reveals the heart and soul of that strange continent.

When, at an early age, he was sold for a pound by his father to the captain of a windjammer, the adventurous and fascinating career of A. C. Collodon began. Under the severe but humane tutelage of the bluff old skipper who bore the suggestive and Dickensian name of Captain Scratch, 'Gustus grew into young manhood. Upon the captain's death, 'Gustus "skipped" the ship at Lagos where he took up with one of those roving characters one meets in far-off, strange places. This picaresque fellow enjoyed the intriguing title of "The Rhino King," but was known to officialdom as "Detroit Tim," out from America via Mexico and the Gold Coast. A refugee from justice he had chosen the mysterious and impenetrable region of the Congo as his hideaway. 'Gustus stayed with Rhino as his partner until his sudden and cruel death, learning the secrets of Africa, the lure of ivory and earning for himself the sobriquet Congo Jake. He had married Milla, the native daughter of Rhino, and after the latter's burial they set up a home and Congo Jake became an ivory trader and game hunter on his own.

It is a gripping tale which he writes, but withal a simple, unadorned narrative. He

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just recounts his life in a rambling, reminiscent sort of fashion that attracts one's interest and holds it until the very end. It is a "natural." It might well be almost as if he were talking in the evening shadows to a group of friends gathered around a glowing hearth. It is precisely this quality which makes the book so appealing.

Congo Jake is a man, hard but utterly honest, a trifle sentimental, tolerant, courageous, almost childlike in his simplicity, brooking no deceit, no hypocrisy. His masterly conclusion—masterly because of its sincerity and lack of affectation—shows clearly what manner of man Congo Jake is:

"As you will see, I have suffered and I have been in danger, but I have much to be thankful for. The stirring, manly excitement of Africa—the love of a good woman

—staunch friends—the pride of a clean, honest existence—these are the things that comfort me and keep me happy. I have done much and I have seen much. I have lived."

Indeed he has lived. His book fairly throbs with life and, as Edwin C. Hill intimates in his graphic and characteristic Introduction, few can read it without feeling their blood tingle.

PROTESTANT HOME MISSIONS TO CATHOLIC IMMIGRANTS. By Theodore Abel. Institute of Social and Religious Research. New York. \$1.00.

This book is an able and impartial study and report of the purpose, nature, scope and results of Protestant home-missions in their work among Catholic immigrants and those from Catholic countries. It is well written, extremely interesting, shows thorough study and contains an accumulation of surprising and, to a Catholic,

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gratifying information. Its tone, as has been said, is unbiased and merely reportorial. But there is one exception. The chapter entitled, "The Story of an Immigrant Minister," contains a few incidents which might be termed a bit "fishy."

Perhaps the best way in which to review this important and informative volume is to give a few quotations from its interesting pages.

"The work . . . constitutes the ambitious and dramatic effort on the part of Protestantism to win adherents from among the members of another Christian faith, and represents an aspect of the struggle of Protestantism to retain its religious supremacy in this country.

" . . . the total immigrant population from Catholic countries reveals the insignificance of the accomplishment.

"The unimpressive results of fifty years of formal church work among immigrants clearly show that it has failed to fulfill the expectation of serving as an adequate means of evangelizing the masses of Catholic immigrants.

" . . . the total amount spent in the mission work so far can be put somewhere between 50 and 100 million dollars.

"In the cases where dissatisfaction with the Catholic Church was encountered, it was found to be associated with religious indifference, and therefore lacking the incentive for seeking a new form of religious life.

"The influence of the Catholic Church in molding the opinion of its adherents is therefore considerable.

"The opposition of the Catholic Church . . . is not carried on in the systematic fashion of an organized movement, partly because the Church leaders are not perturbed about the mission work. . . ."

THE MASS. By Dr. Maria Montessori. Sheed and Ward, New York. \$1.00.

The originator of the famed Montessori method in pedagogy here turns her talents to compiling an explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for children. This is a short volume in which every word counts. There is a simplicity, severe and almost technical, which one does not usually associate with children's books. However, it was the mind of Doctor Montessori to eliminate much of the encumbering and confusing matter and the overpious devotional slop, both in text and illustration, which are too often found in prayerbooks and religious manuals for young folk. The author is of the opinion that we do not give children due credit for the quickness of apprehension which is naturally theirs. Moreover, she stresses the necessity of respect for the individuality of the child and the abolition of old-time tyrannical drill methods in teaching religion. Neither should the Mass be taught "during" Mass.

Without the aid of a teacher this book would prove of little value to the ordinary

child. It is a bit too mature. But with a capable instructor to explain and enliven the text with apt comparisons and figures adapted to childish minds, this little book should successfully fulfill its purpose of teaching children what the Mass is and what the Mass means. The addition of a glossary of terms or accompanying notes would be a welcome improvement.

BASKET PIONEERING. By Osma Palmer Couch. The Orange Judd Publishing Co., New York. Boards, \$1.00. Cloth, \$1.25.

During the long weeks of vacation time and in the hours after school is out mothers are often hard-pressed and made disconsolate in trying to find pastime or occupation to keep their children busy and out of mischief. Here is a book that will help them. It is guaranteed to interest the restless mind of childhood and keep tireless little hands profitably occupied.

Not only are the usual and accepted methods of basket weaving clearly explained here, but this book shows how, often in unsuspected variety and abundance, in neighboring fields, in every fen, wooded section and hollow in the land, materials can be found for basket making. The author shows how to make baskets from blades of grass, split roots, pine needles and even corn shucks.

The book is enhanced by many explanatory diagrams and illustrations. It is simply written and all the directions are easy to follow. The author is an authority on this subject and numerous articles by her have appeared in several of the leading home magazines.

THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM. By Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.75.

When it comes to matters demanding careful research and scholarly study, Father Thurston, S.J., is unexcelled. In this, his latest work, he manifests once more his usual skill and prudence. *The Church and Spiritualism*, is a profound and thorough study of the subject of necromancy, a credit to its author and a welcome addition to the Science and Culture Series. It enjoys the added merit of having been chosen as the July selection of the Catholic Book Club.

With fine logic the author begins his book with a chapter entitled "The Church's Directive Principles," wherein he plainly states the attitude of ecclesiastical authority regarding spiritualistic phenomena. As a guiding norm he cites certain "directive principles" laid down by the eminent scholar, Père Mainage, O.P., as true Catholic propositions. They are three:

"1. The Church has not pronounced upon the essential nature of spiritualistic phenomena.

"2. The Church forbids the general body of the faithful to take any part in spiritualistic practices.

"3. In the manifestations which occur the Church suspects that diabolic agencies may *per accidens* intervene."

At the same time, Father Thurston warns against two pitfalls which have tripped several prominent investigators, namely, the "wholesale-devil" theory and the "nothing-but-trickery" theory. He urges a calm and reasoned attitude in studying this mysterious subject.

Once the case and stand of the Church have been clearly set down he goes back to the very earliest days of modern Spiritualism, treating the story of the famous Fox sisters. Then down the years through the various theories and claims to the wave of extreme interest during and after the World War, and finally to our own day.

For upwards of half a century, Father Thurston has been an interested student of Spiritualism. The results of his painstaking studies and investigations, here printed, cannot but command the attention and respect of scholars and serious-minded persons. His book is not simply a bare recital of "cases" or strange phenomena. It is a solidly serious work, historical, factual, impartial and containing important conclusions. Above all it is orthodox.

His final and maturely considered opinion of Spiritualism is excellently set forth in his Preface in the form of three contentions which he admirably proves in the course of his book:

"... genuine and inexplicable phenomena, even of the physical order, do occur in the presence of exceptionally constituted persons called 'mediums'; secondly, that for the mass of mankind, and notably for Catholics, spiritualistic practices, quite apart from the Church's prohibition, are dangerous and altogether undesirable; and thirdly, that people have learned nothing from their attempted intercourse with the spirits of the departed. . . ."

MINUTES OF THE TEXAS KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HISTORICAL COMMISSION. St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas.

This interesting booklet which embodies the minutes of the fourteenth regular meeting of the Texas K. of C. Historical Commission offers some surprising information concerning the great work being accomplished by that organization in its attempts to uncover the true story of the Church in Texas. One of the more noteworthy features describes the steps taken to further the cause of beatification and canonization of the Venerable Padre Fray Antonio Margil de Jesus, one of the pioneer Franciscan missionaries of that region. "Inasmuch as he, with incredible zeal, evangelized all those nations during centuries gone by, Pope Gregory XVI

thought him worthy enough to be compared to Saint Francis Xavier."

Postulations for the cause of this rather unknown Christian hero were begun as far back as 1792. The Texas Knights of Columbus have now taken over the matter and lent it their generous material and moral support. They deserve praise for their energetic and forward looking spirit no less than for their able accomplishments of the past in the work of making the labors and triumphs of the first missionaries better known.

Such a pamphlet should be given wide circulation. A reading of it will repay well in valuable information any serious-minded reader and anyone interested in the story of the early days of the Catholic Church in the Southwest.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. Alban Butler. Corrected, amplified and edited by Herbert Thurston, S.J., and Donald Attwater. Vol. VIII, August. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. New York. \$2.75; Postpaid, \$2.90.

For generations past Butler's *Lives Of The Saints* has been looked upon by Catholics as a standard reference work. Of late, however, it had become rather antiquated due to the canonization of new Saints and because of certain recent historical discoveries. Hence, Father Thurston and Donald Attwater have undertaken the task of revising and bringing up to date the old edition.

The present volume, although properly the eighth, is the second to appear in print. The entire text has been improved upon without losing any of its original charming style. The lives of quite a number of now familiar Saints and beati have been added and placed in order. Best known among these are, perhaps, Saint Alphonsus Liguori, Saint John Baptist Vianney, Blessed Julian Eymard and Saint Philomena.

The editors have done their work well. With three exceptions all the new biographies were written by Mr. Attwater, while Father Thurston contributed the bibliographical notes. The entire work is accurate, concise and manifests great care and thorough research. The result is that this latest edition of Butler's *Lives Of The Saints* can still claim a classic position in Catholic Literature.

FIGURES IN THE DRAMA OF SALVATION. By Rev. J. A. McClorey, S.J. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$1.50.

Readers of Catholic and diocesan newspapers will probably recall reading, last Lent, of the extensive journeys undertaken by Fr. McClorey in order to deliver his Lenten sermons. Here we have those sermons, together with some half-dozen others, assembled in book form under the title, *Figures in the Drama of Salvation*.

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Father McClorey's method is somewhat reminiscent of that of the late-lamented Bernard Vaughn, S.J., in that in each sermon he takes a certain prominent personage of the gospels, holds him or her against the modern scene and draws a lesson from the comparison. The style of these sermons is direct, forceful, straight-from-the-shoulder, possessing a frankness much needed in these days of exaggerated realism. At times the author is fairly scorching in his pitiless excoriations and denunciations of contemporary evils.

Structurally, however, these sermons are quite faulty. So much so, indeed, that they are more properly moral essays than sermons. The finer and even the essential points of sermon construction are often hopelessly absent. In many parts they would scarcely lend themselves to delivery. Too, there is often a lack of cohesion and a bewildering abruptness, as in the sermon entitled: "Joseph; Temporalities," whose opening words are: "A threefold question immediately confronts us. . . ." He starts, so to speak, in midair.

The laity, in reading this book, will be able to find some timely lessons and good advice. Priests called upon to preach occasional strong moral sermons will find here useful hints and several pungent paragraphs.

THE ARCHES OF THE YEARS. By Halliday Sutherland. William Morrow & Co., New York. \$2.75.

Such a genuinely human document as is *The Arches of the Years* makes engrossing and refreshing reading. Like the priest, a physician has abundant opportunity to observe life and human nature at their best and worst, and in the most revealing and unexpected circumstances. The author digs deep into his rich and varied career and sets down the story for us in a charming conversational manner that captures at once the interest of the reader.

Doctor Sutherland's childhood was spent among the picturesque and storied Scottish Highlands. After that came the arduous and interesting years that go into the making of the physician. Then we read of the thrilling and memorable experiences of the early days of his practice in London slums. When occasion allowed there were trips and vacations. A whaling expedition off the Shetland Islands, a visit to Spain with its bull fights and vivacious señoritas. Then the war and the life of a ship's surgeon. Finally, quiet and retrospect on the little Island of Lewis, the northernmost of the Outer Hebrides.

Such a brief résumé does scant justice to the worth of this exceptional narrative. The vivid and appealing personal note that pervades it stamp it at once as quite out of the general run of books of memoirs. *The Story of San Michele* was also written by a physician, but where that book runs along so quietly and leisurely, the present story sparkles and crackles with real wit,

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LIFE OF FATHER IGNATIUS SPENCER, C.P. By Rev. Urban Young, C.P. Burns Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London. 6s.

Although the Catholic celebration of the Oxford Movement is properly not until 1945, the centenary of the year when John Henry Newman dealt the Church of England that blow under which she still reels, nevertheless, Catholics are watching with deep interest the present commemoration of the Oxford Movement on the part of the Anglicans. Quite appropriate, then, is the publication of this excellent life of Father Ignatius Spencer, C.P., one of the pioneer English Passionists and a member of that small group of "Cambridge Converts" who figured so dramatically in the Catholic revival and antedated Newman by some twelve years.

Father Young's biography has a distinct advantage over the one written by Father Pius Devine, C.P., some years ago, in that it is based upon letters, diaries and sermons hitherto unpublished, and much other valuable matter appearing in print for the first time.

George Spencer, known to posterity simply as Father Ignatius, C.P., was a younger son of the second Earl Spencer, and after his schooling was ordained an Anglican clergyman. Eventually, by a process curious and sometimes remarkable, he became a Catholic. These steps are engagingly revealed in the book. Going to Rome, the energetic new convert Father Spencer and Ambrose Phillips gave to the future Cardinal Wiseman his first glimpse of the grand opportunities for a Catholic revival.

After becoming a Passionist he embarked upon his arduous and lifelong labors as a missionary and was responsible for several of the present Passionist foundations in England. In this section of the book we get a memorable picture of the hopes and fears and excitements of those who were ever watching and assisting the slowly mounting tide of conversions to Catholicism.

Father Ignatius was an extraordinarily vivid personality—dynamic, forceful and unquenchable in his enthusiasm. He seemed actually indefatigable, forever urged on by his one consuming passion—the conversion of England to the Faith. He was an intensely spiritual man, rigidly so in some respects. A true Religious, he had dropped every vestige of cloying human respect. He always insisted upon wearing his Passionist habit in public, even when he visited relatives at Court. For this he was often derided and insulted, but nothing daunted him. His enormous correspondence, his extensive travels and his extraordinary labors, all in the cause of England's conversion, seem almost unbelievable. Assuredly, there were giants in those days.

The matchless and sublime prayer that was his might well be his epitaph: "O God, have mercy on England. Turn, O Jesus,

A new easy way to please the man of the house

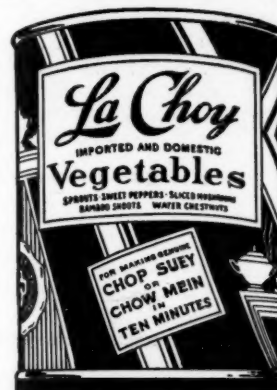


Just a word to women who like applause: Most men like chop suey and chow mein. And most men don't know that *you* can serve it—at home.

It's very simple. There are two ways. First, you can buy these tempting, delicious Chinese foods, ready-to-eat, at your grocer's. Prepared in our own clean kitchens. Sealed and kept fresh in tins.

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Thy meek eyes upon that people. Let pity drop from Thy glorious Wounds, and mercy from Thy Heart. In what she is blind, in what she sins, forgive her, for she knows not what she does. Have mercy on England."

Father Young has written a complete and tremendously interesting biography of one of the most influential and picturesque converts of the Victorian era. It is to be hoped that there will shortly be an American edition.

BACK TO CHRIST. By the Rev. Jacques Leclercq. Translated by the Rev. Francis Day, B.A. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.. Price \$2.00

This book of essays in Catholic morals summarizes the Christian doctrine of God and the relations of man to Him. Christianity as a Religion, Man and the World in the Christian View, Perfection, Faith, Hope, Charity, and States of Christian Virtue, are the chapter headings of this excellent volume. The first chapter is especially worthy of commendation. The author clearly demonstrates that Christianity is a *religion*, and that as such it has nothing directly to do with things which are not religious, such as material progress and prosperity. Religion brings man into relation with God, in which relation there is no economic advantage. This thought is

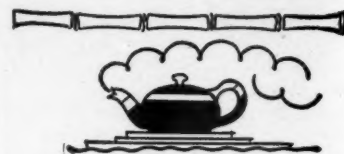
in need of being insisted on in days like these. People are often heard to complain that "religion doesn't pay." It is not surprising that religion does not produce effects which it was never intended to produce. But it does bring a man who sincerely works at it into right relations with God—which is above all gold and silver.

Another chapter deserves particular mention—that on the Love of Our Neighbor in General and Particular. The author has some very encouraging things to say of those who work behind the scenes, as it were, in movements to Christianize society. He claims that more real charity is shown by forming public opinion in accord with the mind of Christ than by individual efforts at conversion and alleviation of human misery. Not indeed that the latter are not divinely commanded and worthy of praise, but that these very objectives are more effectively attained by molding public opinion in favor of all that Christ and the Church stand for. The more this latter objective is attained, the more quickly are conversions made and the causes of human misery nipped at the source.

The other chapters are of the same interest and tone. The book is warmly recommended to the clergy and studious laity. The translator deserves credit for his rendition.

A TREATISE ON THE TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By the Blessed Louis-Marie, Grignon de Montfort. Translation by Frederick William Faber, Priest of the Oratory. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.00.

The author's main concern in this treatise is to show how the life of devotion to Mary is the *perfect* path to union with Our Lord. The book is divided into two main parts: "On Devotion to Our Blessed Lady in General" and "The Perfect Consecration to Jesus by Mary." In the first part the author distinguishes between a true and false devotion to the Blessed



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Virgin. In the second part he tells us, in Chapter I, in what the perfect consecration of ourselves to Mary consists. Chapter II gives the motives of this consecration and uses as its figure the blessing of Isaac through the office of Rebecca. (The application of this figure may seem to modern readers rather fanciful and far-fetched.) Chapter III shows the effects of the consecration, gives its exterior and interior practices, manner of practising the devotion at Communion, and, finally, the *form* of the Consecration.

Father Faber, writing in 1862, laments the lack of devotion to Our Blessed Mother in England, and lays the cause to human respect, to "wishing to make Mary so little of a Mary that Protestants may feel at ease about her," and he says that he has "taken great pains" with the translation in order to give English readers the benefit of De Montfort's "inspired" work. The book breathes the spirit of devotion throughout, and we echo the hope which Cardinal Vaughan expresses in his preface, that its teaching may be widely disseminated.



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Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League, but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special-blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

Masses said.....	33
Masses heard.....	34,524
Holy Communions.....	27,541
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	149,157
Spiritual Communions.....	230,812
Benediction Services.....	10,040
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	206,029
Stations of the Cross.....	21,255
Visits to the Crucifix.....	93,572
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	29,690
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	149,523
Visits to Our Lady.....	174,374
Rosaries.....	81,828
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	16,463
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	2,608,826
Hours of Study, Reading.....	238,423
Hours of Labor.....	186,073
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	1,018,040
Acts of Zeal.....	224,570
Prayers, Devotions.....	340,050
Hours of Silence.....	63,779
Various Works.....	111,192
Holy Hours.....	171

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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MOTHER M. AQUINAS
SR. M. FRANCESCA
SR. M. RAPHAEL
MARY B. CHURCH
ELLEN WHITE RIEHL
ELIZABETH HOFFMAN
THOMAS NASH
MRS. PAUL SCHULTZ
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MARTIN FAHEY
THOMAS FORD
CATHERINE LYNCH

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of
(\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.*



*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of
....., 19*

*Signed..... Witness.....
Witness..... Witness.....*

Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.**

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

— 3 SUGGESTIONS —

MISSION NEEDS

1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES

2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL

3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of {\$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!
Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A LIFE INCOME

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

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Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

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Will you hoard it
or spend it?

Give it away or
make a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

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7. **CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

